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THE NEW YORKER

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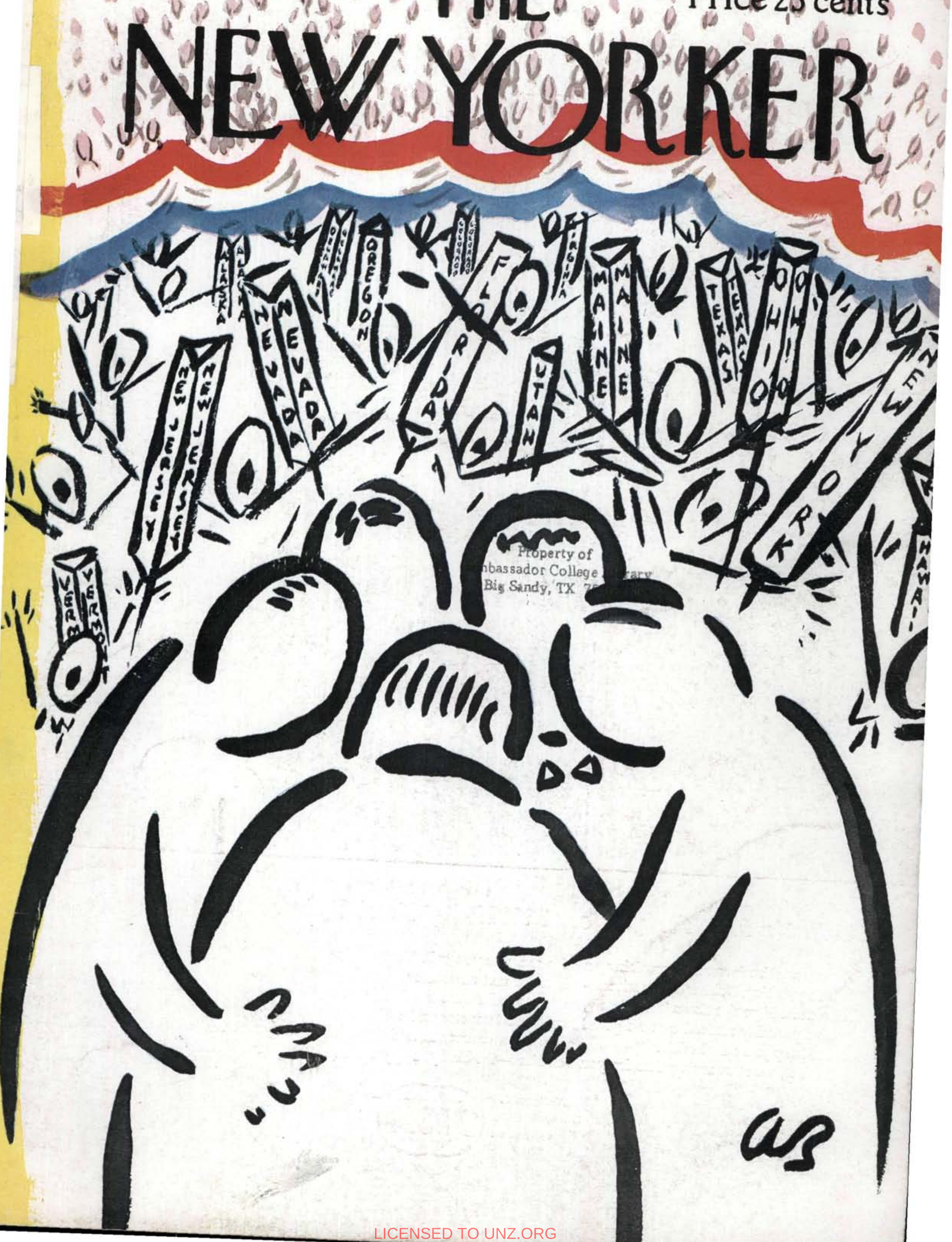
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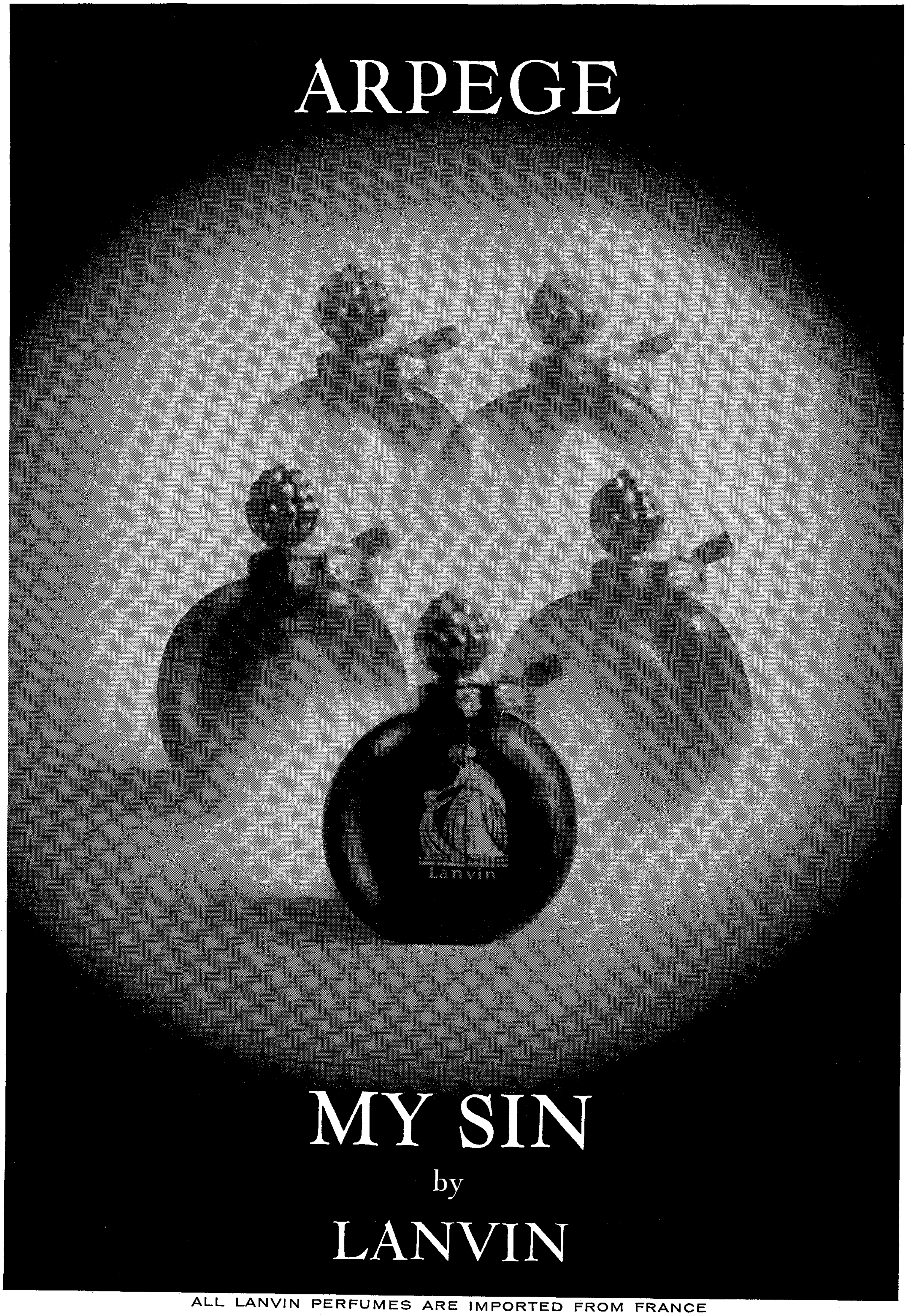
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ALL LANVIN PERFUMES ARE IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A gay little comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is droll and winning as the girl, and she gets fine support from Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter. The play was directed by Henry Kaplan and has a pleasant set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—Three unfortunate people—Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, and James Costigan—wandering about in a mindless drama that deals with a flashy Hollywood couple on a visit to an old reclusive chum. Mr. Costigan wrote the thing. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 22.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A glum look at interracial relationships in the United States, written by James Baldwin, who is nothing if not voluble. The drama has in its favor excellent direction by Burgess Meredith and some fine acting by a large cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. May close Saturday, Aug. 29.)

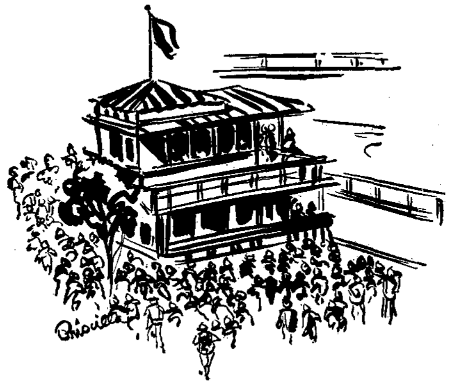
The Deputy—Rolf Hochhuth's controversial drama about the dealings between the Curia and the Third Reich, in an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg. The work has been cut down from five acts to two, but even in its shortened form it is compelling. David Carradine now heads the large and, for the most part, competent cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—Sir Alec Guinness turns in a virtuoso performance as the poor sad bad glad mad Welsh poet on the loose in America. A thoroughly satisfactory play, written by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 12.)

The Subject Was Roses—A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx, have a bickering time of it while they establish that they are really a model of togetherness. The play was written by Frank D. Gilroy, and features Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—An uneven but nevertheless entertaining interpretation of Chekhov's description of upper-class life in the Russian provinces at the turn of the century. Directed by Lee Strasberg, this is the best effort the Actors Studio Theatre has made this season. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—The good old foolish days in the Hollywood of the thirties. Not a very original idea. The book is by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music is by Jule Styne. Fortunately, Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are capably on hand. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—The late Fanny Brice is portrayed by Barbra Streisand in a musical that is loud and splashy but only intermittently funny. Isobel Lennart provided the book, Jule Styne and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics, and Garson Kanin the direction. The late Carol Haney staged the musical numbers, and Jerome Robbins supervised the whole thing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Fun and games with Carol Channing, who is delightful in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." The music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are stimulating, and the book, by Michael Stewart, keeps things moving in reasonable style. The redoubtable Gower Champion is responsible for the direction and choreography. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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High Spirits—In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. The book, the music, and the lyrics, by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, are pleasant, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward are very helpful. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—Budd and Stuart Schulberg's description of the life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. A little on the monotonous side, the play has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake and features Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Danny Dayton and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 29.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the President of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** Young Mr. Twist, more or less. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," with Patrice Munsel, Bob Wright, and Mischa Auer, is the second of two productions by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 19.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutch-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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man" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance on Thursday, Aug. 20.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, which has been imported by the Establishment bunch and directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ice Show—The twenty-fifth-anniversary edition of "Ice Capades." Opens Wednesday, Aug. 26, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 20. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

Laterna Magika—A company of forty-five Czechoslovakian actors, singers, and dancers, appearing here for the first time, in a presentation of "The Tales of Hoffmann" and "Variations" that combines live stage action with films. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Saturday, Sept. 12.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of Sophocles' "Electra," with Lee Grant. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 29.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by David Atkinson, Robert Clary, and Jan McArt. Presented by Guy Lombardo. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 6. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The good old summertime of the Tommy Dorsey orchestra is reviewed twice a night in the Royal Box by such I-remember-when characters as Helen Forrest, Sam Donahue, the Pied Pipers, and Charlie Shavers, as well as other incunabula. More recent is Frank Sinatra, Jr., following in his father's footsteps and grace notes. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Vivid imagination rages unchecked all through the décor in the refectory, which offers knife-and-fork music from eight to ten and exercise music thenceforward. George Anaya's Latinos, who absent themselves on Mondays, are the creators.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The biggest night boat in America. It sets sail every evening but Sunday, manned by Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers, who start in at seven (Fridays and Saturdays at eight). The music and its delivery range from 1864 to 1964.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—On the lower slopes of this Hilton subcontinent sits the Seven Hills of Rome, a chunk of artful architecture and ambience. I Cavalieri di Roma, a fine body of Italian bandsmen, tune in at eight and go home at one. Dino Palermo, their troubadour, is passion personified. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The chipper little Café Pierre is the home of a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest music-makers, who do a hand gallop every night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Barry Sisters, singing as hard as they know how, are in the Persian Room. On Saturdays, they are a dinner and supper item; the rest of the week, ten o'clock is their time. Milt Shaw's orchestra and Mark Monte's bouncy quintet keep much longer hours. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, Leo LeFleur's duo does teatime tinkling from four-fifteen to six-thirty every afternoon but Monday. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He stays home Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Lofty enough for any summit conference, blithe enough for any débutante picnic, and pretty as a picture. Charles Turecamo's bumbling band and Quintero's absolutely tiptop Iberians play for dancing from eight to two. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The sands of the Egyptian desert here just haven't time to grow cold, for the music (hi-fi, not human) never stops between eight and four every night, and neither do the feet of the guests, even though they are engaged in dance steps that are among the seven wonders of the modern world.

The N
dePauw

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Not quite a green pasture, but the air is open and the sky is the ceiling as Ted Auletta's nice little band and a collection of Latins take the stand. They play from about eight to one or later every evening. The dance floor and dining room are duplicated indoors at the first sign of rain.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): There are nightingales in the shrubbery of this Florentine garden. Though they like to patronize their neighborhood composers, they also sing in English. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursday through Saturday. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A promenade for liege lords and ladies, along which are to be found the relaxed piano of Jules Kuti from cocktails through dinner; the effervescent piano of Otis Clements from then on; and, after ten-thirty, the piano and ballads of Bobby Short, which have a zip code that is theirs alone. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his sidemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Lovers' knots and lovers' snarls untied while you wait as Mabel Mercer, a ruler all serene, imparts her own special underemphasis to a bouquet of songs that no one else ever seems to discover. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Friday and Saturday nights after ten-thirty is the extent of her domain. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Grand manner, grand manor is the big idea. Addison Bailey contributes dignified piano every night but Sunday. Cocktails, dinner, and supper are his stint. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): One glance at the medieval surroundings is proof that *le Vert Galant* was a merry old soul. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A night of some grandeur on the town that sits beside the Tiber. A set of jolly street musicians marches up and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This block front of the Via Veneto will be fenced off, presumably

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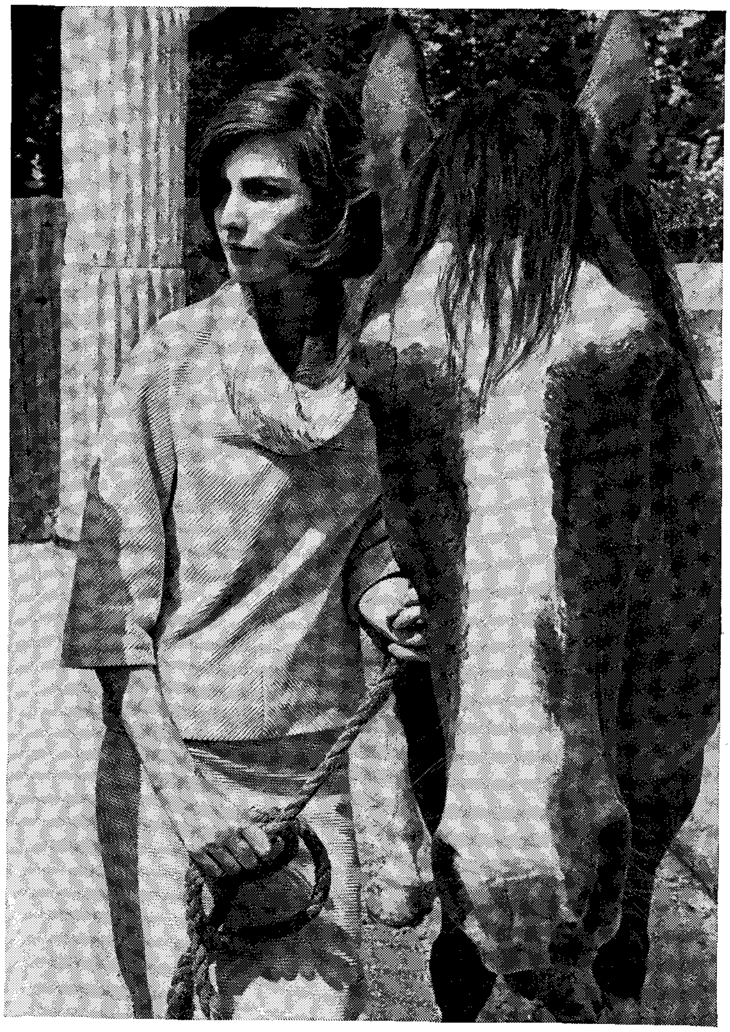

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for repaving, as of Saturday, Aug. 22. Its strolling musicians will also take a brief respite. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger*, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of cookout are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced by a tireless jazz trio. No music Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): How to restore a turn-of-the-century town house while also restoring the inner man. From conservatory to bar to open-air pavilion, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to seven-thirty and again from nine to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A rambling *ranchero* that is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is appropriate to the scene, and so is the music—strolling Latin singers and players on patrol from five-thirty to eleven during the week, and flamenco singers and dancers from one to ten on Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived up in the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There is dreamy piano as early as five every night, and there's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after nine-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Light hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance. Tibor Rakossy, the major-domo, is a balladeer of sentiment pure and majestic. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): An urban melting pot, offering enough variety in urban characters to make bouillabaisse any night of the week, but air-conditioned enough to make dancing, which commences at nine, quite comfortable. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Straightforward, sans-serif piano (two players; no waiting) is the lot of those who dine; the same piano, often with lyrics, is proffered those who sup. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The bandonion, a twice-as-big-as-life concertina of interest to antiquarians and concertina-goers alike, is given full play by its master, Mario Peralta, from cocktails until ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the prankishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and (from seven to nine) Joyce Rosenfield, who has a concert-hall background, plying her harp. Gerald Goodman fills in for her on Saturday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Everything comes up peaches on this spreading Tree of Life. The peaches—three dozen of them, thin-skinned, thin-garbed—are the matrix of a voluminous and vibrant extravaganza. A notable example—Sandu Scott, who (with her troupe of male choristers) does beat-the-Beatles singing—departs on Tuesday, Aug. 25, but the rest remain on duty. Also departing that Tuesday night: Jackie Kahane, a legitimately funny funnyman; the Carsony Brothers, those far-lighter-than-air acrobats; and the Argentine Ayos Ballet, which works itself into a perfect fury. Wednesday evening brings along Xavier Cugat's band, which has power to burn, and his new soprano—Betty George, a famous Baked Alaska. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Fran Jeffries, the oriole of the moment, is a lovely child who should be seen but not always heard, for she occasionally loses her way in the maze of calisthenics and I.B.M. orchestrations that have been devised for her. Ronnie Martin, the humorist of the evening, walks well-beaten paths, which are also trodden—though more lightly—by the girls in the corps de ballet. On Thursday, Aug. 27, a new deal: Jerry Vale, a brisk and best-seller engraver of albums, and Rip Taylor, a standard-gauge wit. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, there is never a shortage of shouting and tumult. The quartet of Erskine Hawkins, on view from ten to four without ever a night off, is one reason for that. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Duke Ellington's band as it was in the beginning (still with the Duke, Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, and its other legendary heroes), which should be enough for anyone. Nevertheless, good measure is thrown in by Kaye Ballard, in whose comedic method lies madness, and Ray Bryant's intense trio. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who have been strolling the plaza for nearly a year now, simply can't help bursting into song (do or die for dear old love) and music (brass-bound). Twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at ten-thirty on Sundays is the program. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Whenever this house is haunted by the poltergeist named Severn Darden, all goes well in whatever revue is on the boards, and for the moment Mr. D. is in residence. He is helped no end in his fine foolery by Alan Arkin and Barbara Dana. Their joint labors begin at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): You can't believe everything you hear, but the story is that Vaughn Meader is still talking in order to keep his (and our) courage up as the dykes that protect our civilization continue to spring leaks. Mostly, his view is dim but delightful. Tobi Reynolds, a handsome young lady given to odd songs, does her valiant best with them. Mondays, this pair stays home.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Max Roach heads up a quartet that takes a hard, uncompromising attitude toward what is permissible in the new-era music, and Abbey Lincoln sings with fervor, maybe even fury. Wednesday, Aug. 26, is the end of their run. Sundays, there are matinées, too, beginning at four-thirty; Mondays are dark. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The piano of Thelonious Monk, who works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform, is the mainstay of his quartet. Mongo Santamaria's septet is interested in Latin translations, and Gerry Mulligan's foursome, which is on hand only on Friday and Saturday, is interested in keeping things warm and tense. On Tuesday, Aug. 25, a new plot will be hatched: Odetta, that great, good, and honest voice, and her ideas about folk music, not to mention the New Wine Singers and *their* ideas about folk music. Mondays are set aside for visiting performers. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The local *Kaffeeklatsch* depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music—a compulsory course here—at least depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. The current cast is made up of Jim, Jake & Joan, a squadron come not to praise folk music but to bury it in merriment, plus the Bitter End Singers, whose

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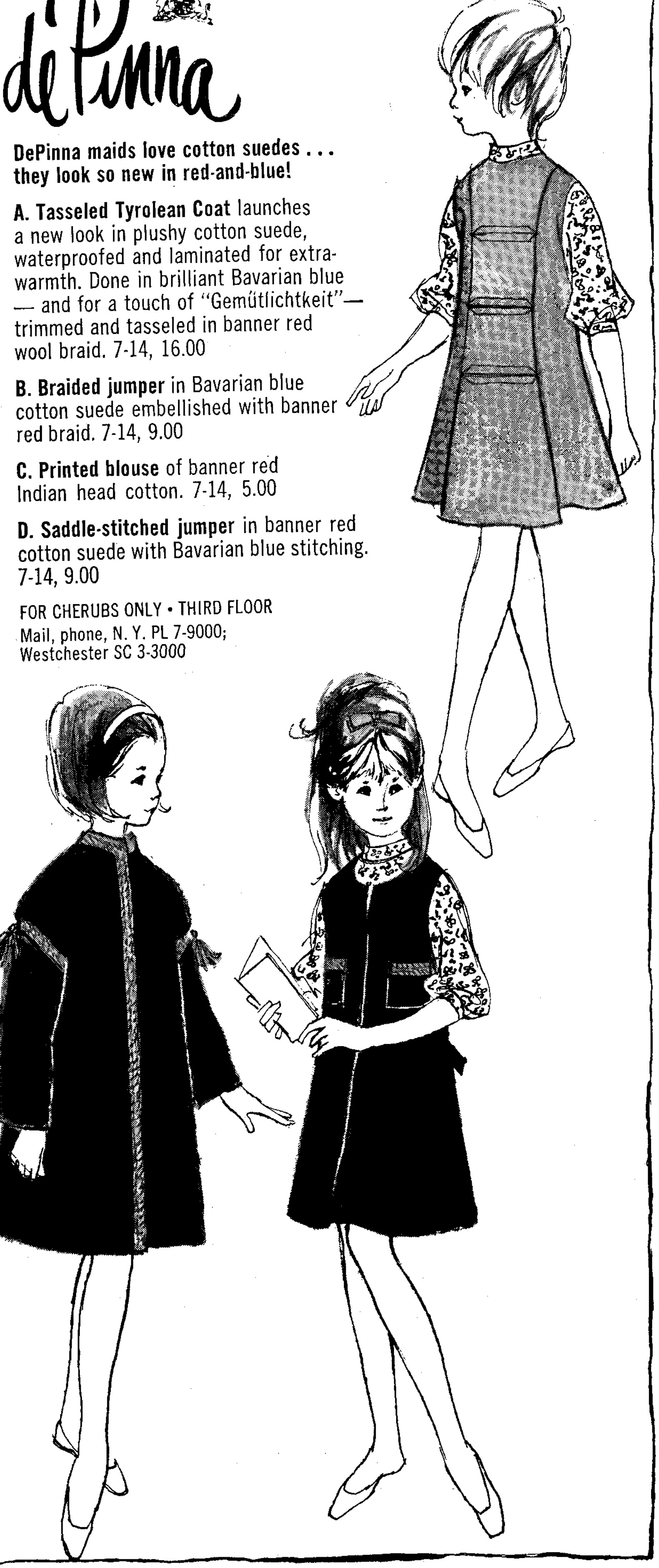

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

approach pays more attention to tradition. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, beginning—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with Lionel Hampton's bumptious band and Red Allen's inexhaustible quartet. On Monday, Aug. 24, Maynard Ferguson's howling dervishes will displace the Hamptons. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Bossa nova, the Brazilian purification of North American progressivism, sounds pretty great when it is sung by Astrud Gilberto, the soprano of the band run by Stan Getz, who is crazy about bossa nova himself. Horace Silver's tremulous quintet is another participant. The Getz crew moves out on Sunday, Aug. 23; on Tuesday, Aug. 25, a threesome run by Bud Powell, whose Surrealist piano has not been heard hereabouts in years, moves in. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The latest changing of the guard—or vanguard, considering the music the participants indulge in—removes the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn and brings in, on Friday, Aug. 21, John Coltrane's quartet. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The sound of the twenties, thirties, and sixties, as remembered by the likes of Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Yank Lawson, and Cliff Leemans. Dancing. Saturday, Aug. 22, is the last night before vacation time sets in. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus is trying, with his mighty fingers and bull fiddle, to say something about jazz that has not been said before and perhaps never can be completely said. Mondays a quartet headed by David Amram takes charge. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about jazz piano is the beneficence bestowed by Mary Lou Williams, who operates inside the oval bar with the aid of two sidemen. After Sunday, Aug. 23, they go on holiday; their successor, due on Tuesday, Aug. 25, will be Mike Longo's threesome. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street where so many of us were brought up is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided (in this instance) by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris's band, on whose roster are Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell, is keeping Early Americana green. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, applying the most unusual twists and turns to both organ and vocal music, begins his odd threnodies at ten every evening but Sunday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN HELD, JR.—Linoleum-block prints; through Sept. 30. (Northwest Lobby, New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—A retrospective (1912-64) of

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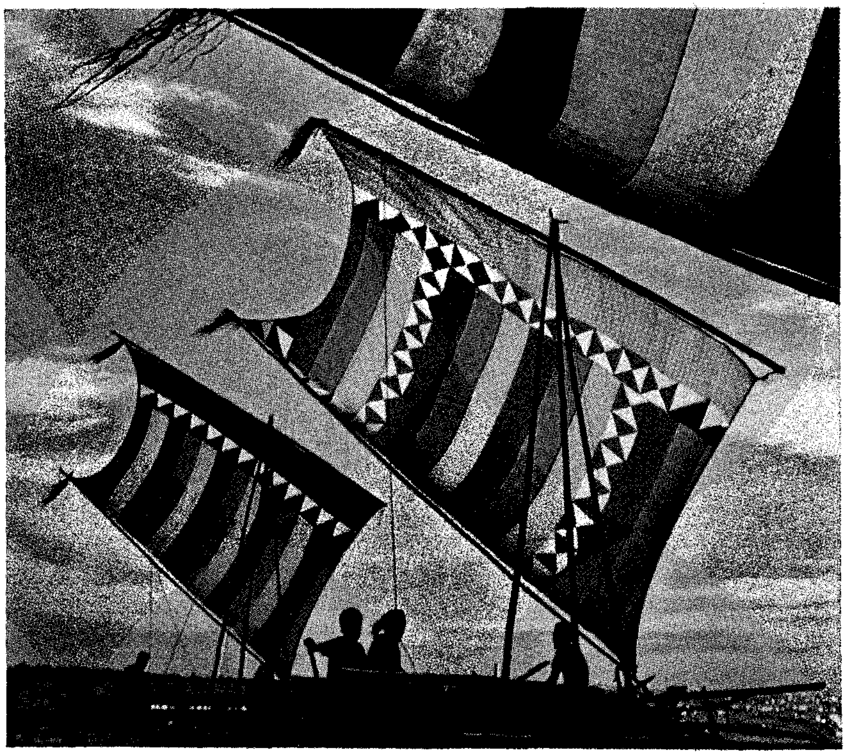

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sculptures and drawings; through Oct. 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Early and recent sculptures; through Friday, Aug. 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Four large sculptures; through Friday, Aug. 28. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ART STUDENTS LEAGUE, 215 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twenty-five artists associated with the League make up an exhibition called "American Masters, from Eakins to Pollock;" through Wednesday, Aug. 26. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Still-lifes, landscapes, and seascapes by Bennett Bradbury, John Hilton, Eric Sloane, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 8 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Kenneth Campbell, Lamar Dodd, and Victor Candell; through Aug. 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . IBM GALLERY, 16 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures predominantly by American artists (ranging from Gilbert Stuart and Ralph Earl to Andrew Wyeth and Jack Levine) representing a cross-section of the collection of the International Business Machines Corporation; through Friday, Aug. 28. . . . STAEMPFLI, 47 E. 77th St.: California painters, among them David Park, Joan Brown, and Richard Diebenkorn; through Sept. 19.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the SCHWEITZER, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "Joys of Summer," a display of pictures by Emil Bernard, J. J. Tissot, and Thomas Moran (to name a few); through Aug. 31. . . . WASHINGTON SQUARE GALLERIES, 530 West Broadway: The opening exhibition is composed of works in a variety of mediums by, among others, Ben Nicholson, Jean Tinguely, and Jack Tworkov; through Sept. 30. (Daily, noon to midnight. Admission is $1.) . . . WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Giacometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Sept. 25.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS, 41 E. 65th St.: "The Spirit of New Berlin in Painting and Sculpture," a travelling exhibition of the works of fourteen artists, including Hans Jaenisch, Hann Trier, and Karl Hartung; through Sept. 4. (Saturday hours, 1 to 5.) . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibit of paintings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters, among them Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, and Gauguin; through Sept. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—James McNeill Whistler's portrait, popularly known as "Whistler's Mother," on loan from the Louvre, is being shown in a return visit in the Great Hall; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art in a Changing World: 1884-1964" is the theme of seven exhibitions marking the opening of the new galleries and enlarged sculpture garden. Twelve hundred works from the Museum's collections are on view, including American and European paintings and sculptures (Cézanne and Rodin to the present), drawings and prints (Seurat, Chagall, Leonard Baskin, and others), architecture and design, and photographs. . . . ¶ Temporary loan exhibitions include "The Photographer's Eye," through Sunday, Aug. 23; "American Painters as New Lithographers," through Sept. 30; and "Twentieth-Century Engineering," through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings from the period 1860 to 1950 (James McNeill Whistler to Edward Hopper and Morris Graves) from the collection of Daniel and Rita Fraad; through Sept. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manu-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

scripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—French posters of the eighteen-nineties, including some by Toulouse-Lautrec, from the Huntington Hartford collection; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Van Gogh and Expressionism," an exhibition comparing about thirty paintings by van Gogh with the works of twenty-eight Expressionists, including Edvard Munch, Oskar Kokoschka, and Franz Kline; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A hundred contemporary prints produced at the Pratt Graphic Art Center by Cleve Gray, Enrico Donati, Antonio Frasconi, and others; through Sept. 20. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions since 1939—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, graphic art, and architecture by newly elected members—Hans Hofmann, Louis I. Kahn, and Theodore Roszak (to mention a few); through Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Two displays commemorating the four-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth: "The Bard on the Boards," composed of photographs, illustrations, prints, and playbills, and "The Bard and the Book," composed of seventeenth-century editions of his poetry and plays; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Between the Fairs: Twenty-Five Years of American Art, 1939-64," an exhibition made up of works by a hundred and nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Milton Avery, Lyonel Feininger, and Richard Lippold; through Sept. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with Barry Finclair, violin. The last in a series of concerts. (Central Park Mall. Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music in Washington Square—Jorge Mester conducting an orchestra, with Matthew Raimondi, violin, and Henry Schuman, oboe. The fourth in a series of five weekly concerts. (Monday, Aug. 24, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 21, at 8: Leopold Stokowski conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Wagner-Verdi program, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Ezio Flagello, bass; and the Chorus pro Musica. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Beethoven-

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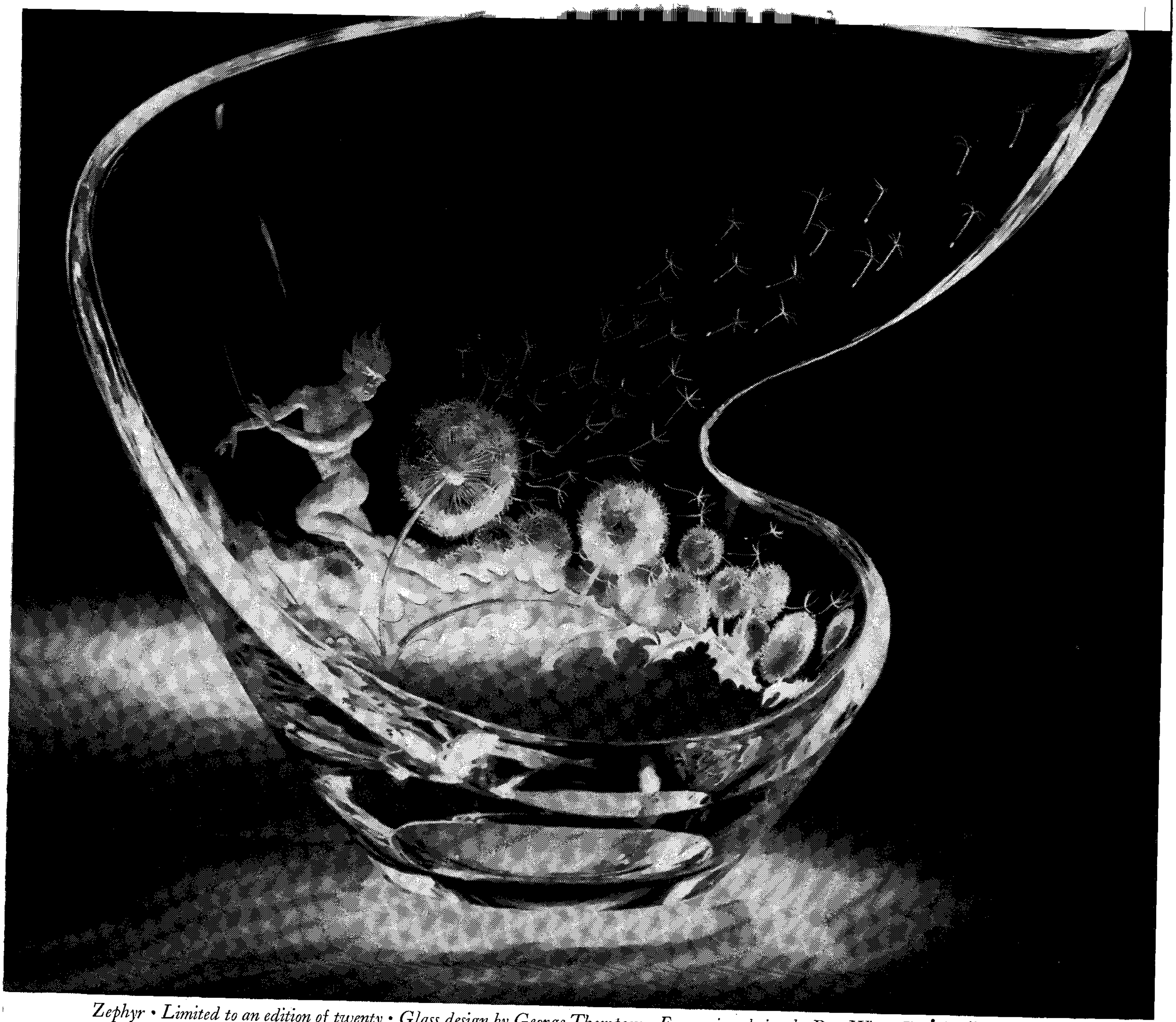

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Strauss program; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Saturday, Aug. 22, at 3:30: Ian and Sylvia. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Duke Ellington. (Lenox, Mass.)

Note—Final performances of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 22: Marjorie Tallchief and George Skibine, Cilli Wang, Alonzo Rivera, and Edo and Tamara Sie. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 27-29: Patricia McBride and Edward Villella, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and Suzushi Hanayagi. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 21, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 22, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 23, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Yankees, Monday, Aug. 24, at 8 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball, postponed from June 15). . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Tuesday, Aug. 25, at 8, and Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Aug. 28, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 29, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader).

Boxing—Johnny Persol vs. Henry Hank, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Aug. 21. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Olympic Rowing Trials—The final trials for fours, pairs, and double sculls. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 26-29, at noon.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 29. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 22; the Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 26; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 29. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 10. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia. Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 8:30 and 11:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN: Friday, Aug. 21, at 4:15; Saturday, Aug. 22, at 10 A.M.; and Sunday, Aug. 23, at 1:05. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 29, at 12:30.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23.) . . . ¶ Canada Dry-Meadow Club International. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 24-30.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

Yachting—America's Cup final trials, American yachts. (Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, Sept. 6.) . . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Through Sunday, Aug. 23.) . . . ¶ America's Cup final trials, British yachts. (Newport, R.I. Monday, Aug. 24, through Sunday, Sept. 6.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

Democratic National Convention—Opens at Convention Hall, in Atlantic City, Monday, Aug. 24. The keynote address, by Senator John O. Pastore, of Rhode Island, will be delivered that evening.

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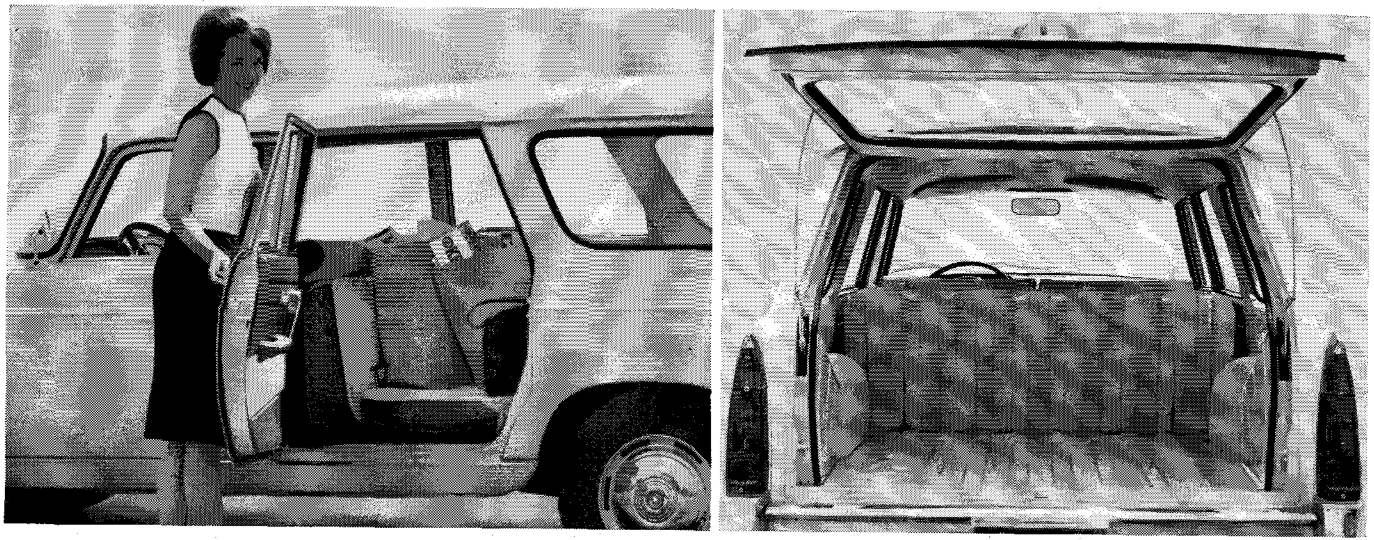

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Best Man—A political melodrama, brilliantly written by Gore Vidal. It stars Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy, and Franklin Schaffner directed. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Aug. 21.)

Cartouche—This French movie is a part-time spoof and rest-of-the-time imitation of cape-and-sword romance. The humor is broad; the settings, in and around eighteenth-century Paris, are most satisfactory; and the magnetic Jean-Paul Belmondo is well cast as the leader of a band of robbers. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Chalk Garden—A story as sentimental as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but with much brighter dialogue. Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, Deborah Kerr, John Mills, and Felix Aylmer. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through Aug. 25.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Girl with Green Eyes—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Good Neighbor Sam—Jack Lemmon, as a San Francisco ad man in an odd predicament, goes skylarking through a movie that amounts to an omnibus of gags. Mr. L. is very funny. The movie is sometimes funny, sometimes not. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 25, tentative.)

Harakiri—A Japanese film about an old Japanese custom. Not to be missed, in spite of the horrid subject matter. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Aug. 25.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

Mafioso—A perfect tragicomedy about a Milan factory worker who, returning to his native Sicily on vacation, becomes involved in some Mafia business. Immeasurably aided by Alberto Sordi in the leading role; Alberto Lattuada, the director, is due the rest of the credit. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child is weakened by a dull, mawkish script, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero, and Painesville, Ohio, where the movie was photographed, is certainly a lovely town to look at. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Organizer—An extraordinary re-creation of a struggle for social justice in nineteenth-century Italy. Marcello Mastroianni is the star, and the director is Mario Monicelli. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Aug. 26.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

NOW PLAYING

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers splendidly inept as a French policeman determined to keep a pretty doxy from having her head chopped off for killing her lover, a chauffeur. Blake Edwards, who collaborated on the script and directed the film, deserves high honors. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 26.)

The Silence—Ingmar Bergman sketches his dark notion of how we all fail to connect, possibly because God has given us up as a bad job. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 25.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Mindless, cheerful nonsense in a three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Aug. 20.)

À Nous la Liberté (1932) René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 23.)

The Five Day Lover (1961)—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 20.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 21-24.)

The Life of Émile Zola (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 25.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 25.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Sally Benson's stories of childhood in the golden Middle West. With Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Aug. 20.)

Le Million (1931)—A René Clair farce. In French, with Annabella. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Aug. 20.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin again. Consequential, educational, essential. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 20.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Charlie Chaplin's interpretation of the career of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Monsieur Vincent (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of St. Vincent de Paul. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 25.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 21-24.)

Peter the First (1937)—A Soviet sketch of the Czar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 20.)

Poppy (1936)—W. C. Fields again, this time on the loose as Professor Eustace McGargle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 25.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Aug. 20.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 24.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 24.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 21-24.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 22.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 25.)

The Vanishing Prairie (1954)—The birds and the beasts fighting for survival in a Walt Disney nature film. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting Aug. 25.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Still more W. C. Fields, here involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 25.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 22: "Morocco" (1930), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Aug. 23-26: "Duck Soup" (1933), with the Marx Brothers. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Aug. 25: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**
From Aug. 26: "The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Aug. 20: "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.
From Aug. 21: "Kisses for My President," Fred MacMurray, Polly Bergen.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones.

LOEW'S CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW; and "Master Spy," Stephen Murray.

RIALTO, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
"Sweet Ecstasy" (in French), Elke Sommer.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
HARAKIRI (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MAFIOSO (in Italian).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Aug. 25: **THE CHALK GARDEN**; and "McLintock!," revival, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara.
From Aug. 26: "A Tiger Walks," Brian Keith, Vera Miles; and "The Three Lives of Thomasina," revival, Patrick McGoohan.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 25: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**
From Aug. 26: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 25 (tentative): **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM.**
From Aug. 26: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Aug. 24: "Jungle Cat," revival, a Walt Disney nature film; plus two Disney shorts.
From Aug. 25: **THE VANISHING PRAIRIE**, revival; plus two Disney shorts.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 25: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**
From Aug. 26: "The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW; and "Master Spy," Stephen Murray.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MONSIEUR VERDOUX, revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Los Tarantos" (in Spanish), Carmen Amaya.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
"The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
MAJOR BARBARA, revival; and "Twelfth Night" (in Russian), revival.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 25 (tentative): **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM.**
From Aug. 26: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Aug. 20: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish).
From Aug. 21: "Kisses for My President," Fred MacMurray, Polly Bergen.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 25: **THE CHALK GARDEN**; and "Act One," George Hamilton, Jason Robards, Jr.
From Aug. 26: "A Tiger Walks," Brian Keith, Vera Miles; and "The Three Lives of Thomasina," revival, Patrick McGoohan.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 25: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and "The Devil-Ship Pirates," Christopher Lee.
From Aug. 26: "Flipper's New Adventure," Luke Halpin; and "Rhino!," Robert Culp.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 20: "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
Aug. 21-24: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival.
From Aug. 25: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and **THE THIRD MAN**, revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 25: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.
From Aug. 26: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 25: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**
From Aug. 26: "The Carpetbaggers," George Peppard, Carroll Baker.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 25: "The Patsy," Jerry Lewis; and "The Son of Captain Blood," Sean Flynn.
From Aug. 26: "Flipper's New Adventure," Luke Halpin; and "Rhino!," Robert Culp.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 25: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish).
From Aug. 26: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian); and "Doctor in Distress," Dirk Bogarde.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 25: "Ensign Pulver," Robert Walker, Burl Ives; and "Goliath and the Vampires," Gordon Scott.
From Aug. 26: "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Summer Holiday," Cliff Richard.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Aug. 20: **LE MILLION** and **PORT OF SHADOWS** (both in French and both revivals).
From Aug. 21: **THE BEST MAN**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CARTOUCHE (in French).

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Aug. 20: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and **MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS**, revival.
From Aug. 21: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Aug. 26 (tentative): "The Devil's Trap," a Czechoslovakian film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
CARTOUCHE (in French).

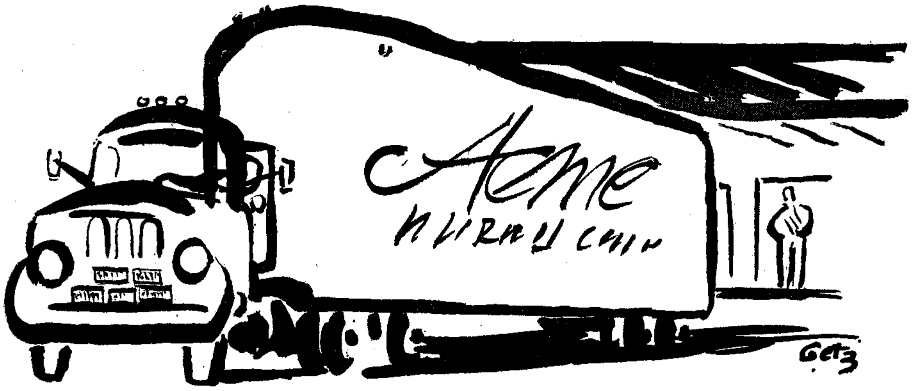
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 20: **MODERN TIMES**, revival; and **THE GOLD RUSH**, revival.
Aug. 21-24: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; and "International House," revival, W. C. Fields.
From Aug. 25: **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival; and **POPPY**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
A SHOT IN THE DARK; and "The Second Time Around," revival, Debbie Reynolds, Steve Forrest.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 20: **PETER THE FIRST** (in Russian), revival; and Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible, Part I" (in Russian), revival.
Aug. 21: **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French), revival; and "Girl with a Suitcase" (in Italian), revival, Claudia Cardinale.
Aug. 22: **THE SPANISH EARTH**, revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.
Aug. 23: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.
Aug. 24: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and **SHADOWS**, revival.
Aug. 25: **MONSIEUR VINCENT** (in French), revival; and **THE LIFE OF ÉMILE ZOLA**, revival.
Aug. 26: "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 25: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish).
From Aug. 26: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).



THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left *in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's* Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Music—Benny Goodman and his orchestra will give a free concert in the Singer Bowl on Saturday, August 22, from 8 P.M. to 10 P.M. . . . ¶ Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Recently, more than two hundred thousand people a day have been going to the Fair, which means that it is always crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impractical, arrive at nine in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens at 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively *expensive. Some accept reservations, but* otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is before twelve or after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.: from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; the run takes about twenty-five minutes, and a fifteen-cent bus ride to the Fairgrounds is necessary.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: $70 for eight hours. . . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

African Pavilion—Twenty-four African countries are represented by displays of art and information, a short documentary film, frequent performances of music and dancing, and a small zoo. Adults $1.50; children fifty cents.

Austria—Among the Austrian products on display are ski sweaters and three petit-point bracelets.

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Picturesque Belgium—A replica of a sixteenth-century Belgian village, which includes a soft-drink stand, a shop selling "imported original oil paintings," and a Hungarian restaurant, and which costs a dollar to get into (fifty cents for children).

Better Living Center—Among the pitchmen on the third floor is an excellent small exhibit of paintings and sculptures called "Four Centuries of American Masterpieces." Admission fifty cents.

Christian Science—At the back of the Christian Science Pavilion, there is a pretty park that is more secluded than the Garden of Meditation, across the way.

Eastman Kodak—One of the features of the Kodak Pavilion is a short film called "The Seeing Eye," supposedly showing the world through a boy's eyes but actually presenting a less exclusive view.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and the two puppet shows in the center of the main plaza, which illustrate the nature of computers, are among the best shows at the Fair.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

Lebanon—The most interesting exhibit in the Lebanese Pavilion has to do with the development of the Roman alphabet, which was invented by the Phoenicians, as the Lebanese used to be called.

Spanish Pavilion—One of the exhibits is a display of jewelry designed by Salvador Dali, including a pulsating ruby heart. The dollar admission goes to the American Cancer Society, the American Heart Association, and the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation.

Time Capsule—Visitors to the site of the 1939 Westinghouse time capsule may sign their names in a book in order to have their signatures microfilmed and buried in the 1965 capsule. Neither capsule is going to be opened for a long time, though.

Tower of Light—The audience is carried on a turntable floor through a long show having to do with electricity and starring an animated light bulb made to look like Benjamin Franklin, and three mechanical hens who sing an incomprehensible song.

Travelers Insurance—A series of life-size, three-dimensional scenes depicting triumphs of man or the objects of man's triumphs, and bearing some resemblance to the Ford and General Motors exhibits but easier to get into.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—Adjoining the one-ring circus in the Amusement Area is a display of two gorillas, one advertised as the largest and the other as the oldest in captivity. Twenty-five cents.

Coca-Cola—There are almost always large crowds walking through, or waiting to walk through, Hong Kong, Cambodia, Rio de Janeiro and other places, re-created with supposedly authentic smells and bottles of Coke in typical settings.

Pavilion of Paris—The French exhibit, which is far from complete, includes shops that sell candy, pastry, books, and topless bathing suits, and a display of a 460-pound edition of the Apocalypse illustrated by Dali, Buffet, and others.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes who sing, dance, and play musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

R.C.A.—*There are always many people standing in line outside this pavilion, and no doubt* there is a very interesting exhibit inside.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not *necessarily good but are often not crowded.)*

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Caribbean Pavilion—Fairly expensive food and drink, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Baez, AR 1-2712.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a $6.50 "grand cold table," and also has a large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental, and some of the tables are out on a terrace with a good view of the Fair. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

Malaysian Pavilion—A small restaurant with a limited menu, moderate prices, good food, and imperfect service. Some outdoor tables.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves expensive Mexican food in luxurious surroundings, and the Café Alameda serves moderately priced Mexican dishes in less luxurious surroundings. There is also an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022 and AR 1-0023, respectively.

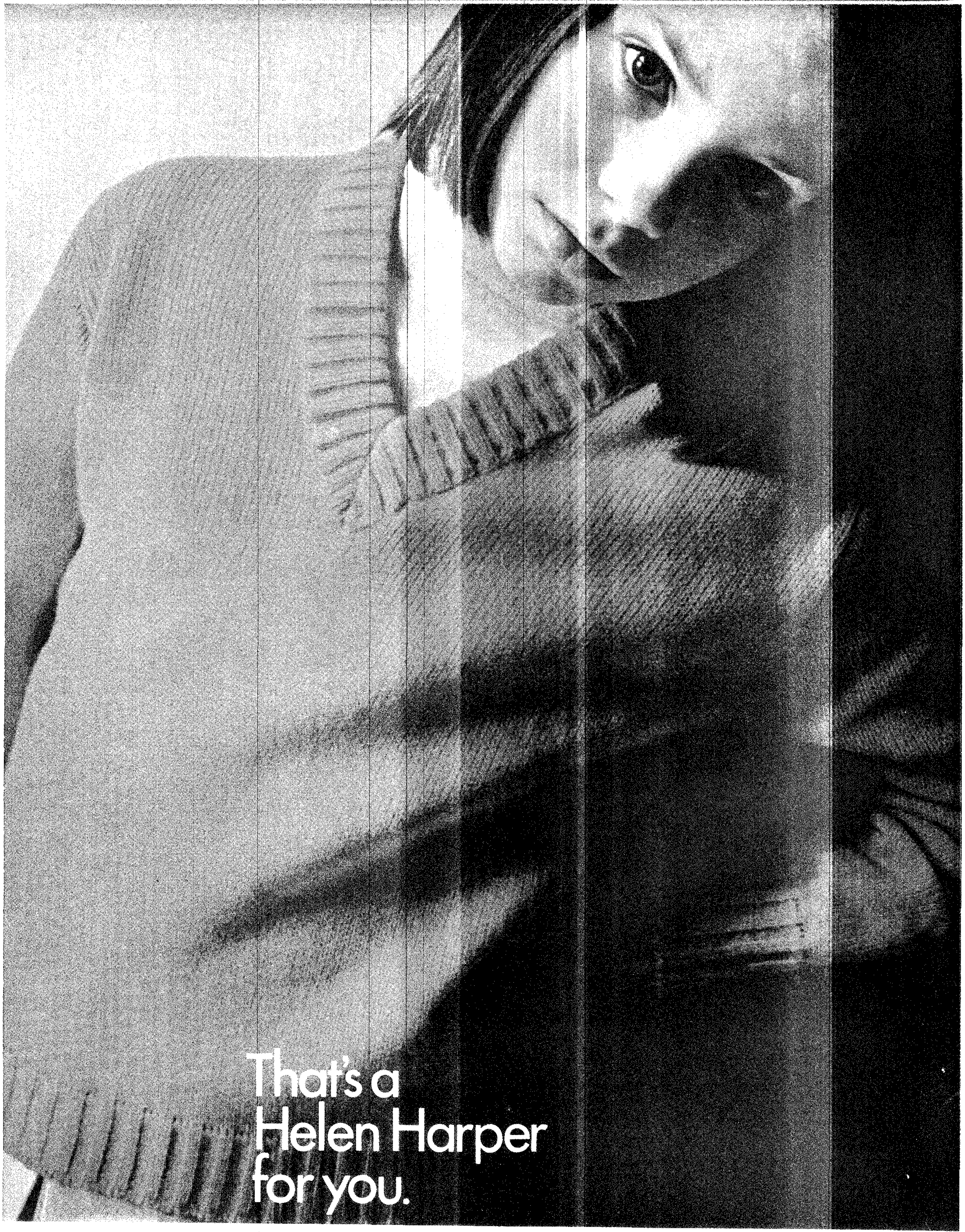
Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor *bazaar. Prices are moderate, and meals are* accompanied by Moroccan music and nightclub acts.

Pakistan—The food is plentiful, delicious, and fairly expensive, and the best tables are outdoors, overlooking the Avenue of the United Nations.

Spanish Pavilion—The Granada serves good, fairly expensive Spanish food. The Toledo serves good, more expensive French and Spanish food (although they do have a Spanish omelet for two dollars). The service at both is efficient, and the dinner conversation is about the prices. No reservations.

Swedish Pavilion—A delicious and abundant smörgåsbord is available for six dollars at both lunch and dinner. Reservations taken for lunch only (until 4 P.M.). AR 1-5303.

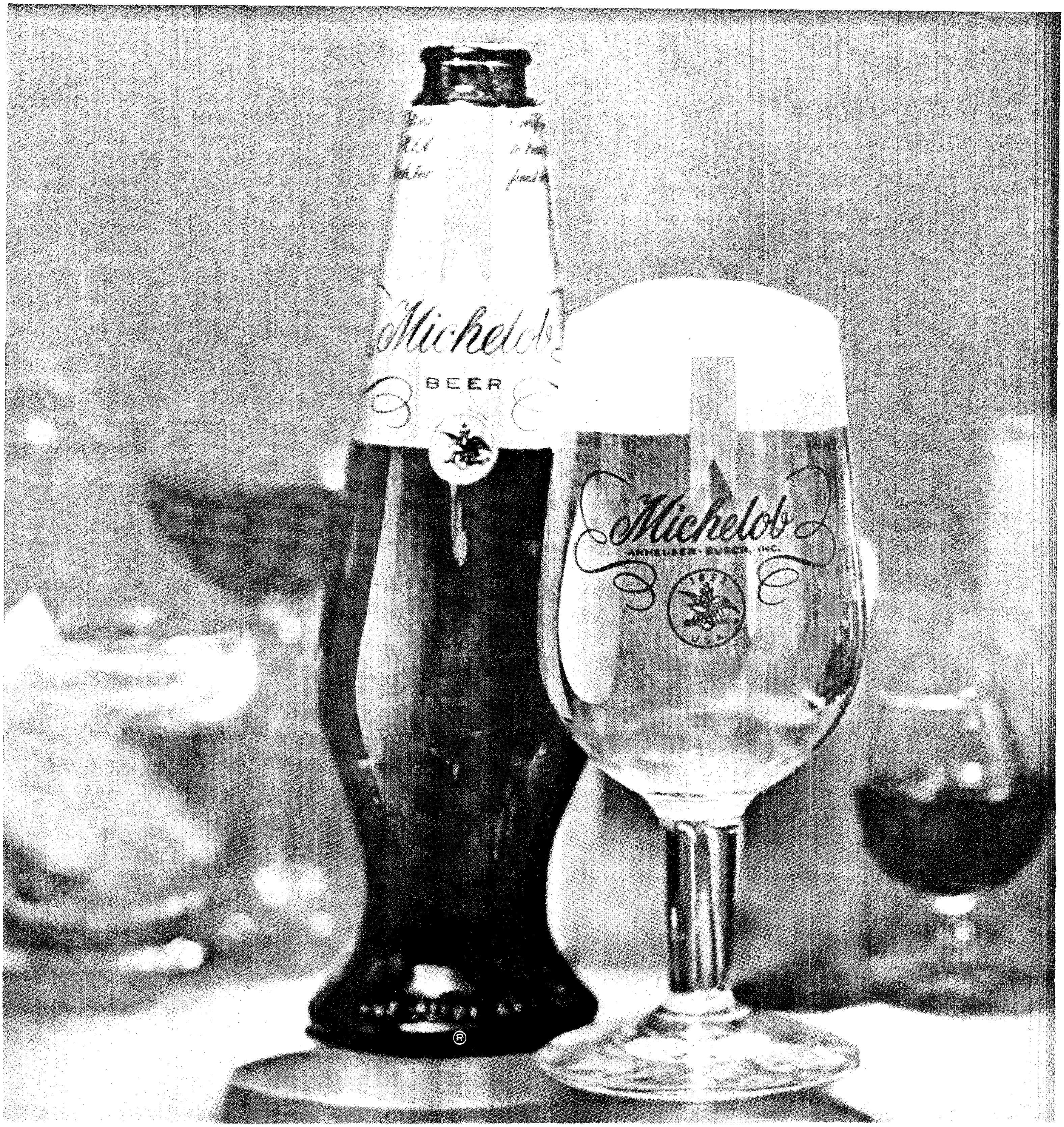
Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. Reservations accepted for "sittings" at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9:30. Call 888-5500.



A great way to teach your daughter a thing or two. About good taste. It's all Acrilan. Robin red, green, navy, gold, white, pink, yellow, Florentine blue or grey. Sizes 7-14, about $7. Keep her happy while learning. Get her a few.

elen arper® for girls

Acrilan® acrylic fiber is made by Chemstrand, N.Y. 1, a Division of [illegible]



The bottle is rather curious

When something very exceptional is developed, it would be a shame to dress it out in a rather ordinary way. Somehow it doesn't seem right that Michelob should go forth in the same container design as that of other beers. In fact, it would have been a dismal blunder. When justice is done, it should *appear* to be done.

Michelob®... *more than any other beer*

Michelob and Budweiser are registered trademarks of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis

The 'Jeep' Wagoneer with 4-wheel drive has twice the traction of ordinary station wagons.

It takes to sand like a beach buggy.

The 'Jeep' Wagoneer gives you a new sense of freedom. Now you can go where you want. Not where the road lets you. The reason? 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive! Just pull one simple lever and your 'Jeep' Wagoneer will take you off-the-road...to a new world of fun and safety.

Follow the dunes right down to the sea. Or take the snow covered road to the top of the hill. The 'Jeep' Wagoneer with 4-wheel drive has twice the traction of ordinary station wagons. It adds a wonderful confidence to all your driving.

And your 'Jeep' Wagoneer is definitely a family wagon. Optional automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, plus easy riding comfort, and the largest load space of any wagon in its field make it perfect for Mom's shopping, picnicking or church-going.

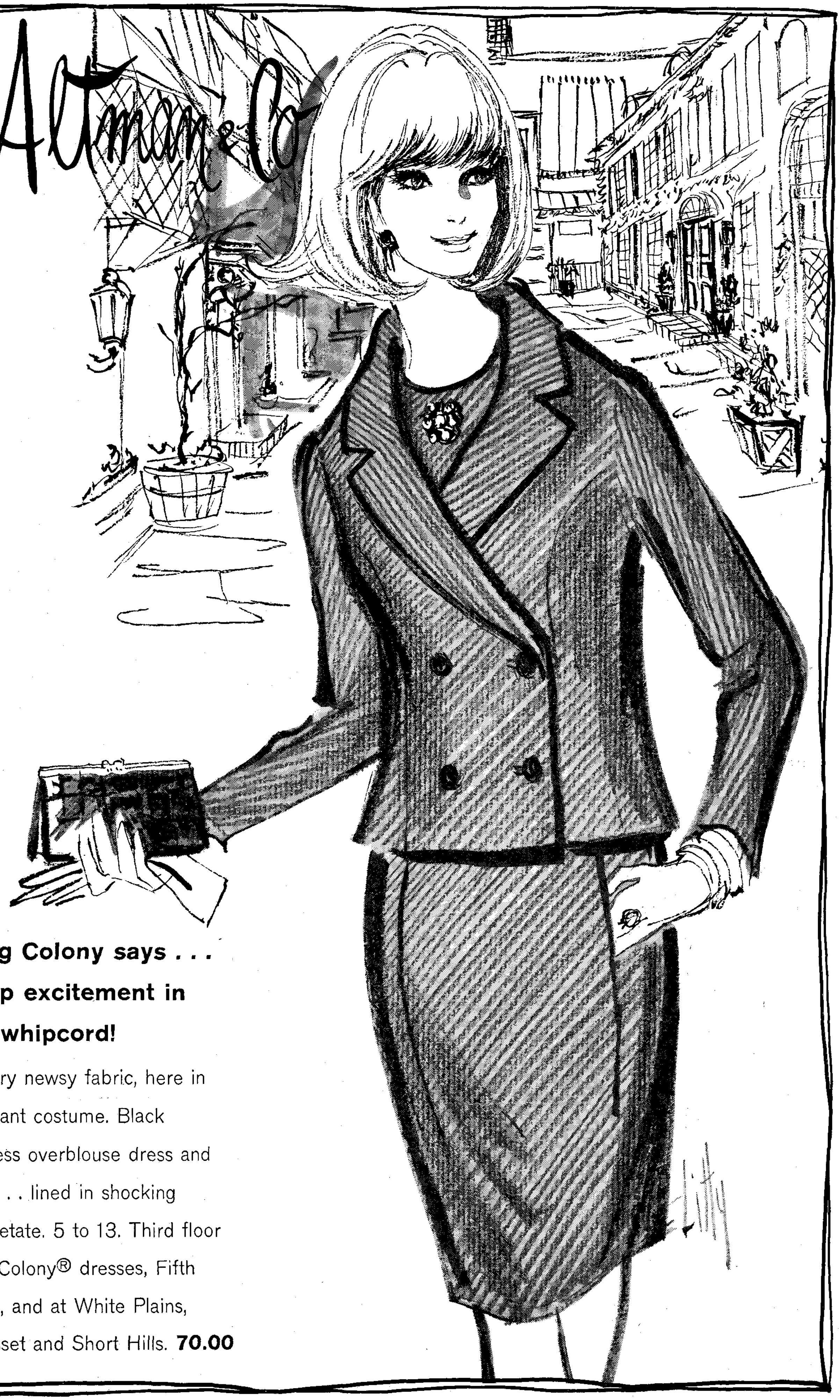
Find out what 4-wheel driving can do for your family. See your 'Jeep' dealer and drive the "Unstoppables."

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO
KAISER 50 YEARS

First really new family wagon in years. 'Jeep' Wagoneer with 4-wheel drive.

See 'Jeep' vehicles in action on "World Series of Golf," September 12-13, NBC-TV Network.

B Altman & Co



Young Colony says . . .
stir up excitement in
wool whipcord!

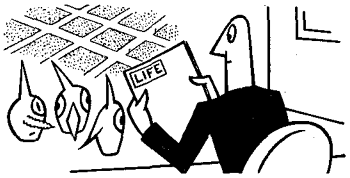
This very newsy fabric, here in an elegant costume. Black sleeveless overblouse dress and jacket . . . lined in shocking pink acetate. 5 to 13. Third floor Young Colony® dresses, Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **70.00**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE looked forward with avidity to the pictures of the moon sent back by Ranger VII, but now that they are in *Life*, between Lyndon Johnson and the Vanderbilts, we confess ourself disappointed. What did we expect? Not, really, a gridwork of streets and the tops of little bald horned heads. But some message, some brief scrawl from God, a legible graffito on that invitingly blank and friable surface. Instead, we got the same old pockmarks and smears we'd known were there all along: a riddled, wrinkled old celestial hide spattered with craters idiotically round and arbitrarily disposed. From four hundred and eighty miles away, the moon still has a semblance of terrain and wears a kind of face. At two hundred and thirty-five miles, the ridges and splotches are smoothing into a milky, speckled blandness. At eighty-five miles, the blandness is growing tasty, and the curdled circularity of the holes begins to remind us of— yes, the closer we get to the moon, the more it looks like cheese, presumably green.



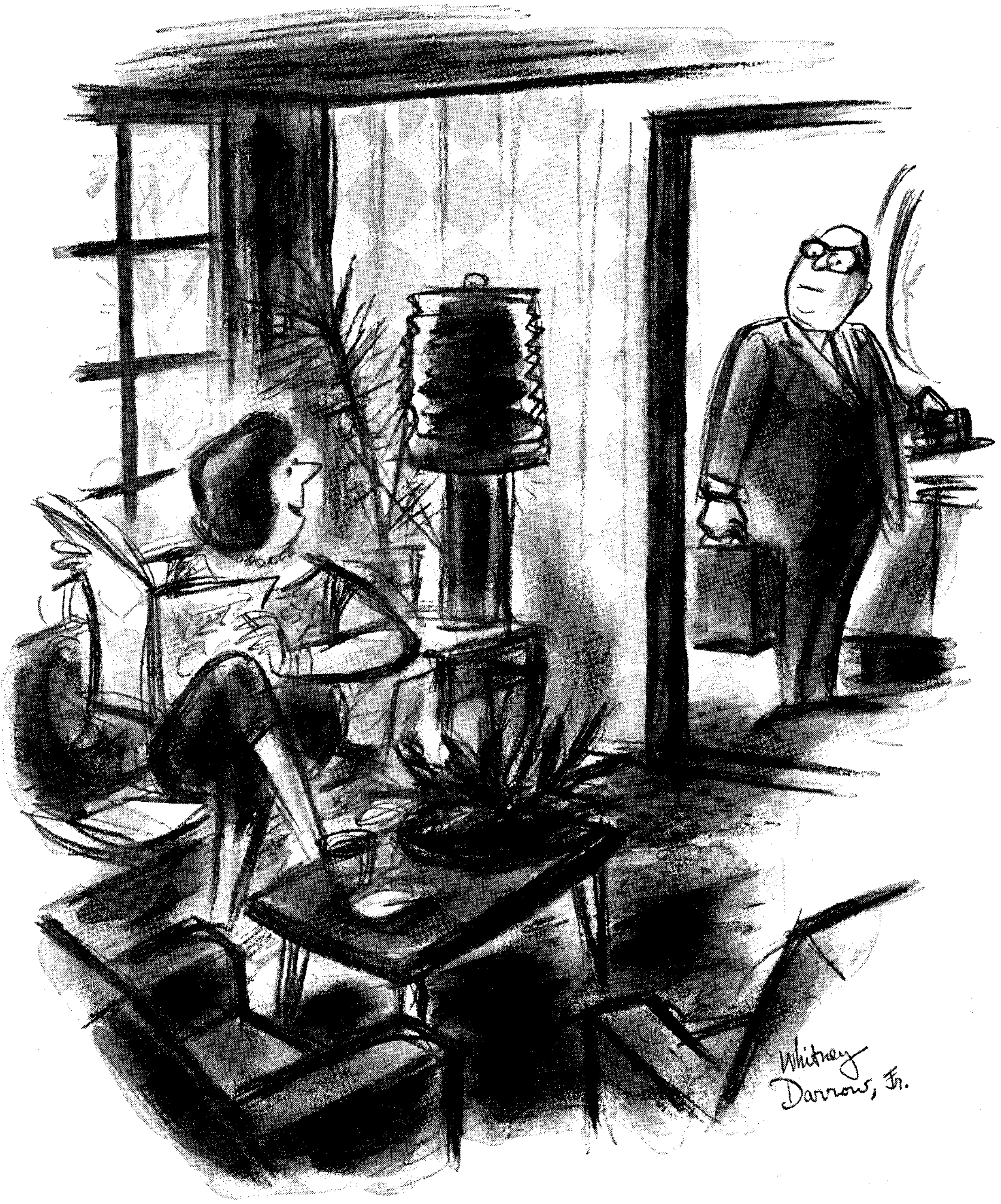
Reprise

IN a sort of backward-looking revolution, a radio station in Newark called WJRZ has begun broadcasting a Sunday-evening series of old-time radio drama to the entire metropolitan area, with selections ranging from the adventures of the intrepid Green Hornet and his Filipino houseboy, Cato, to those of the ratiocinative Sherlock Holmes and his eminent collaborator, Dr. Watson. To satisfy our curiosity about this exercise in aural nostalgia, we took a bus one day last week to Newark, where we were not at all surprised to learn that the revival could be traced to two young station executives who might be described as perfect representatives of the Last Pre-TV Generation. Sid Sirulnick, the operations director of WJRZ, is thirty-one years old, and Norman Roslin, the music director, is thirty-seven. Both grew up in Brooklyn, graduated from Brooklyn College, and still live in Brooklyn; both are married and have two young children; and both attribute their interest in the Green Hornet, Sherlock Holmes, the Shadow, et al., to childhood memories of radio shows.

"A couple of years ago, we were looking around for something to distinguish WJRZ from our competitors," Mr. Sirulnick said, "and we began thinking about the old programs we used to enjoy, and the way people who heard them still love to reminisce about them at parties." His memory of such shows, he told us, may have been keener than most, because he spent two years managing an armed-forces radio station in Alaska in the early fifties. "We had access to lots of great things, like the old 'Lux Radio Theatre' and 'Suspense' and 'Bulldog Drummond,' " he said. "They couldn't be played commercially in this country, because all the rights were tied up. We got them as a public service, to remind the boys of home." Sirulnick joined radio station WNTA (the predecessor of WJRZ) in 1956, after his discharge from the service, and by 1963, partly as a result of his initiative, the station had made something of a name for itself by interspersing its musical selections—mostly what are known as pop standards—with excerpts from recordings by prominent comedians, and by playing the entire original-cast albums of such Broadway plays as "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" and "Strange Interlude." "But the idea of bringing back real *radio* entertainment was something else again," Sirulnick said. "For one thing, just about everyone else had agreed that it was dead."

Marching boldly into this graveyard, the Messrs. Sirulnick and Roslin tried to gain access to some of the transcriptions of the once popular radio dramas. "It turned out that there were no libraries, no files, and no central source of information," Sirulnick said. "All you could do was get a lead on who might control the rights to a certain show and try to track it down. Then, even if you found an owner with a clear title—which you usually didn't—you had to get in touch with everyone who had participated in the show. Not just the actors but the director, the producer, the writers, the composer of the theme music, even the studio organist—everybody, in fact, except the ushers. They were all entitled to payment of 'residuals,' according to union scale, for each repeat performance. Well, we were pretty unsuccessful. We just didn't have the time or the money. Then, about a year ago, we heard of a syndicator in New York City who had been working very quietly and had managed to put together the rights to eighteen of the old shows. Now there are several other companies working in the same field."

WJRZ broadcast the first selection ("The Shadow") from this treasury on May 17th, and has been offering episodes from such series as "The Green Hornet," "The Hidden Truth," "The Haunting Hour," and "Dangerous Assignment" every Sunday since


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"And how was life today among the high muck-a-mucks?"

• •

then. "The response has been tremendous," Roslin said. "We get about two hundred letters a week, mostly from people who remember the shows and want to thank us and put in requests for their favorites. Parents write in to say that their children enjoy the shows just as much as they do. There *is* something stimulating about radio drama. It may be partly that all these shows were broadcast live—the recordings were made during the broadcasts—so there's a certain tension among the actors that you can feel. And radio acting may actually be the most difficult kind of all. Think of how much you have to do with your voice alone!"

"The event of the most immediate interest, perhaps, is the return to the air, at 6 P.M. on Sunday, August 16th, of the original 'Lone Ranger,'" Sirulnik said. "This may have been the most popular show of all. Just listening to the promotion tape that we've been using, you can see why. When you hear the Lone Ranger's voice, you know this is Virtue talking."

We asked if we could hear it, and Roslin got up from his chair and flicked a switch on a tape recorder. The machine started up with a whir, and then we recognized the first words of the old litany, spoken by an announcer against the stirring background of the "William Tell" Overture: "A fiery horse with the speed of light, a cloud of dust, and a hearty 'Heigh-o, Silver'—the Lone Ranger!" And then, a little later, in a different, deeper, more thrilling voice: "Come on, Silver! Let's go, big fellow! Heigh-o, Silver! A-way!"

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THE Scully-Walton ambulance service honors American Express and Unicard credit cards.

Same

THE odd snippets of information that one picks up in the hubbub of a cocktail party and that then lodge in the back of one's mind, begging to be investigated! Some time ago, we heard an Army major mention that on any given day of the year all three hundred thousand enlisted men scattered throughout the United States are served the same breakfast, dinner, and supper, and so determined were we to discover how this enormous culinary miracle was wrought that we finally did the only sensible thing: in the course of a visit to Washington we spent an instructive hour or so with the Army Food Service Branch there. First off, we learned that the miracle of the identical meals is based partly on something called the Annual Food Plan, which is an approximate list of all the items of food that enlisted men in CONUS—Army lingo for forces within the continental United States—will be eating in a year and in what quantity, and partly on decisions made in respect to these items by the Annual Food Planning Board, which consists of experts on nutrition, food prices, food availability, and the like. For every month of the year, a CONUS Master Menu is drawn up seven months in advance, thus allowing plenty of time for the two thousand-odd mess halls in the country to get the food in hand. Certain very small changes may sometimes be made in a menu, but no changes are permitted in the methods of preparing it. "Procedures are standardized so that if directions are followed exactly, the result will be food of excellent quality," the Army says. "Choice of recipes has been based on a study of their acceptability, popularity, economy, and practicability."

On a recent Monday, the CONUS Master Menu for posts from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Texas to Maine went as follows:

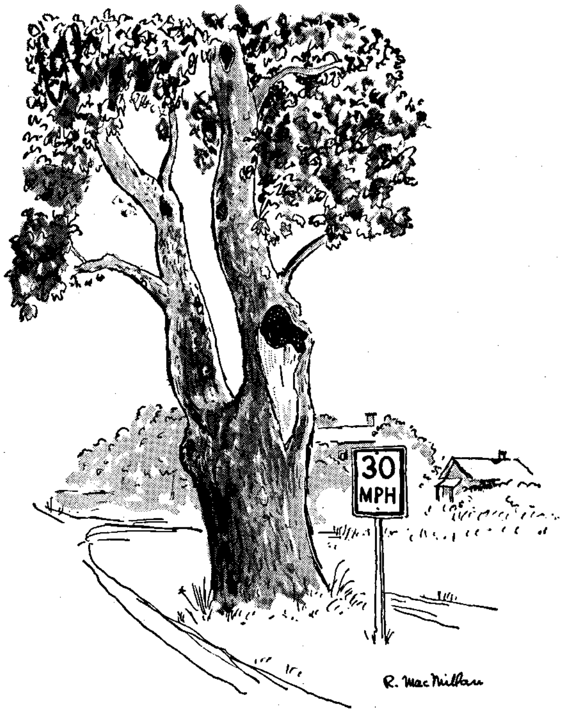
Breakfast
Fresh bananas
Assorted dry cereal
Fresh milk
Fried eggs
Grilled bacon
Doughnuts
Toast
Butter
Jam
Cocoa
Tea
Coffee

Dinner
New England boiled dinner
Horseradish sauce
Parsley buttered potatoes
Assorted crisp relishes
Bread
Butter
Strawberry Shortcake with whipped topping
Tea
Coffee
Milk

Supper
Beef bouillon with barley
Crackers
Roast beef with natural pan gravy
French baked potatoes
Scalloped tomatoes
Lettuce wedge with lamaze dressing
Bread
Butter
Chilled pears with chocolate cookies
Tea
Coffee
Milk

Now, arriving at this or any other day's Master Menu is perhaps harder than it looks, because the Army not only faces on a fantastic scale all the kitchen problems of an ordinary housewife—nutrition, budget, family preferences—but has certain extra difficulties to overcome. For one thing, its family preferences aren't merely regional but ethnic; for another, its purchases must be made with an eye to their effect on the economy of the entire country; and, most awkward of all, it must work from a list of thirty-nine food components, established by Presidential order back in 1932. Meat is one such component. Each enlisted man is authorized to have two ounces of bacon, ten ounces of beef, two ounces of chicken, and four ounces of pork daily; should he receive less than these amounts, he is to receive extra portions of one or more of the other meats, the size of the extra portions to depend on the monetary value of the various meats. The same principle holds for all the other food components. On the Monday cited above, the men were served approximately two ounces of bacon apiece but no chicken or pork; instead, they had beef at both dinner and supper. The value of the meat component currently comes to forty cents per day per man, out of a total value for all food components of something like a dollar and five cents per day per man. Mercifully, the Army gives itself some leeway in fixing values from one day to the next; the value of the meat component may drop to thirty-six cents on a Wednesday, provided it bobs up to forty-four cents on Thursday.

There are certain foods that the Army never serves, either because they're too expensive (caviar, wild rice) or because they're too hard to prepare (fresh lobster, artichokes); certain other foods are served only rarely, because the men don't like them (lamb, eggplant). According to a study entitled "Food Preferences of Men in the U.S. Armed Forces," published in 1960 after ten years of continuous surveys, the ten most popular foods served, in order of preference, are fresh milk, hot rolls, hot biscuits, strawberry shortcake, grilled steak, ice cream, ice-cream sundae, fried chicken, French-fried potatoes, and roast turkey. The ten least popular foods, proceeding from least of most disliked to most of most disliked, are mashed turnips, broccoli, baked Hubbard squash, fried parsnips, creamed asparagus, cabbage baked with cheese, asparagus with hollandaise sauce, iced coffee, cauliflower with cheese sauce, and candied parsnips. There are mysteries here—why should ice cream be more popular than ice-cream sundaes, and why on earth is asparagus so thoroughly disliked?—but the Army refrains from speculation; it simply serves what the boys want.



The Army places "foremost importance" on its food program and worries not only about the atmosphere the food is served in but about the very trays or plates it's served on. Dingy mess halls with long, bare tables and benches have given way to brightly painted halls with small, cloth-covered tables seating four men each. The old metal tray is yielding to conventional dinnerware of various materials that hold heat better. Nine out of ten enlisted men speak favorably of Army food; the chief complaint made is that there's too much of it. An enlisted man who eats everything he's entitled to at all three meals consumes about forty-one hundred calories a day, which is fine for twenty-year-olds undergoing rigorous training but is certainly too much for older troops or for Wacs. When the Army receives a serious complaint about food, it goes to great lengths to investigate it. Not long ago, a young soldier at Fort Dix wrote home that he was being served horse meat. The boy's mother complained to her Congressman, who wrote to the President, who passed the complaint along through channels. Several weeks later, it reached the desk of a colonel in the Food Service Branch. The colonel knew perfectly well that the Army didn't serve horse meat even to Army dogs, much less to personnel, but he went up to Fort Dix to see what had started the rumor. In looking around the post, he noticed a number of crates in a freezer room. The crates, which contained shipments of beef destined for Army installations abroad, had come from Chicago and were labelled "Port of New York," and the colonel figured that, either because the young soldier was nearsighted or because he had spotted the crates from a considerable distance, he had made out only the capital letters "PONY."

●

YOU may now own a "King Size New Mexico Ranchette," near Deming, New Mexico, by laying out only five dollars per month.

A Report from Hiram

HIRAM STANLEY, our longtime operative's teen-age nephew, appeared in the office the other morning with a sizable manuscript, written in his unmistakable bold, cursive hand. Pinned to the lapel of the neatly pressed seersucker jacket he was wearing was a note from his uncle. Mr. Stanley wrote, "My compliments, and this is to present Hiram, whom you may remember from the time when the Beatles were in town. He has just attended the première of their first motion picture, 'A Hard Day's Night,' and he has drawn some conclusions. Regards, S."

Hiram wrote:

Hiram's Report

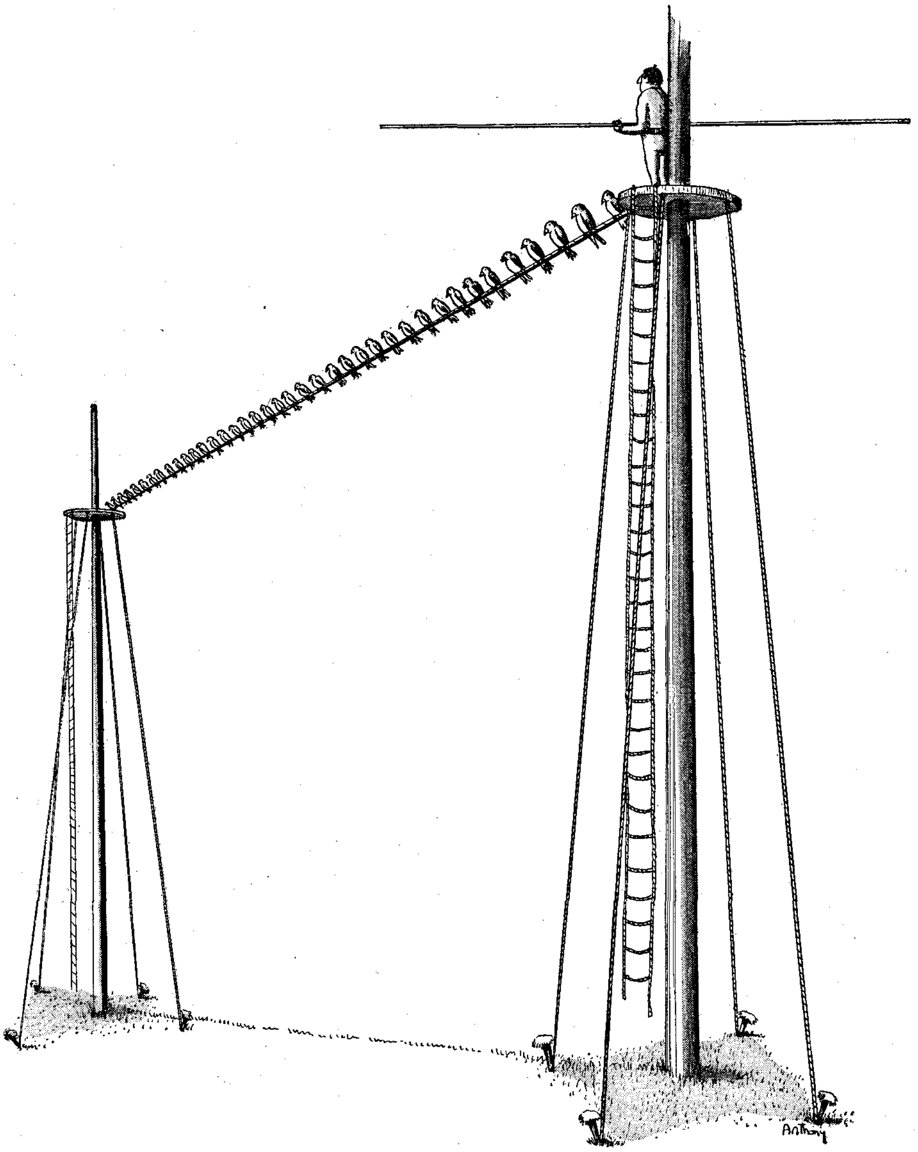
"Subject: More About the Beatles.

"Purpose of Report: To decide from the première of 'A Hard Day's Night' whether or not the Beatles are going to be around for quite a while, and I may as well tell you right away that the answer is yes. (See Conclusions.)

"Readings: Nothing to report, which was, in fact, my first clue. None of the papers had any really big ads about the movie, and that is pretty unusual. Of course, not too many kids read the papers very thoroughly, and there were a number of ads on the radio, which the kids do listen to very thoroughly, but still no big ads *at all* in the papers made me think that the people who released the movie (United Artists) knew they had everything sewed up. Art Linkletter did tell a joke about the Beatles, but that was on television.

"Procedure: I stood in line for the movie with some girls, and then saw the movie with them. The girls were eight of the fifty-six members of Chapter IX of the Beatles U.S.A., Ltd., the Beatles' nation-wide American fan club. I did this to see girls' reaction to the film and to the Beatles, and my reaction to them. My reaction was favorable. The girls were Cheryl, Chris, Fran, Tina, two Lindas, and two Carols. Their ages were sixteen, sixteen and three-quarters, and seventeen. One of the Carols and one of the Lindas were co-presidents of Chapter IX. Their age was seventeen (each).

"Observations: The première was at the Astor Theatre (it was also at a number of other theatres) at 7 P.M. on Tuesday, August 11th, and I joined a line of kids that was forming on Forty-fifth Street, just west of Broadway, a little after 5 P.M. The front part of the line was roped off behind some of those barriers that movie ushers often set up when a theatre has a hit, but the rest of the line was just standing quietly without any barriers. There were two cops standing there—a nice-looking middle-aged sergeant and a nice-looking young patrolman. Some of the kids up front were holding hand-lettered signs that said 'Ringo for President,' and most of them were singing 'We Love You, George, Oh Yes We Do,' to the tune 'We Love You, Conrad, Oh Yes We Do,' from 'Bye, Bye, Birdie,' which was a musical that made fun of rock-'n'-roll singers. Most of the kids looked as though they were just making noises so that the Astor Theatre people would have some justification for having put up the barriers.



"In the part of the line where I was were the eight girls I have mentioned. (See Procedure.) The girls were all nicely dressed, mostly in sleeveless linen (I guess) dresses, and some of them had sort of subdued bouffant hairdos. One of them, the Linda who was a co-president, had on a white hat with a white pompon on top. A couple of them had homemade name tags in the shape of a Beatle's head. The girls were talking about the Beatles and other things, and some of their conversation went like this:

"Linda (the one not a co-president): 'Oh, I don't want to stand in line!'

"Carol (the one not a co-president): 'Oh, I want to see the Queen Elizabeth dock!' (The girls had recently met some waiters from the Queen Mary.)

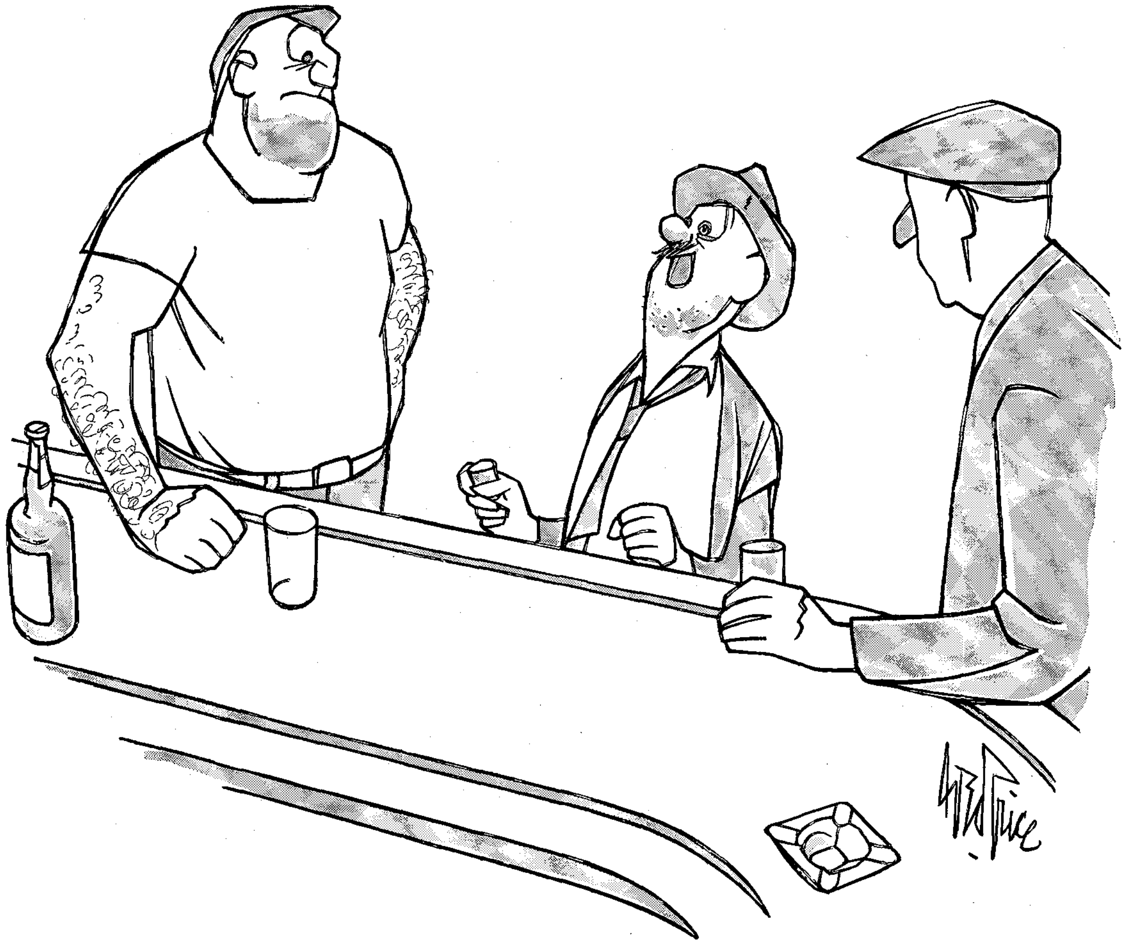
"Tina: 'Cheryl and Chris wrote a three-hundred-page novel about the Beatles. It took them a couple of weeks.'

"Others: 'And I wrote three short stories.' . . . 'And I wrote *four* poems.'

"The Nice-Looking Patrolman: 'Please move back, and please help keep my sidewalk clear.'

"Carol (the one who is a co-president): 'Oh, isn't that cute—"Keep my sidewalk clear"!'

"Linda (the one who is a co-president): 'Anyone want to see my English penny?' (The girls love anything English. My uncle says, 'This unexpected youthful Anglophilia ought to keep the lights burning on the Quai d'Orsay,' which is somewhere in Paris.)



"Live and let live, I always say."

"Then I asked the girls if they were looking forward to the movie, which was a silly question, and they said 'Yes, of course,' even though they had all seen it twice already at free previews that United Artists had arranged for the fan clubs. Then I asked were they sure they wanted to pay to see a movie they had already seen twice for free, which was another silly question. They said, 'Of course.'

"It was now about 6:15 P.M., and the girls really began to get rather tired of standing in line, so they pretended to make fun of the Beatles, but they asked me not to repeat any of their remarks. Then a newspaper photographer came along and turned a portable spotlight on the line. The girls, who knew what the man wanted, started to wave their arms and scream. Finally, the man turned off the light, and the girls stopped waving and screaming. The only other thing I can remember that happened in line was that suddenly a group of really very beatniky girls, not at all nicely dressed girls, ran by waving signs that said, 'Up with the Rolling Stones! Down with the Beatles!' The Rolling Stones are a group of five English rock-'n'-roll singers, and they are the Beatles' chief rivals at the moment. The girls set up a chant of 'Down with the Stones!' and Cheryl yelled, 'A rolling stone gathers *nothing!*,' which got a laugh. Then the girls admitted to me that they actually liked the Stones, they just didn't like the Stones' fans, and I must say that the Stones' fans looked like what a lot of parents say the Beatles' fans look like, while the Beatles' fans look like what a lot of parents say Mozart fans look like, if I make myself clear.

"About 6:30 P.M., we got into the Astor Theatre, and nothing much happened until the movie began, at seven, except that the girls got a bit noisier, and twice some people walked down to the front of the theatre to pose for photographers. Each time, the girls pretended that it might be the Beatles (although they actually knew that the Beatles wouldn't be here until August 18th), and one or two of them would rush down to where the photographers were. The first time this happened, Fran ran down, and she came back and said it was 'some old guy.' Linda the co-president later told me it was Milton Berle in a Beatle wig.

"Just before the movie started, Carol the co-president, who was sitting on my right, warned me that I wouldn't understand all the dialogue, because of the Beatles' accents, but that I would catch on after a while. She said the movie was good because it showed that the Beatles weren't phonies, and she also said not to mind the screaming. Then the movie started, and the kids screamed during the titles and the songs, but they shut up during the dialogue, which seemed to me to be a pretty sensible arrangement. The movie is about a day in the life of the Beatles, and about the Beatles' run-ins with various silly and not altogether pleasant grownups, like newspapermen, TV directors, cops, and designers of teen clothes. Each time, the Beatles get the best of the grownups, either by saying funny things or by running around in funny ways. When the fashion man started to pick on George, someone yelled 'Leave him alone!' and everyone cheered. And whenever the Beatles got the best of anyone, everyone cheered, too. The Beatles are nice in the picture, and I guess Carol meant that it showed they weren't phonies because they are also nice in real life.

"Finally, the movie was over, and I was actually very tired from listening to all the screaming, but the girls seemed refreshed. 'I'm *so* hungry!' said Cheryl, and the others nodded.

"CONCLUSIONS: The Beatles are going to be around for quite a while (see PURPOSE OF REPORT) for four reasons. (1) Their fans are nice girls who dress nicely. (2) They are the only singing group anyone has written a three-hundred-page novel about. (3) Girls will pay two dollars to see their movie even when they have already seen it twice for free. (4) The movie shows—in my opinion, at any rate—that they have acting talent as well as singing ability. And that is quite a combination."

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THE Old Barn Book Shop in East Hampton displays a sign that reads, "Please Do Not Handle the Books."

THE POLICE BAND

IT was kind of the Department to think up the Police Band. The original impulse, I believe, was creative and humanitarian. A better way of doing things. Unpleasant, bloody things required by the line of duty. Even if it didn't work out.

The Commissioner (the old Commissioner, not the one they have now) brought us up the river from Detroit. Where our members had been, typically, working the Sho Bar two nights a week. Sometimes the Glass Crutch. Friday and Saturday. And the rest of the time wandering the streets disguised as postal employees. Bitten by dogs and burdened with third-class mail.

What are our duties? we asked at the interview. Your duties are to wail, the Commissioner said. That only. We admired our new dark-blue uniforms as we came up the river in canoes like Indians. We plan to use you in certain situations, certain tense situations, to alleviate tensions, the Commissioner said. I can visualize great success with this new method. And would you play "Entropy." He was pale, with a bad liver.

We are subtle, the Commissioner said, never forget that. Subtlety is what has previously been lacking in our line. Some of the old ones, the Commissioner said, all they know is the club. He took a little pill from a little box and swallowed it with his Scotch.

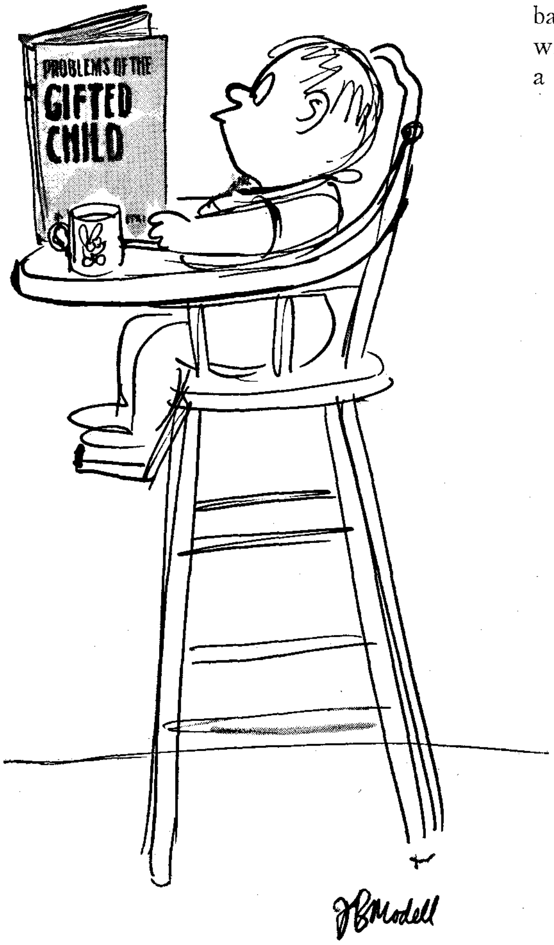
When we got to town we looked at those Steve Canyon recruiting posters and wondered if we resembled them. Henry Wang, the bass man, looks like a Chinese Steve Canyon, right? The other cops were friendly in a suspicious way. They liked to hear us wail, however.

The Police Band is a very sensitive, highly trained, and ruggedly anti-Communist unit whose efficacy will be demonstrated in due time, the Commissioner said to the Mayor (the old Mayor). The Mayor took a little pill from a little box and said, We'll see. He could tell we were musicians because we were holding our instruments, right? Emptying spit valves, giving the horn that little shake. Or coming in at letter E with some sly emotion stolen from another life.

The old Commissioner's idea was essentially that if there was a disturbance on the city's streets—some ethnic group cutting up some other ethnic group on a warm August evening—the Police Band would be sent in. The handsome dark-green band bus arriving with sirens singing, red lights whirling. Hard-pressed men on the beat in their white hats raising a grateful cheer. We stream out of the vehicle holding our instruments at high port. A skirmish line fronting the angry crowd. And play "Perdido." The crowd washed with new and true emotion. Startled, they listen. Our emotion stronger than their emotion. A triumph of art over good sense.

That was the idea. The old Commissioner's *musical* ideas were not very interesting, because after all he was a cop, right? But his police ideas were interesting.

We had drills. Poured out of that mother-loving bus onto vacant lots holding our instruments at high port like John Wayne. Felt we were heroes already. Playing "Perdido," "Stumblin'," "Gin Song," "Feebles." Laving the terrain with emotion stolen from old busted-up loves, broken marriages, the needle, economic deprivation. A few old ladies leaning out of high windows. Our emotion washing rusty Rheingold cans and parts of old doors.



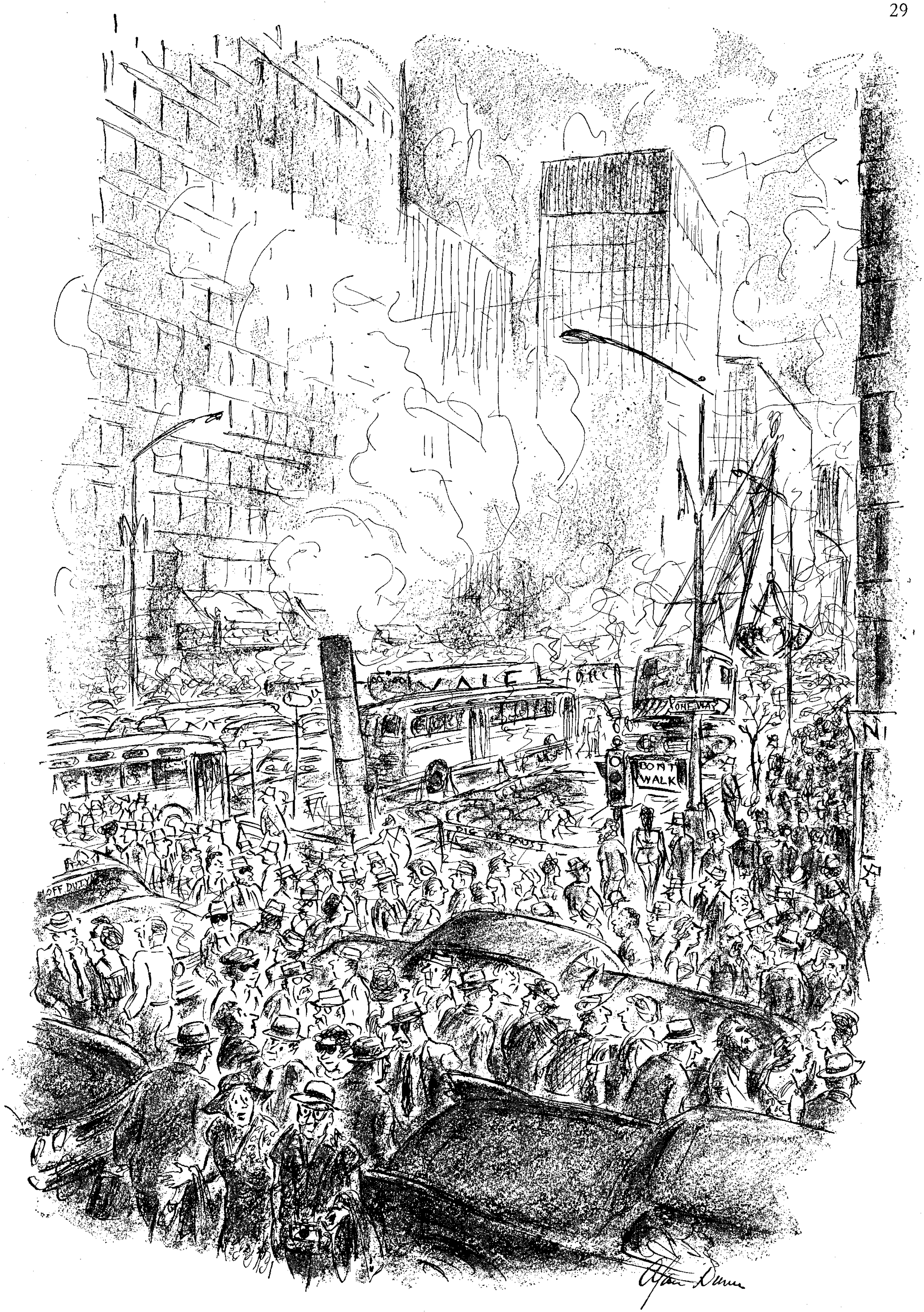
THIS city is too much! We'd be walking down the street talking about our techniques and we'd see out of our eyes a woman standing in the gutter screaming to herself about what we could not imagine. A drunk trying to strangle a dog somebody'd left leashed to a parking meter. The drunk and the dog screaming at each other. This city is too much!

We had drills and drills. It is true that the best musicians come from Detroit but there is something here that you have to get in your playing and that is simply the scream. We got that. The Commissioner, a sixty-three-year-old hippie with no doubt many graft qualities and unpleasant qualities, nevertheless understood that. When we'd play "ugly," he understood that. He understood the rising expectations of the world's peoples also. That our Negro members didn't feel like toting junk mail around Detroit forever until the ends of their lives. For some strange reason.

He said one of our functions would be to be sent out to play in places where people were trembling with fear inside their houses, right? To inspirit them in difficult times. This was the plan. We set up in the street. Henry Wang grabs hold of his instrument. He has a four-bar lead-in all by himself. Then the whole group. The iron shutters raised a few inches. Shorty Alanio holding his horn at his characteristic angle (sideways). The reeds dropping lacy little fill-ins behind him. We're cooking. The crowd roars.

The Police Band was an idea of a very romantic kind. The Police Band was an idea that didn't work. When they retired the old Commissioner (our Commissioner), who it turned out had a little drug problem of his own, they didn't let us even drill anymore. We have never been used. His idea was a romantic idea, they said (right?), which was not adequate to the rage currently around in the world. Rage must be met with rage, they said. (Not in so many words.) We sit around the precinct houses, under the filthy lights, talking about our techniques. But I thought it might be good if you knew that the Department still has us. We have a good group. We still have emotion to be used. We're still here.

—DONALD BARTHELME

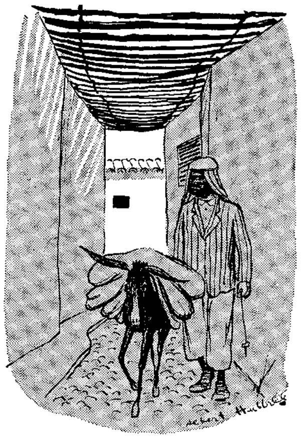

ONE WAY
DON'T WALK
TAXI
OFF DUTY
DIG WE MUST

*"Just repeat to yourself: 'New York is a Summer Festival,
New York is a Summer Festival . . .'"*

RAYMOND

I WAS shocked, recently, when a neighbor said laughingly of her thirteen-year-old daughter, “This morning she got flowers from her boy friend to celebrate their anniversary. They had their first date just a year ago. Isn’t it mad?”

Mad? When I was thirteen, my mother would probably have called the police at any suggestion of a boy friend, but at that age no boy looked at me and I looked at no boy. Even when such exchanges did begin, several years later, and Mother didn’t mind, I was reluctant to bring the boys home; I tried to keep anybody I liked away from the family as long as I could. I wanted to keep him to myself, and, as I knew all too well, once a new friend was admitted to our jolly family group he entered the public domain and was no longer exclusive property. My parents, my four sisters, and even my brother, had a way of pouncing on people and in the most friendly way possible tearing them to pieces and swallowing the bits. If I seem to exaggerate, allowances should be made; that is how I viewed the operation at the time. After such an experience, a boy never seemed the same to me again. I don’t mean he disliked the process. Not at all—he enjoyed it. But *I* didn’t.



As soon as a stranger was led into the parlor—which is what we called our sitting room in St. Louis—the place got terribly crowded, because everybody piled in, curious and full of hospitality. En masse, the family took over, and it was just like a party. The parlor really wasn’t very comfortable—most of the furniture was upholstered in shiny green short-haired fur—but the piano was there, and, quick as a wink, if someone who could play it happened to be at home everybody was singing, whether I wanted my friend to be sung at or not. It was a pretty fair guess, too, that somebody who could play the piano *would* be at home, because our musical accomplishments had been carefully distributed. What instrument a child wanted to play, if he or she wanted to play one at all, had nothing to do with it. My parents had alternated the piano with something else, down the list according to age, so Rose played the piano, Dorothy the violin, Helen the piano, I the violin, and Dauphine, the baby, the piano. My brother Mannel, the eldest, played everything, even the clarinet, and Mother played the piano. Daddy sang. Hell, we all sang. What chance had a strange young man in the midst of a crew like that?

Even without music, they could be overpowering. Daddy was courtly, but as soon as he warmed up he grew anecdotal, and Mother retailed embarrassing stories of my childhood. She did it in a good-humored way, but there was just a hint, a glitter, of hidden steel. Even so, my parents weren’t too bad, taken alone. Parents are parents. It was the crushing mass of sisters that got me down. Most of all it was Dot—warmhearted, quick, clever Dot, full of life and bent on grabbing everybody who showed up. And once she had grabbed people, she kept them. Long after we others had lost interest in Tom, Dick, or Mary, Dot still corresponded with them, keeping up, mentioning them now and then casually as if *she* had seen them first. I think she really believed she had.

Admittedly, Dot was seldom a sore trial to me in that particular respect, because we were a long way apart in age. I had only two grudges against her, dating back to childhood. For one thing, she snitched my soldier in World War I—*my* soldier, for whom I knitted peculiar khaki-colored washcloths and made fudge. Not every little girl had a soldier—I got this one through my brother—and I was very proud of my acquisition and boasted a lot about him in school. He sent me a diamond-shaped insigne patch to wear on my sleeve, and once I got a postcard from abroad decorated with a drawing of a German officer in a spiked helmet, standing over a dead woman in torn clothes. Was she Marianne? One of his booted feet rested on the corpse, and in his raised hand was a skull, out of which he was drinking blood. The legend was “The Triumph of Kultur.” I took the postcard to school and showed it around, but pretty soon Dot wrote to my soldier, and after that his letters were addressed to her, with an occasional message to me in a postscript.

There was also the affair of my Airedale pup. Even today, the phrase “my pup” has special meaning, for it was a tremendous step forward to have a dog in the house, and a greater one to have a dog of my own. In a big family, almost everything is a community possession. I had nothing but sympathy for a cousin of mine whose notorious habit was to put all her treasures into a box, close the box, and sit on it all day. At any rate, the family knew that Dixie, the Airedale, was mine, and for a long time no one disputed my claim to him. And, of the whole ravening lot of them, Dot was the one I would least have expected trouble from. She feared and hated dogs. But late one evening Dixie, in the middle of a romp, gave a shrill scream, ran into a dark corner, and went on screaming. We tried to reach our vet on the telephone, but at first we couldn’t find him. We moved Dixie to an upstairs sleeping porch, where he continued to yelp. I hung over him, spouting tears, imploring him to stop. Then I heard my mother say to Mannel, “Shouldn’t he be put out of his misery?,” and my screams drowned out those of the dog. At last, the vet was located and a palliative applied to Dixie, who, said the vet, was suffering from inflammation of the intestines. The dog settled down, as did the house altogether. But when, at bedtime, I went back to the sleeping porch to spend the night near Dixie, Dot met me at the door and barred the way. She drove me off with noisy abuse, declaring that I was not to bother the dog, and she was too much my senior for argument. She spent the night there, usurping my position, and I never forgot it.

I understood. Though Dot hated dogs, she had to be in on an affair as dramatic as that one, and wherever she was she had to manage things. I understood—but understanding does not necessarily bring forgiveness. Neither of these grudges had anything to do with boy trouble, however. All that came later, by which time the identity of my chief opponent had shifted.

IN our St. Louis house, Webster’s Dictionary lay open on a lectern. Some of the pages had come loose, and on the infrequent occasions when the dictionary was closed they stuck out. Its binding was as scuffed as my school shoes. Webster must have been used a lot, though I don’t recall anybody’s using it very much until I learned how. Before I learned to look words up, I realized that the book was excellent for pressing flowers. The pages already sheltered a number of cruelly flattened roses and violets faded to a dirty yellowish pallor, and skeletons of leaves,

"Thinking again?"

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and even old dance programs. In my flower-pressing phase, I once or twice looked speculatively at a set of fairly large, heavy books ranged behind glass in the parlor. Piled up, three or four of the volumes would press a violet adequately, perhaps even a rose, but somehow I thought we were not supposed to meddle with them. I may have been mistaken about that. The series was a sort of "Child's Treasury," and, much later, on an idle afternoon, I unlocked the bookcase and examined one of the books. I liked it, and quickly read through the lot. Then, emboldened, I started out on an upper shelf of books not so pristine in appearance, bound in battered tan calf—the complete translated works of Victor Hugo. Ultimately, it was Hugo, not the "Treasury," that sent me to Webster, for M. Hugo's vocabulary was way above my head, especially whenever I reached the most fascinating point of the plot. Off I went to the dictionary, every time. For some reason, most of the unknown words I looked up started with "l"—"licentious," "libidinous," "lascivious" (mostly out of "Le Roi S'Amuse," as I remember)—but there were other terms, and I was badly disappointed with some of them, such as "venal." Nevertheless, I learned a lot from the dictionary. Not everything, though. I never had occasion to look up "ambivalence"—naturally enough, because it wasn't a word in use at the time and I wouldn't have found it even if I tried. Yet it would have been a good, useful term to apply to a split point of view of my mother's that puzzled me.

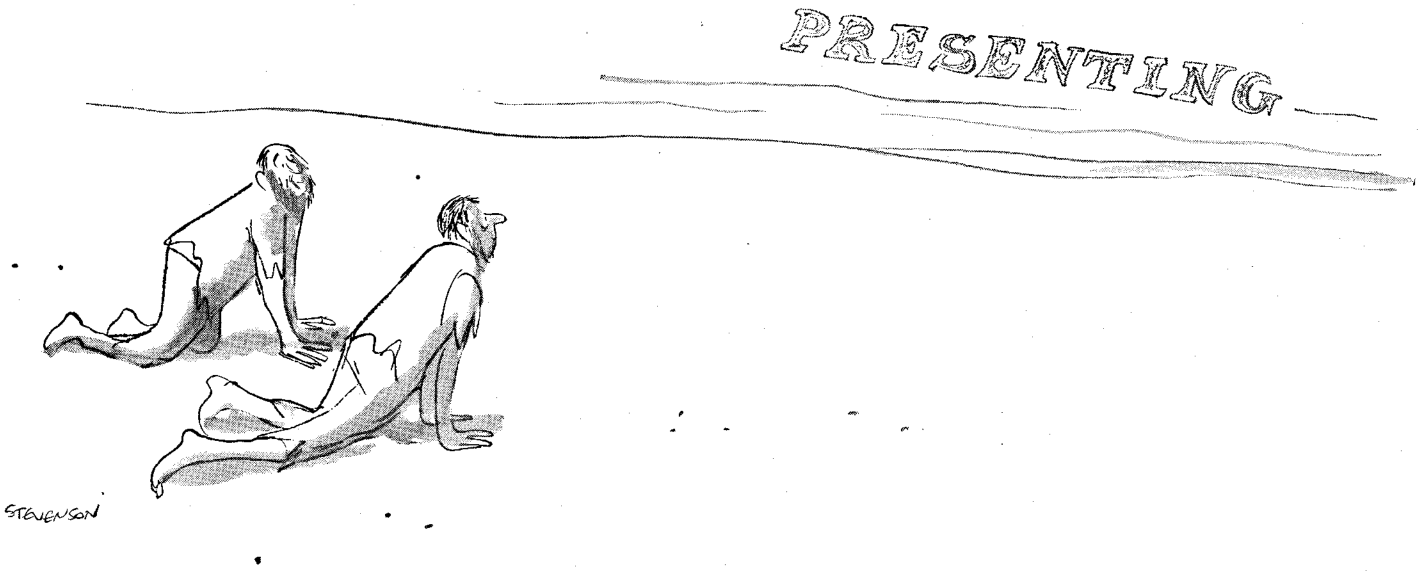
Her attitude toward dating was indeed ambivalent—double and incompatible. Dating—or, as we called it then, "going out with"—was either good or bad, right or wrong, but my mother showed signs of both approving and disapproving. Sometimes she behaved as if she hated the idea, at which times girls who went out with lots of boys were condemned as boy-crazy. At other times, she spoke admiringly of popular girls. My father followed her lead, no matter where it took him, and you never knew where you were. One day, I heard Mother discussing my sister Helen with Daddy. Because the discussion was about Helen, who was next-older to me and thus within my orbit of interest, and also because they spoke in low tones, I pricked up my ears.

"She's going to be a beautiful girl. Beautiful!" Mother said, and my father assented, with pride. It was not news to me that curly-haired Helen was beautiful, but I found it worthy of note that our elders should consider this a good thing, since, when talking to us, they never took the position that pretty children were any better than plain ones. Distinctions were drawn along quite different lines: it was good to get high marks, to tell the truth, and to show courage, and bad to mistreat your little sister, to make a noise when Daddy was home, to pat strange dogs, and to tell lies. Beauty was never mentioned, and now I believed that my mother spoke softly because she didn't want Dauphine and me to hear her, since we were not beautiful. Naturally, Mother wouldn't want to hurt our feelings.

My feelings may not have been hurt, but I was certainly jealous. Until then, I'd felt superior to Helen, in spite of her seniority, because her beauty was so painful to maintain. Every time the "upstairs girl" (the one who did housework and looked after the children, as opposed to the "downstairs girl," who cooked) combed Helen's ever-tangled hair, there were screams and tears. Style decreed that she wear it in glossy sausages of equal plumpness and length, dangling to the collar. Propriety demanded that these sausages be reglossed every morning, but the upstairs girl, as well as Helen, shrank from the ordeal. I'd always thought, smugly, Poor Helen, but now I realized that it was true what they said, or at least implied, in the fairy tales: it was good to be beautiful.

After that day, I studied pictures of princesses in the fancy fairy-tale books that Dorothy had begun to collect—special full-page illustrations in color, protected by tissue-paper pages, by Maxfield Parrish, Arthur Rackham, Edmund Dulac. Their princesses often bore a distinct resemblance to Helen, with their large blue eyes and thick dark lashes and pretty smiles. No princess in any of the pictures looked like me; none of them had straight bobbed hair and a round face.

I didn't repine over my shortcomings or refuse to believe they existed; I conceded them. If the world wanted graceful, blue-eyed princesses with curls, it would have to make out with Helen. I had Webster. But though I aimed at self-sufficiency, I couldn't attain it. In spite of myself, I occasionally tried for my turn at the center of the stage. A small child finds it comparatively easy to get there. He has only to open his mouth and yell, or use some innocent, lovable pretext like that of Dot, when she was four, who plucked at a visitor's sleeve and said, "This is me. This is Dorothy." But it is not so simple as you grow older. Besides, I was fifth in line and had to compete with others who had already learned to dispute



"I believe we may be in for a very exciting mirage."

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the field, so I didn't try hard or often.

People were always telling us how lucky we were to be a big family. The world we grew up in was secure; our brother and sisters were always our champions. Though we might have our little spats, who didn't? In the end, the family was the important thing, cemented by love and loyalty. I have never doubted the fundamental truth of this concept, but I'm not so sure the spats were all that trivial. Dot did her best to live up to the temperament everybody automatically attributed to her because of her red hair. She was passionate and bad-tempered—partly, I was sure, because it was expected of her. But I didn't often make allowances for Dorothy. I belonged to Rose. Dauph was Dot's. To Dauphine and me, it seemed that our older sisters had never been in our humble class; they'd always been adults. Most of the time, we obeyed their commands, though we expressed feeble defiance first. And it worked both ways, for Rose felt a special responsibility toward me, as Dot did toward Dauph. I would fetch and carry for Rose, though not for Dot, and when the two of them faced each other in the arena, it was Rose I rooted for. It didn't occur to me then that I might ever be a full-fledged gladiator myself, but the time was coming.

I GREW older, and began going with Helen to Saturday-morning classes at the art school at Washington University. The school was housed in an edifice of great, if accidental, distinction. It had been created as a pavilion for the World's Fair of 1904, with an Italian sunken garden and porticoes on all four sides. By the time we got there, it was as romantically decrepit as any real Italian ruin. Leaky roof, peeling paint, mounds of dead leaves and bushes run wild were fit surroundings for drawing in charcoal from casts of antique sculpture. I drew Apollo, Hercules, and Hera, then moved on into the sculpture class, where I modelled dogs, horses, praying hands. I loved it all.

St. Louis's bohemians used the school as a center, and put on a pageant there every year—their own Chelsea Arts Ball, or Beaux-Arts. The last year I was there, for some reason that escapes me, we younger students wore costumes of vaguely Egyptian appearance and danced all together to music from "Aïda." I was thrilled, especially when somebody took a photograph of me at the dress rehearsal looking dreamy and noble in profile against an empty sky. I could not be so fat after all, I thought, if they wanted to photograph me, and after the performance I hung around waiting hopefully for compliments. Mannel said, "You looked like a butter tub next to Helen."

This may have been the point at which I made my resolution to step into the ring. Yet, at that time, there was no rancor in my feelings for Helen. We got on well; our interests were compatible. Helen liked to paint and I preferred sculpture, which kept things comfortable; we went to museums together. She wasn't a passionate reader, but she didn't mind listening, so I would read aloud. She played the piano and I the violin, or we sang together or made up songs—Helen the music, I the words. If I couldn't keep up with her in the gym and she cared little for my interest in natural history, the balance still tipped to the side of friendly relations, and I appreciated above all the fact that, as the elder, she never pulled rank on me, as I was always doing to Dauphine.

But Helen had a side that I couldn't understand—she didn't want to remain a child. She was always rushing her fences; it had been that way, I reflected, since she rose up in rebellion against the early supper of cereal and milk we three youngest used to have in the kitchen and insisted on eating later, with the others, in the dining room. This desire for the dull world of grownups mystified me then and continued to mystify me when I was twelve or thirteen and Helen, at fifteen, was still straining at the leash.

There was a sort of climax, one evening, over a party dress that Helen had inherited from Rose. All our clothes were passed down from sister to sister. We never minded that; on the contrary, we sometimes waited impatiently for our turn at some favorite garment, and I had always loved the dress Helen was wearing that evening. A white net, it had skipped Dot on its descent, because of its salmon-pink bolero; according to the immutable laws of dress, a redhead could not wear pink. Redheads had to wear blue, green, yellow, or tan; brunettes were best in red, blondes in blue; gray-haired women must wear black or gray or purple; and nobody less than thirty could dress in black except for mourning. When the white net with the bolero had been made—like all our things, it was made at home, by a dressmaker—there was some anxious argument about the trimming of tiny crystal beads, designed by Rose. Mother was afraid the beads would look cheap, but she gave in at last. There had been no trouble over the neckline, because it was high and demure. (Mother worried about necklines that gave any hint of secondary sex characteristics. "Can you see the divide?" she would ask suspiciously.)

I thought the bolero and the beads were beautiful, and at the party that night—I've forgotten what it was, perhaps a university party for all ages—I kept looking at Helen. But one thing puzzled me: I didn't see why she kept retiring to the powder room. She took me with her every time, to talk with, and she didn't do anything but mope.

"I don't want to go back out there," she said when I got bored and tried to coax her.

I said, "What's the matter, Helen? Oh, come, let's get some lemonade. Let's sit near the band. Come on, Helen."

She flared out, "I don't want to, I tell you! I hate the way I look. I just hate it. I wish I hadn't come."

I thought she had gone mad, and said so. Hate that lovely white net and pink taffeta? What on earth could be said against it? Helen replied bitterly that everything in the world was wrong with it; it had sleeves, it had a high neck, it was revoltingly childish. "This is an evening party, and I ought to be wearing an evening dress," she said.

A tall young woman came into the room, wearing a low-necked sleeveless garment of pale-yellow chiffon with ruffles on the bodice. You could see the divide.

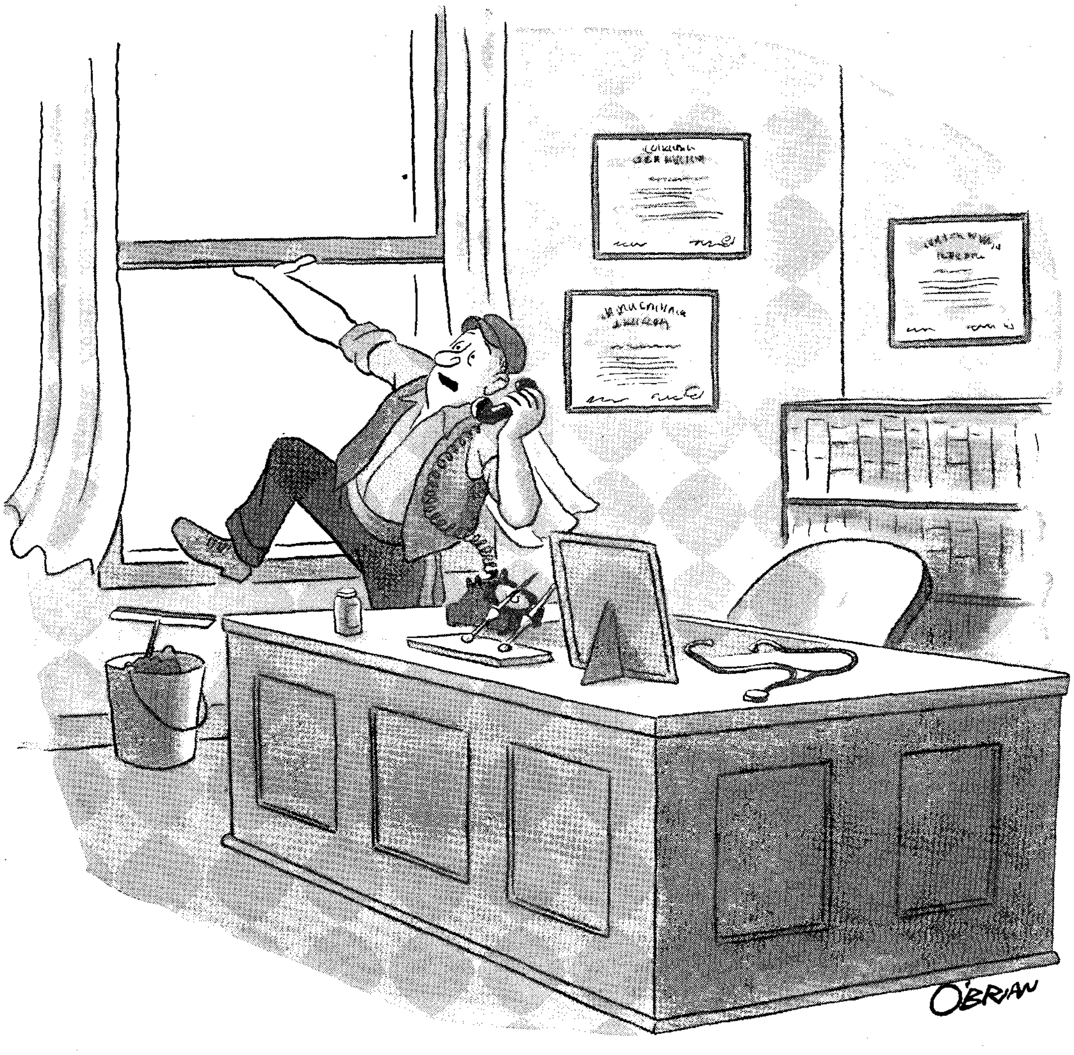
"There—like that," Helen whispered. "That's what I ought to have on."

She was obviously out of her head.

BUT in the last analysis I was on Helen's side; it was a question of solidarity. She might be wrongheaded about beaded taffeta, but we were still companions and belonged to the same club. Whether or not she liked it, we were all together in the boat—Helen, Dauph, and I. To do Helen justice, she seldom complained about my company, though in her own mind she had long since crossed over to the other side. If she thought about it at all, she probably reflected that it wouldn't be long before I joined her over there and then I would stop holding her back.

Summer camp probably gave me the necessary push. As we grew up, our parents shipped us off, two by two, to a place on the northern peninsula of Michigan, where we spent six weeks of the endless summer living under canvas at the edge of a swamp, and learned such useful arts as shooting with bows and arrows, decorating birch bark with porcupine quills, and driving mosquitoes out of the tent with a smudge pot. We must have looked rather odd. We didn't want to wear skirts, but slacks and shorts for women had not yet been introduced. Bloomers were out of the question; bloomers were passé—nobody had used them for quite two years. Instead, we all wore shirts and boys' knickerbockers, and had the same difficulty that boys do in keeping our shirttails tucked in.

I didn't like camp very much, but I didn't detest it as much as I claimed to. There was far too much exercise for my taste and very little time for reading, but late every evening, when the smudge pots had been lit and then removed, some of us gathered in a big tent and listened to one of the older girls reading aloud from "A Girl of the Limberlost." We were crazy about it. We all wailed when it was finished, and no wonder—Elnora's love affair was pretty hot stuff. Though I didn't always grasp the significance of certain remarks made by other girls when the reader came to some particularly tense part—for instance, where Elnora carelessly hugged her young man and he turned absolutely white with passion—I pretended to, and laughed as heartily as anybody. I soon learned at camp that quite a few of the girls were odd in the same way Helen was. In fact, they were even more peculiar. They talked incessantly of boys. Going out with boys was an old story to some of these hard-bitten maidens, and furthermore, to hear them tell it, they had been indulging in sinful practices—driving around in roadsters and petting—for years. I went to Helen and asked her opinion, and she shrugged it off. "Oh, that's a fast crowd," she said, so I went back and listened some more. I learned



"Yes, I see. Well, there's a lot of it going around. Take a couple of aspirins, get a good night's sleep, and call again in the morning."

a lot that summer at camp, but I hadn't learned how to handle Helen by the time we got home.

By now, of course, Helen was a veteran; she'd been going out with boys for a couple of years. She was also a problem. Helen took men away from other girls. It was not the sort of piracy Dorothy committed. Dot swiped people—men, women, and children—but Helen concentrated on men. She disregarded the barriers of age and poached wherever she liked. How did she get away with it? We other sisters theorized about that—alone at first, but then, as the menace grew, together.

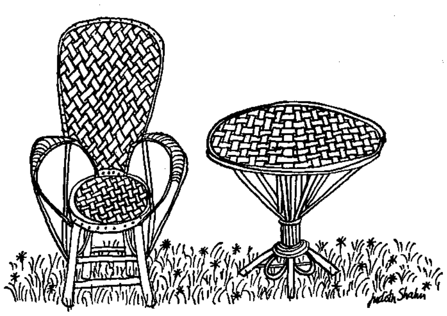
It was not easy to figure out the answer, because Helen's methods were not showy. She didn't come into a room and take a man by storm, as it were. Instead, she seemed to seep into his consciousness. Certainly she was beautiful—especially once she got away from home to the safety of Smith College and cut off those curls that had long been the bane of her existence—but beauty couldn't account for everything. Helen took men away from other girls who were just as pretty. Dauphine thought it was the manner in which she played the piano, looking up in an alluring way as she sang. Dot thought it was something more heinous; Dot said Helen pawed boys. (Pawing was anathema. It was fast. A girl who patted a man's arm while talking to him, or snuggled while dancing, was pawing him.) I didn't go as far as Dot. What Helen did, I said, was to show her feelings—a proceeding I considered shameful—and this meant that men were immediately aware that she liked them. A man was naturally flattered and delighted to be thus bombarded by Helen with delicate signs of affection, or at least approval. A man would naturally fall flat at her feet, I said. I added, "I don't think she does it on purpose. It just happens."

The others scouted my theory—that is, Dorothy and Dauphine did. Rose wasn't in on these talks very often, because she was away. I wasn't sure what Mother thought about the situation. I suppose it was still a case of ambivalence with her. Half the time, she deplored Helen's popularity, and the other half she was proud of her.

After a while, we moved to Chicago, and many things changed. Rose married. Dot was engaged. Dauphine was now a high-school student, like me, and she started at once to go out with boys, because such behavior, precocious as it might be in St. Louis, was the accepted thing in Chicago. Daddy grumbled and Mother made a sour face, but nobody put a stop to it. I had already started going out, if only just. Dauph and I followed separate social paths and did not bother each other, but we didn't enjoy peace and quiet for more than a few months at a time. There was always the day of reckoning when, with a whoop and a holler, Helen came home from college on vacation.

The devastation she wrought was appalling. Talented as she was at bowling over adults, our very young men didn't stand a chance. It was hell, but I would never admit that it was hell for *me.* I would say indignantly, "Dauph's so young, it isn't fair. A kid like that can't possibly hold her own against an older woman like Helen."

Dauphine took the poaching with droll resignation, though I couldn't. Accepting the inevitable, she once even made Mother admit there was dirty work at the crossroads. Dauph had brought home—foolhardily—a particularly good specimen, a man of more maturity and charm than we youngsters usually rated. After dinner, Helen sat down at that damn piano and began singing *bergerettes* at him. She was awfully good with French songs, now and then looking up and smiling with her eyes, inviting him to join in her enthusiasm for them. The man was stunned. He stood there like a statue, until Helen moved over on the piano bench and asked him to sit down. His knees gave way and he sat.



Mother reported later to Rose, "Dauphine was the funniest thing I ever saw. She tiptoed up to him behind his back, kissed her fingertips, and touched the top of his head in farewell, then tiptoed out of the room." She laughed, but I didn't see anything to laugh at.

Not long after that, Helen decided not to finish the four years at Smith, and she came home to attend daily classes at the Art Institute, later taking a job. What had been merely a seasonal menace now loomed over Dauphine and me all the time. Everything got worse and worse. Young men around our house lost whatever identity they had ever possessed and were known simply as "Helen's, formerly Mickey's" (I

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

With a wall and a ditch between us, I watched the gate-legged dromedary
Creak open from her sleep and come headfirst toward me
As I held out three rust-mottled, tough pears, the color of camels.
When I tossed one, she made no move to catch it. Whatever they eat
Lies still and can wait: the roots and sticks, the scrag ends of brambles.

She straddled, dipping her neck; gray lips and lavender tongue,
Which can choose the best of thorns, thrust the pear to her gullet.
Choking, she mouthed it; her ruminating jaw swung up,
Her eyes lashed out. With a groan she crushed it down,
And ecstasy swept her down into the ditch, till her chin

And her pointed, prolonged face sat on the wall. She stared
At me, inventor and founder of pears. I emptied my sack.
She ate them painfully, clumsy with joy, her withers trembling,
Careless of dust on the bitten and dropped halves, ignoring flies,
Losing herself in the pit of her last stomach.

When she gazed at me again, our mouths were both deserted.
I walked away with myself. She watched me disappear;
Then, with a rippling trudge, went back to her stable
To snort, to browse on hay, to remember my sack forever.
She'd been used to having no pears, but hadn't known it.

Imagine the hostile runners, the biters of burnouses,
Coughers and spitters, whose legs can kick at amazing angles—
Their single humps would carry us willingly over dunes
Through sandstorms and the swirling djinn to the edges of oases
If they, from their waterless, intractable hearts, might stretch for pears.

—DAVID WAGONER

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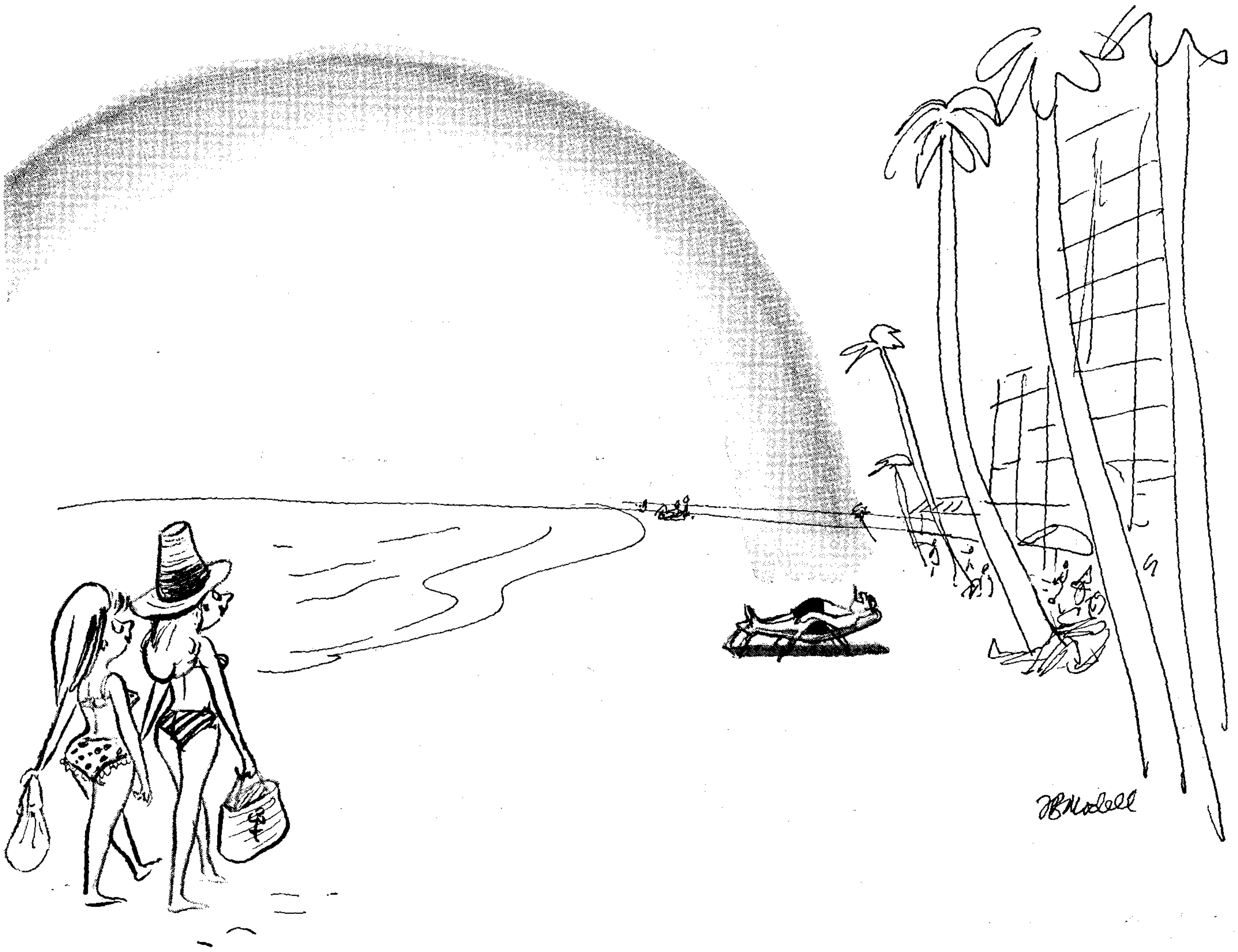


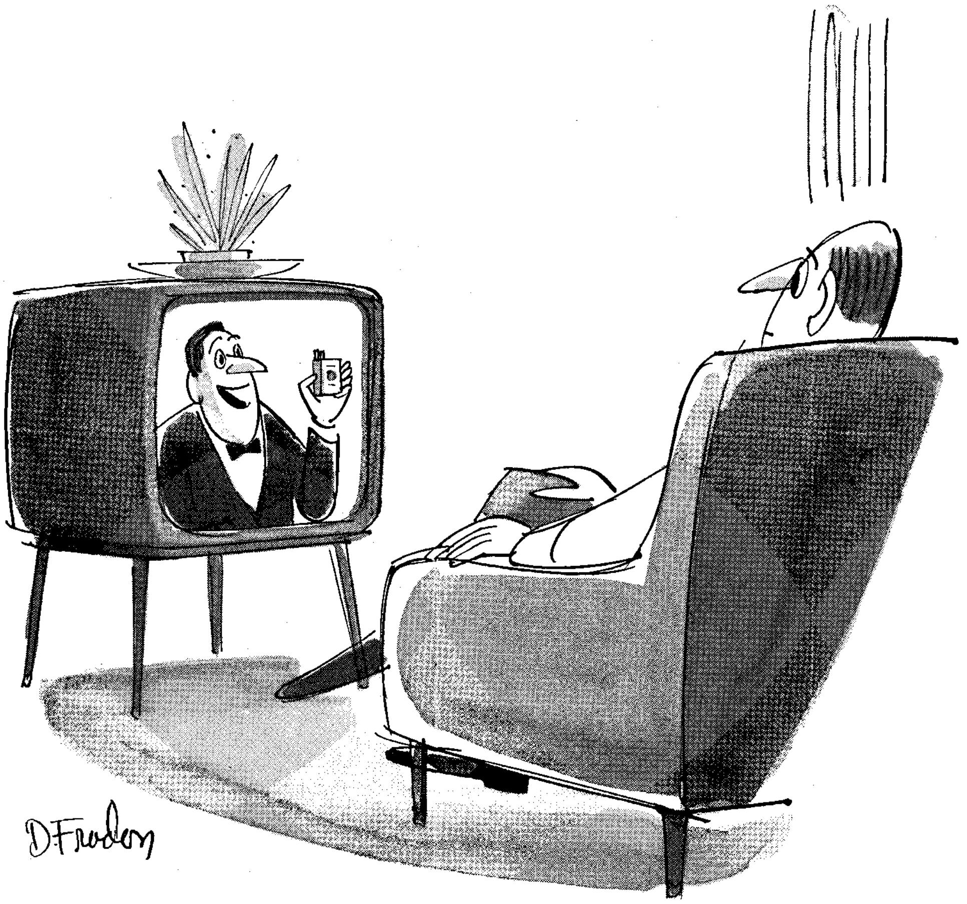
was Mickey) or "Helen's, formerly Dauph's." It was all becoming intolerable, I reflected; it would have to stop.

ACCORDING to family legend, I planned what I did in cold blood, but that is not true. If plans formed, they did it down in my subconscious. The way I remember it, the idea came over me in a rush on the day Helen brought home a man of her own, for a change. No, that's not fair—she often found men outside. This one was French, named Raymond de Something, and he spoke with a charming, if complicated, accent that was both French and British, because he'd been to school in England. Helen addressed him as "Ray-monde" instead of Americanizing and calling him Ray, as most other girls would have done. Obviously, she was delighted with him; not only was he good-looking and very well mannered but he was foreign, and that was always a good thing around our house. We were all fascinated by the world abroad, where none of us had ever been, and Helen, moreover, was exceptionally quick at languages. She and Raymond kept talking French at the table that first evening, and after dinner they read Verlaine and Mallarmé to each other before getting around to the inevitable *bergerettes*. After Raymond had gone, we all pronounced him charming.

"Yes, isn't he!" said Helen, gratified. I did not miss the sparkling eyes and pink cheeks—though, of course, her eyes would have sparkled and her cheeks would have flushed even if Raymond had been all wet. Helen never thought men were all wet; she liked every one of them, but I could see that she liked Raymond more than most. She told us where she had got him, but I don't remember that. Details about Raymond's outside life did not interest me, even later.

The ceremonial visit to the family had been polished off, and the next time or two that Raymond saw Helen it was downtown, where he would call for her after work and take her to a restaurant or a show. When he brought her home, it was easy to see that he was in that state of dizzy infatuation we all recognized so well. Helen told me in confidence that Raymond was sure she would love France, especially if she stayed awhile with his people. But she was vague about that. Life held so many possibilities for Helen that she was in no hurry to marry anybody, even a good-looking Frenchman. "Still, he's awfully cute. Isn't he cute?" she said, and I said yes.

It was springtime. Helen's other friends grumbled and complained that she neglected them, but Helen spent most of her spare time with Raymond. After two weeks, he came for lunch on Sunday, and by that time I felt ready to begin. He arrived in a serious, questing mood. Apparently, he felt it was time to get better acquainted with his wonderful girl's family, and he set out to do it. He listened to my father and mother, laughing when Daddy made jokes and becoming grave when Mother was serious. He was introduced to Rose and her husband and made an excellent impression on them. He chatted in the kindest fashion with Helen's two little sisters, Dauph and me, asking about our lessons and games. I noticed that he would avoid looking at Helen for minutes on end, then sneak a quick



"And remember, folks, on the front of each pack, Lancaster prints its health warning larger and clearer and more legibly than any other cigarette."

* * *

little glance, like a man taking a sip of refreshment. I was sure she returned the glances, but I didn't look to see, because I looked at nobody and nothing but Raymond. I stared at him, and stared and stared.

If Helen did it—conveying to a man that he had all her attention—I could do it, too. I didn't only stare; I listened. No matter what he said, I hung on his words. I thought of this first attempt as practice—I never supposed it would work right away—but nobody could have undergone that fixed stare without feeling it, and soon Raymond began to fidget and cast hunted glances in my direction.

So far so good. I am still not quite sure why Raymond didn't simply decide that Helen had a lunatic sister and let it go at that, but young men from the Continent are apt to think the best of themselves, and after he'd gone home that night he wondered if he hadn't perhaps made a deep impression on an innocent child who had then fallen in love with him. I know this; he told me so later. It seemed to him the only explanation, but he came back next day to make sure. After all, what did he know about young American girls? Helen was at her office, but he had an excuse to come by—he had left a book in the sitting room. Raymond retrieved his book, had a little talk with me, and confirmed his suspicion. I was still staring at him, still listening raptly when he spoke. So when I showed him out he whispered quickly the suggestion that I meet him next day at Goethe's statue in the park. I didn't have to counterfeit delight when I agreed to this; it was all I could do not to clap my hands for joy. The system worked!

We met at Goethe, we paced the nearby paths, Raymond talked, and I listened. At least, I assume I listened, though I can't recall anything he said. At the end of the afternoon, when he left me on my doorstep, neither of us proposed that he come in. Instead, Raymond put his hand to his forehead, saying, "Darling, my mind is made up. I've been so confused I didn't know what to do, but now I've decided." He thrust out his chin and stared dramatically over my head. "I cannot be a rotter," he said. "Wait. Do nothing. I shall—" He dashed off into the dusk without finishing the sentence, and I ran in and upstairs.

Any family but mine would have noticed my elation that night, but I was safe with them. Dauphine was talking, Helen was talking, Daddy was talking—oh, I was quite safe. But by the middle of next morning things had started. Helen telephoned from her office. Mother answered the ring, listened for some minutes, and then came hurrying to say the call was for me. She followed me back to the telephone, talking as we went: "It's Helen. I can't make head or tail of what she's saying—something about you and that Frenchman, Raymond. But surely not! What have you been up to? What—"

By putting the receiver to one ear and my finger in the other, I was able to hear Helen's voice, but at first she was so excited as to be almost incoherent. Her voice shook with hysterical giggles. Calming down, she said, "Raymond's just been here, and I still can't believe it's happened. He was in a terrible state. You little devil. He burst in and started talking before he got through the door. He said, 'Helen, the most dreadful thing, but I'm not a rotter, I'm not a rotter, I must tell you now that it's Mickey I love. It's not you. There's been a terrible mistake, but I don't want to be a rotter.' What in the world?"

She paused for a reply, so I said, "Yes, I know about it."

"Know about it? I should think you do," said Helen. "I called up to tell you it's all right with me."

Again she paused for a reply. I managed to say, "Oh?"

"Yes, I told Raymond it's perfectly all right, he mustn't give it another thought," she said. "And I really don't mind a bit. I really don't, Mickey." She stopped to giggle. "You little *bitch!*" she added, and hung up.

I was left with the astonishing impression that among the emotions struggling through her voice admiration had been uppermost. I turned away from the telephone to face Mother, who had been thinking fast. She said, "So. It's true, then. And you did it on purpose, didn't you?"

I stammered slightly, because, for the first time, I was afraid. "I g-guess so."

"Oh, well," said Mother calmly, "it was time somebody did."

I don't remember what finally happened to Raymond. —EMILY HAHN

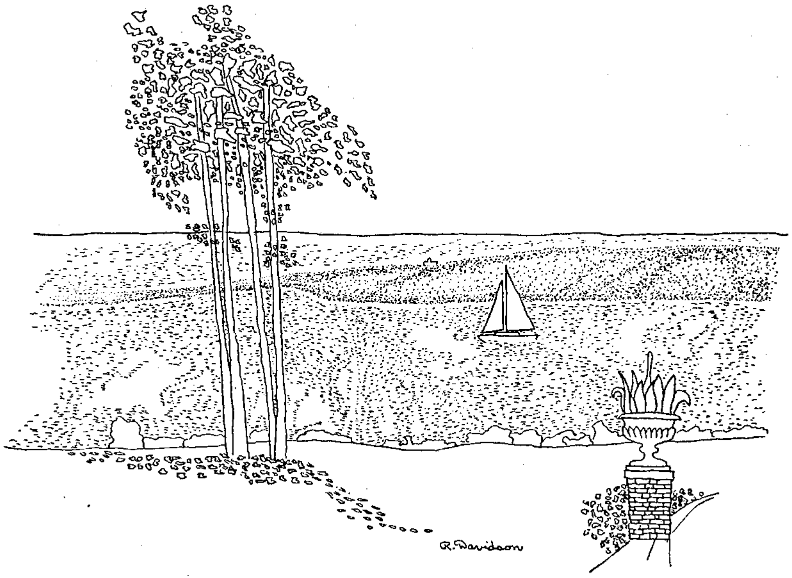
* * *

At St. Joseph's Hospital, where the boy was taken by ambulance and a police motorcycle escort, he sustained head injuries, lacerations of the scalp, suspected rib fractures and a punctured lung.—*Hamilton (Ont.) Spectator.*

You get in a hospital, you got to stay alert.

PROFILES

THE INLAND SEA—I



THE ancient Romans boastfully referred to the Mediterranean as Mare Nostrum, and if New Yorkers are not empire builders in the same sense, they, too, have a sea of their own. Long Island Sound may be just an elongated puddle by comparison—it measures no more than a hundred miles from one tapering end to the other and a mere twenty miles across at the widest part of its midriff, whereas the Mediterranean is over two thousand miles long and as much as a thousand miles wide—yet it has some remarkable similarities to the original Mare Nostrum, which was also often called Mare Internum in ancient times. The Sound is itself a mediterranean, or inland, sea, being almost entirely enclosed by land and yet composed of the same salt water as the Atlantic Ocean, with which, through a strait at its eastern end—and, to a lesser extent, through the East River, at its western end—it exchanges huge quantities of water, micro-organisms, and fish at each flood and each ebb of the tide. Ocean water and life entering an inland sea in this fashion diffuse themselves through it, and the citizens of its dominant city similarly diffuse themselves upon its shores; Romans were scattered along both sides of the Mediterranean, from Carteia, in Hispania, to Gaza, in Palestine, and New Yorkers are comparably flung far along the edges of Long Island Sound, from Willets Point, in Queens, to Watch Hill, in Rhode Island.

The shores of the Mediterranean included many kinds of topography and were occupied by many peoples besides the Romans; the same thing, on a smaller scale, is true of the internal sea enclosed by New York and Connecticut. Its coastline is sometimes ragged, being sprinkled with islands and perforated with harbors, and at other times it is straight, naked, and incapable of affording shelter. Along the margins of the Sound, smoky seaports and pallid industrial towns alternate with fresh-faced fishing villages and wooded promontories. Hard by public beaches that are densely packed in summer with nearly naked human bodies rise mansions splendidly set off by lawns sloping unpeopled down to the water. Cockleshell dinghies sailed by bleached and tanned children frolic just offshore, while a mile or two farther out barge-hauling tugs shoulder their way purposefully along, leaving a stain of diesel smoke in the air.

A surprisingly broad range of American society is to be found beside, on, in, and under the waters of the inland sea. The poor come by bus to lie on beaches or to fish from public docks, the rich arrive by limousine to sit baronially on their patios or on the decks of their yachts. On a fine day in midsummer, something like a million people may wade or swim in the waters of the Sound, a couple of hundred thousand may float on top of it on anything from a rubber raft to a three-masted schooner, and several hundred may be hidden within its turbid depths, whether in skin-diving gear or in the black hulls of nuclear submarines. A child will notice no more of the Sound than its glistening edge, all ooze and empty shells and cast-up jellyfish. An estate-owner looking out over his lawn to the water and the far shore beyond will see it as a spacious backdrop to his property and as a protection from the encroachments of the mob. A jet pilot descending from a crossing of the Atlantic will see it as a shallow, wrinkled inlet of the ocean that passes beneath him in fifteen minutes. The skipper of a small boat caught on it by a storm will view it as a vast ocean—shoreless, profound, and savagely bent on swallowing him up. Much of this extraordinary diversity is rapidly being smoothed out. Promoters, builders, and developers are energetically attacking the more primitive parts of the coastline; powerboats and outboard motorboats are proliferating like pond scum, to fill the bays and harbors with noise and fumes on weekends; the once quiet mansions of the few are being turned into busy beach clubs for the many; and even the romantically treacherous strait at the eastern end of the Sound—called The Race, because of the mad rush of the tides through it—may eventually be reduced to humiliating insignificance by the erection of a bridge linking Orient Point and Watch Hill.

Though I have known the Sound intimately for only a dozen years, I have become quite sufficiently devoted to it to grieve over the changes already made and still to come. In order to experience the Sound in what remains of its variety, therefore, I decided to make a modest odyssey last summer—a leisurely two-week trip around the Sound in a cruising sailboat. From a friend I chartered a year-old Medalist-class sloop named Merrywend, having ascertained that her hull was thirty-three feet long over-all and was made of Fiberglas, that although her lines were not racy, she was trim and agreeably curved, and that there was plenty of deck space on her bow, a roomy cockpit aft, six bunks and a fully equipped galley and head below, and an inboard auxiliary motor. Then, unfolding charts on my bed at home in the city, I decided to circumnavigate Long Island Sound counterclockwise. From Stamford, where Merrywend was berthed, I would sail westward about twenty statute miles (in this account I will use the familiar statute, or land, mile, rather than the mariner's nautical mile) along the coast of the mainland as far as the Bronx; then eastward a hundred miles along the shores of Long Island to Orient Point and across The Race to Watch Hill; and, finally, westward again along the Connecticut coast for eighty-five miles, ending up back at Stamford. What follows is a journal of that trip.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9

A VISITOR to any one of the yacht clubs, marinas, or town harbors rimming Long Island Sound by the score will, if he stands on the dock and looks about him, almost certainly be struck by the beatific expression on the faces of the people lugging supplies aboard their boats for weekend cruising. Though they may be having a hard struggle with cardboard cartons full of groceries, canvas tote bags, armloads of clothing, and large, recalcitrant chunks of ice, they seem to move in a cloud of the purest euphoria. A naïve observer would be likely to ascribe this to their anticipation of the delights of the trip, but I suspect that it is deeper-rooted—that the collecting and caching of food give rise to a primitive feeling of well-being, an atavistic satisfaction at one's self-sufficiency and readiness to cope with hard times to come. This is particularly true when the caching of food takes place on board a boat, for once the sailor drops his mooring lines or hoists his anchor, he is cut off from the world of men and makes a world of his own, in which only his wits, his skill, and his carefully hoarded supplies keep him alive. At least, so it is in fantasy, and almost every man sailing across Long Island Sound feels himself to be another Joshua Slocum, capable of sailing around the world singlehanded.

Today, the first day of my cruise, dawned sunny, hot, and humid, and by the time I had hauled all the necessary armfuls of clothing, ice, and groceries from my car to the cockpit of Merrywend—a distance of about a city block along the piers of a big marina called Stamford Yacht Haven—I was dripping with sweat, though I was stripped to swimming trunks and canvas deck shoes. When it came to shifting the supplies below, to the main cabin—a small, bunk-filled compartment something like a Pullman drawing room—things got even hotter and stickier; nonetheless, I experienced a keen pleasure as I toiled away, stowing my clothing in drawers and a closet, and tucking cold cuts and other perishables in the icebox, cereals and cookies in the cupboard, and canned goods in little lockers under the main bunks. I thought about how, while my vessel lay snugly at anchor in some lonely inlet, I would heat my clam chowder and cook my hot dogs on the alcohol stove and dine content. Having finished my loading, I spent an hour checking over the boat thoroughly, to make sure I knew where all the essential gear was stowed; it is not only important but, again, very satisfying to know that the tools are in the first drawer under the radio table, the waterproof pullovers are in a cabinet next to the big closet, and various spare handles, pulleys, lengths of wire, lubricants, and the like are in half a dozen compartments under the bunks.

Since it would be another hour or so before the arrival of my crew—an old friend named Al Brown and his seventeen-year-old son, Geoffrey—I took a walk around the docks of Stamford Yacht Haven, sightseeing. Though many Long Island Sound harbors have had docking facilities of sorts for many years, this kind of thing—the large marina, run by a profit-making corporation, rather than by a private club or a township—is quite new. Yacht Haven consists of a small cluster of stores and service buildings on the upper side of East Branch, which is a dead-end canal at the inner end of Stamford Harbor, and seven long floating piers parallel to each other, which jut into an inlet protected by an earthen breakwater. On both sides of each pier, many little docks stick out at right angles, like the teeth of a comb, and near each dock, on its pier, are multiple electric-power and running-water connections ready for the boats, over three hundred of which regularly tie up at

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THE BONES OF INCONTENTION

I

In a Southern garden Lucinda sits.
Apricots ripen in her apron.
Her voice lessens the afternoon's sunless,
Painful heat with kindness.
Simon fans himself with a wing
And speaks only to complain.
Can you remember? Has it rained
In August?
It is a kind of truth, that the sky
Is a china plate; it descends like a china
Plate. Here are willows, giving no shade.
But pale, Babylonian weeping. Garden
Birds sleep without landing,
And awake an inch above the oven.
Can you remember? Has it rained
In August?
Why do you remain outdoors? Is it not
Cooler in the house? Is it not
Cooler in the tulip cellar?

II

My dog turns the corner, speaking Greek.
He is happy, for it is raining.
Cats and dogs come out into it, turning
Their human faces up.
The garden steams, the roof steams.
Lights are off in the house
And everyone is at the windows
Watching the rain. But Lucinda
Remains in her chair, still speaking.
Simon's upstairs, afraid of God's August rain.
The summer afternoon takes out its bones
And builds a fragrant bamboo garden
Around Lucinda. Laughing like Venetian blinds.
Why do you remain outdoors?

—ROBERT DAVID COHEN

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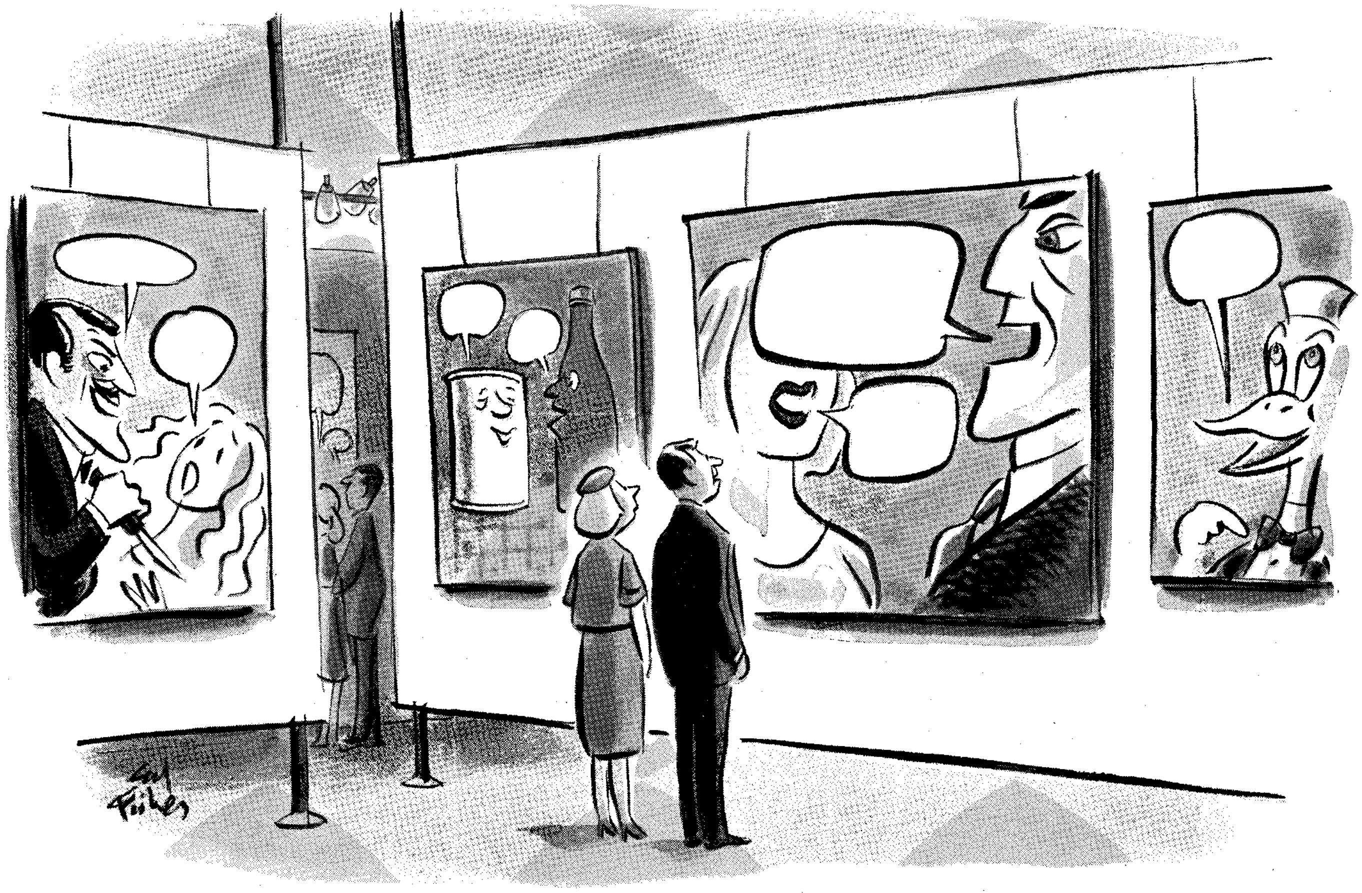

"He's a good artist, but he obviously has nothing to say."

• •

these docks. Yacht Haven is the largest marina on Long Island Sound and it is only five years old, but it is fully occupied, and is soon to be expanded to nearly double its present capacity. Much the same expansion and domestication of boating is taking place elsewhere around the Sound. Formerly, most boatowners would keep their vessels tied up to moorings in harbor waters that were supervised by town authorities or yacht clubs, and would get out to them and back to shore in rowboats or launches. Today, many of the smaller harbors in the Sound are so crowded that there is no room for additional moorings; moreover, many of the newer breed of boatowners want the garagelike convenience of being berthed in a dock rather than moored out in the middle of a harbor. Marinas not only offer them this but also pack several times as many boats into a given space as could be accommodated if the boats had to swing about on moorings. The net effect, however, is not portlike but suburban.

Yacht Haven, I could see, had a representation of the whole spectrum of pleasure craft to be found nowadays on the Sound. At one small dock there was a gaggle of tiny dinghies and rowboats, most of them fitted with attachments for outboard motors. At a couple of larger docks were small open sailboats and powerboats of the sort designed to take their owners out for a day's racing or fishing, with lunch in a bag, and a tarpaulin as shelter in case of a downpour, such boats being both too short and too shallow to have living accommodations under their decks. Most of the boats at Yacht Haven, however, were thirty- or forty-foot cruising sailboats, like Merrywend, or, for those who preferred power, comparable cabin cruisers, with full living facilities—boats, in short, in which people could stay offshore for days at a time. When new, such craft cost anywhere from twenty thousand to forty thousand dollars, but if this price range makes them sound like playthings of the upper class, the truth is that most of them are owned by middle-class, family-oriented people who could not afford paid crews even if the boats were large enough to house them, and who try to do most of their own housekeeping. There is usually too much for just a man and his wife to do, though, and the marina—combining the functions of a handyman, a garage mechanic, a gas-station attendant, and a once-a-week scrubwoman—stands ready to wash, gas up, repair, paint, and generally help out; a few of the more effete marinas even send dock boys around to collect garbage and to deliver the Sunday papers.

The upper-class echelon of boats proved to have a few representatives at Yacht Haven. At Pier 5, where my own boat lay, I was impressed by Susie, a fat Chris-Craft cabin cruiser about fifty-five feet long; this is less than twice the length of my boat, of course, but then the amount of space inside a hull is proportional not to its length but, roughly, to the cube of it, and, compared to Merrywend, Susie looked like a floating apartment. A constant stream of water, accompanied by a muttering noise, came from a vent under the portholes low on the port side of the boat, and a young man in sailor whites who was energetically shining her chromium fittings told me that the boat's air-conditioner, plugged into a power outlet on the dock to keep her cool belowdecks, was responsible for this. Susie looked trifling, however, compared to Florencia II, a sixty-five-foot power yacht at the far end of Pier 5. She loomed so high above her dock that a movable flight of stairs had to be kept on hand for embarking and debarking. Her wheelhouse was a small boy's dream of delight, all gleaming handles, dials, and radio equipment, and she had a furnished saloon as big as many a Manhattan living room. Two servants—a man and a woman—were loading supplies aboard, and a uniformed captain moved about on obscure errands of preparation; he must certainly have had one or two deckhands, though they were not visible at the moment.

A little after 2 P.M., my crew arrived, in a flurry of greetings, duffelbags, and cameras. After they were installed—Al took a bunk in the main cabin with me, and Geoffrey chose one in the compartment under the foredeck—we started the motor, backed out, and puttered slowly down East Branch. Stamford Harbor opened out before us, a bay a mile wide, with low, wooded land embracing it on either side and two long breakwaters of rock guarding its mouth. A host of sailboats and powerboats were moored in the harbor, and in the center a series of red and black buoys marked a dredged channel; we headed down this avenue for the opening between the breakwaters, meanwhile hoisting the mainsail and jib, and then cutting the motor. The wind, very light and from the southwest, eased us out onto a broad, flat, almost glassy sea; keeping a southerly heading, we ghosted along for twenty minutes or so, putting about a mile behind us, in order to be able to clear Greenwich Point when we came about westward on the other tack.

The air, glaring and hazy, lay heavy on the water and the earth. At sea, one quickly becomes aware of what an imperfect kind of vision we have, the band of radiations to which our eyes respond being so readily obscured by moisture or dust suspended in the air; Long Island, a mere four miles away, was only a gray-green blur far off on the horizon, though on a clear day I would have been able to make out a crisp green shoreline, and even recognize a few landmarks. Stamford Harbor, a mile away now, and Greenwich Point, a thick loaf of wooded land less than a couple of miles to our right, were likewise smeary, pale, and unreal. Yet the haze was only accentuating an unreality and remoteness that everything land-based has when one is at sea. The houses and smokestacks of Stamford, on the horizon, were already alien. What cars were moving about there, and what men were working in offices and women shopping in supermarkets, were unseen, unknowable, and unimportant; the town, the shore, the whole land was a muted world we had left. Near shore, a tiny plume of white spray crawled across the water where someone, almost in that other world, was water-skiing behind a motorboat, and from a beach on Greenwich Point we could faintly hear the joyful shrieks of children and see them and their mothers as a myriad dark specks against the sand.

Coming about onto the port tack, we headed for Greenwich Point; the wind picked up a bit, and the sky on the western horizon began to turn sullen and lead-colored, though overhead and in the east it remained bright and blue. Greenwich Point was agreeably wild, tree-covered, and uninhabited-looking; I was saddened by the thought that, being town property, it is shortly to be subjected to the dubious benefits of full-scale improvements as a recreation area. Just west of it lies Captain Harbor, one of Long Island Sound's score of major harbors. (There are also several score minor ones, which can accommodate only quite small or shoal-draft boats.) It is a roughly oval bay about two and a half miles wide; on the seaward side a string of rocks and islands make a very imperfect outer barrier, and on the landward side various inlets, coves, and river mouths attract boats of many sizes to roost, as eaves and deep windowsills attract city pigeons.

We tacked around Greenwich Point and sailed cautiously into an inlet inside it called Greenwich Cove—the easternmost of five smaller harbors within the perimeter of Captain Harbor. We kept the chart in hand and watched the buoys closely, in order to stay in water deep enough for Merrywend, which draws five feet. The cove, a broad one, looked hospi-

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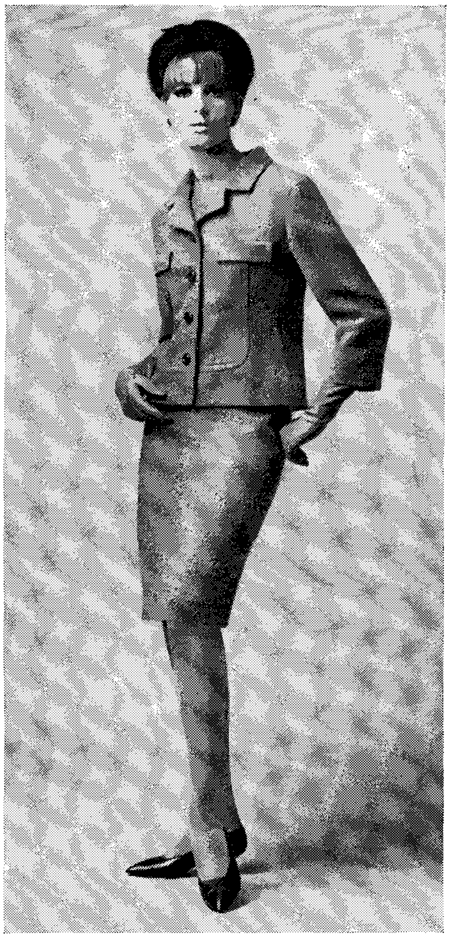
table, its water only faintly ruffled and invitingly blue-green, but the chart showed that, except in the very center, most of it was less than three feet deep at low tide and was strewn with hidden rocks and sand bars. Early explorers of Long Island Sound must have been uncommonly daring to venture into places like this, since they could have no idea what lay under the surface of the water; probably they tempered their daring with sweat, sending crews ahead in longboats to take soundings until they knew where they might safely venture to drop anchor. Whether the Dutch navigator Adriaen Block, who, in 1614, became the first European to sail through the Sound, took his ship, Onrust, into Greenwich Cove I don't know; all I know is that the Coast and Geodetic Survey chart shows any of a dozen places where she might have come to grief, and she evidently did not.

Shallow or not, Greenwich Cove harbored a small forest of slender masts; a few large boats were moored in the center, and off toward the south there were a hundred or more little sailboats, plus a number of motorboats. Ringing the water was low green land, some of it marshy-looking, some beach-fringed, and some solid, manicured, and dominated by fine houses looking out over the harbor. Each of the four other sizable bays or inlets on the mainland side of Captain Harbor no doubt had a similar complement of boats, beaches, and estates; the border between sea and land, whenever it is well protected and kindly, draws men irresistibly, and always has done so.

We came hard about, retrimmed our sails, and sailed close-hauled out of the cove toward some islands that lay a short distance to the west. First came Hen and Chickens, a scattering of sea-washed rocks on which gulls perched, smug and chesty. Wee Captain, several hundred yards beyond, was a mere scrubby lump of land, but Little Captain, a bit farther on, was a respectable islet, a fifth of a mile long, with a public beach, a pavilion, and a dock from which a plump white ferry named Island Beach was just setting out across Captain Harbor for Greenwich. Half a mile beyond Little Captain was Great Captain, which, with an area of seventeen acres, was worthy of being called a real island; from a distance it seemed desolate and romantic, what with wind-twisted trees, grass-topped sand dunes, and a lonely stone lighthouse, but as we approached, we could see, at the end opposite the lighthouse, a number of powerboats anchored off a sandy

FRANK GALLANT, NEW YORK 18



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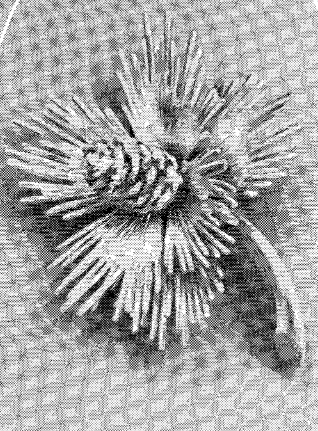

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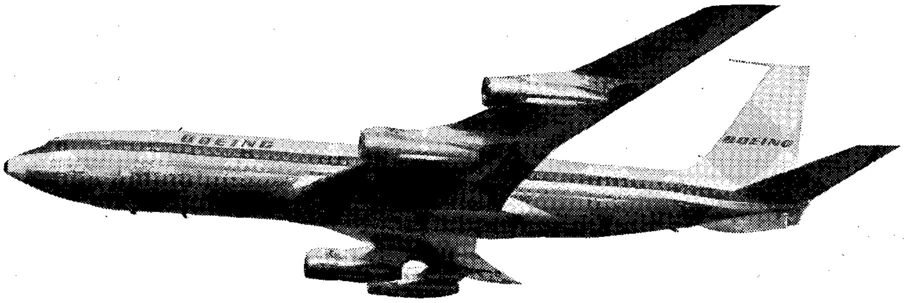

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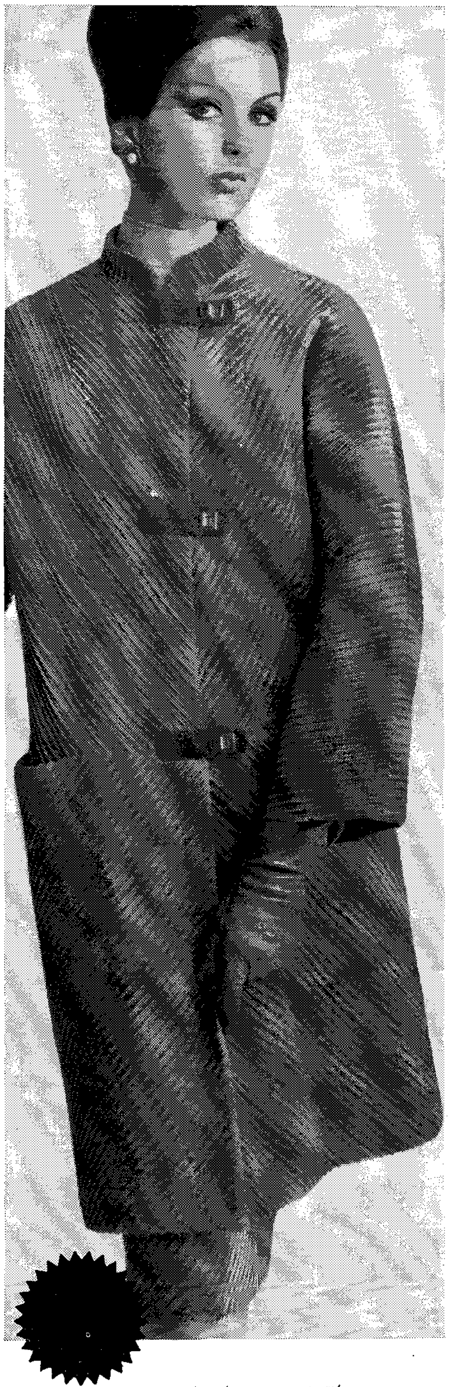

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beach that was littered with beer cans and crumpled paper and on which people were eating, fishing, or just lounging about. We stayed a couple of hundred yards off, to avoid shoal water, but through my binoculars I could read signs that said, "Members Only," which, from the look of things, weren't having much effect. Great Captain Island has not always been as primitive as it looks now; there used to be a large gambling house on it, which ran full tilt through the nineteen-twenties but fared ill during the depression and then burned down in 1944. Today, the government owns a small piece of the island around the lighthouse, and the rest belongs to Aerotec Industries, a Greenwich aircraft-parts firm, which uses it as a recreation area for its employees and unsuccessfully tries to keep seaborne trespassers from invading it.

The islands and indentations of Captain Harbor are typical of the north shore of Long Island Sound. One or two hundred million years ago, what is now the coast of New York and Connecticut was a blanket of Cretaceous deposits laid down on a hard-rock base. Rivers and streams gradually eroded the blanket into a series of valleys and hills; then, aeons later, a slow sinking of the coastal belt, plus a rising of the sea level as the last Ice Age ended, allowed the waters of the Sound to enter the eroded areas, forming bays, estuaries, and semi-enclosed harbors, and making islands of stony hills that had withstood the weathering better. For such reasons, the mainland side of Long Island Sound has a consistently ragged and indented shoreline, with a hundred and twenty-six islands and countless rocks and rocky ledges, many of which are visible only at low tide. Long Island, in contrast, is a huge mass of sand, soil, and broken-off rock that was shoved along by glaciers and dumped on a low ridge; in consequence, it is practically without indentation for more than half its length, and has no offshore islands whatever.

A little after 5 P.M., having passed close by some of these quondam hills, whose valleys now lay a good twenty feet under water, we swung north and headed for Nun 2, a conical red buoy marking the beginning of the channel into Greenwich Harbor, which is one of the five large sheltered bays within Captain Harbor and lies about midway between its eastern and western ends. It was time to be getting in; the slate-gray clouds of a coming squall covered the western half of the sky, the wind was whipping up

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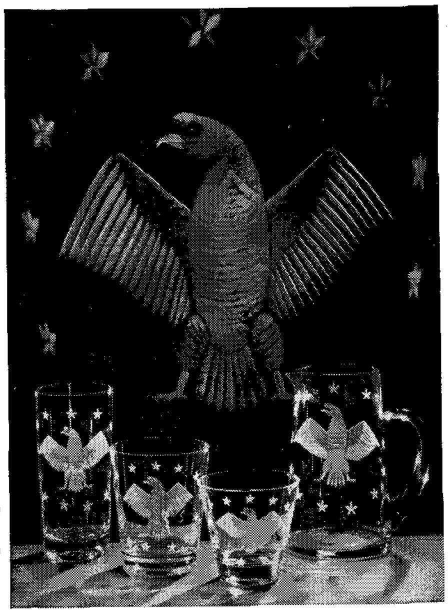

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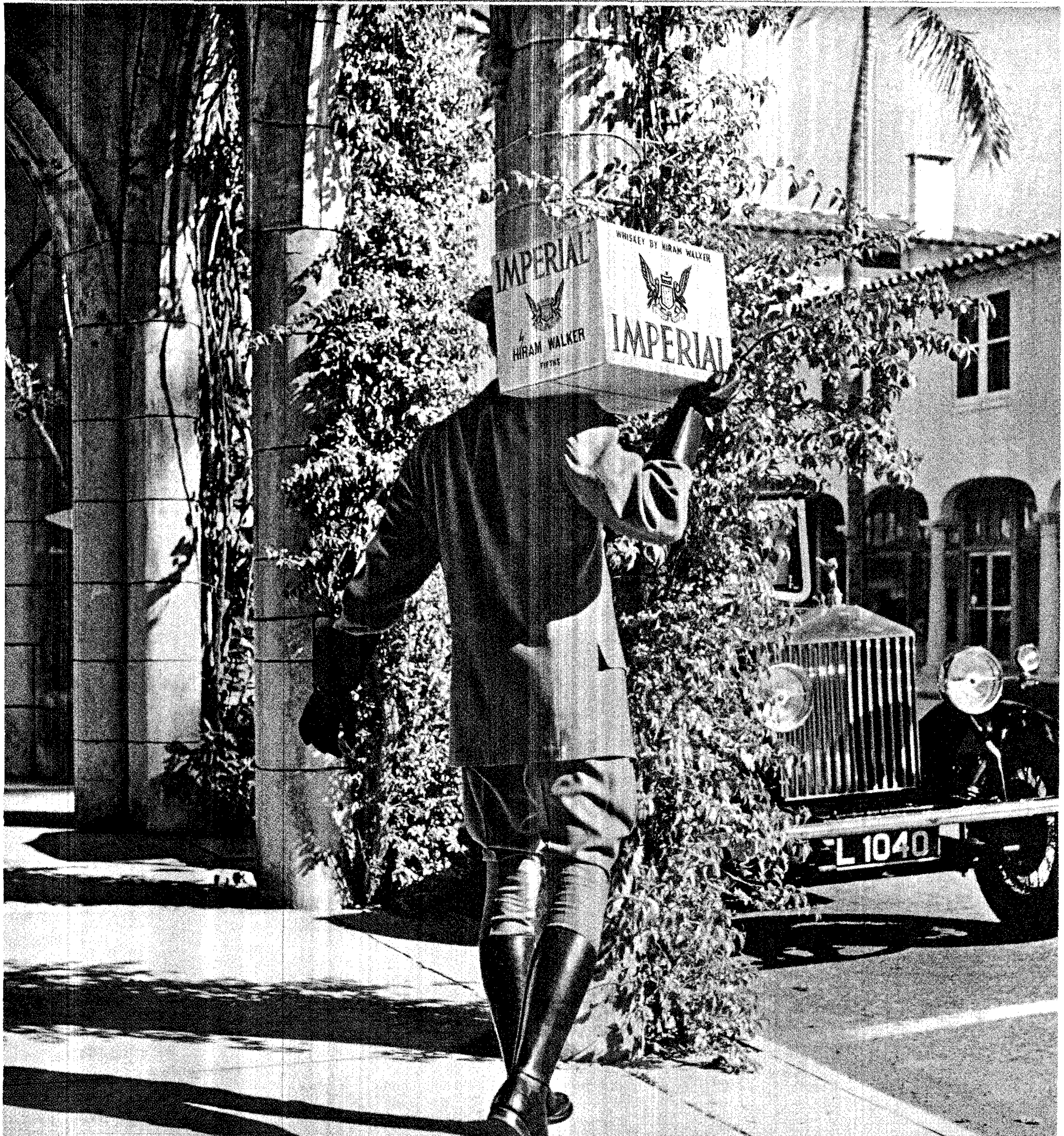
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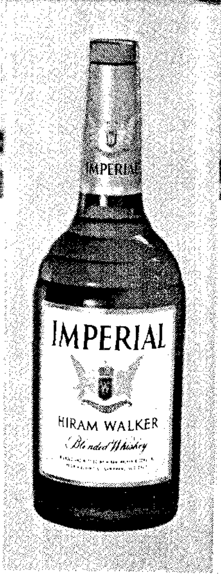
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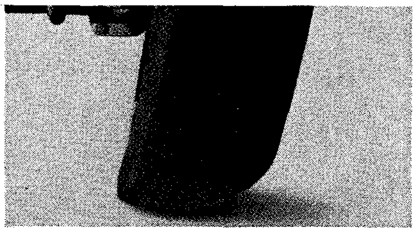

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and heeling us over, and the sea was beginning to kick up in an unpleasant chop. Once we were close in, we started our motor, dropped and furled our sails, and, passing an impressive fleet of boats lying at moorings, approached the Indian Harbor Yacht Club—a handsome old white clubhouse with stately pillars, a veranda, and a green roof, perched on a point of land commanding the harbor. Having seen us in the channel, an attendant came out in an open launch; I asked him if there was a vacant mooring we could use for the night, and he directed us to one, out near the larger boats. We came up on it slowly, heading directly into the wind, and fished the cork float aboard with the boathook, hauled up the muddy hawser attached to it, and made the hawser fast to a massive cleat bolted to our foredeck. The wind was singing in the rigging now, and the boat was bucking in the waves, which rolled in from the direction of Great Captain, but we, being securely attached to a large block of concrete lying on the bottom of the harbor, could cut our motor with the same sense of relief one gets when a plane touches down on a runway. Rain swept toward us, pearling the surface of the water, and we scrambled below, broke out the whiskey, crackers, and cheese spreads, and fell happily onto the bunks in the main cabin, relishing the fact that the squall lashing the boat was unable to disturb us in our dry retreat.

Half an hour later, the squall had passed, leaving the sky fresh-washed and dripping from bits of scudding cloud. We changed into shore clothing and blew three blasts on our horn, whereupon the launch came out and ferried us to the club dock. The Indian Harbor Yacht Club, a venerable and well-to-do body in whose veins flows some of the bluer Greenwich blood, does not ordinarily let transients use its clubhouse, but a cousin of Al's was a member and had arranged guest privileges for us. The main lounge, a large, nicely furnished room, was empty except for a few well-dressed couples having cocktails. I asked a stiff-backed steward why things were so quiet on a Friday night, and, lifting an eyebrow at my ignorance, he explained that in August nearly every boatowner in the Indian Harbor Yacht Club was taking a vacation cruise to the eastern end of the Sound or to Maine, or even possibly to Bermuda. He eyed our sports attire and frostily informed us that if we wished to eat at the club, we would have to use the veranda, since ties were required in the indoor dining

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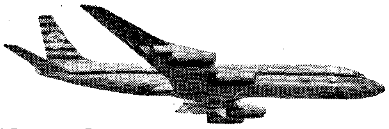
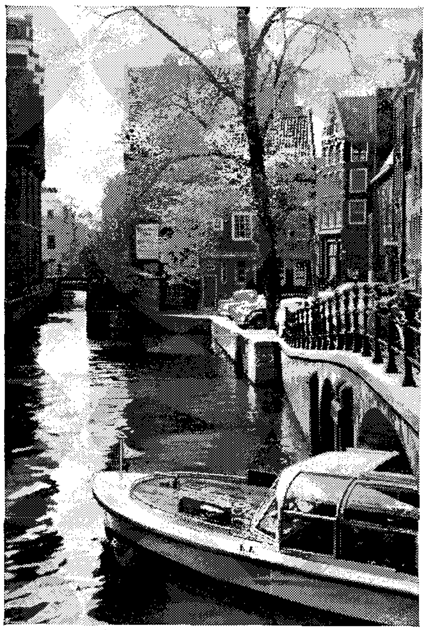


Reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch reveal the 22 surprises of Amsterdam. Four of them may change your mind about where to *start* your European vacation. Six suggest that Amsterdam is amazingly *lively* (note ecdysiast).



One of Amsterdam's 50 canals.

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1. Amsterdam has twice as many miles of canals as Venice. You can take a 95-minute ride on a sleek sightseeing boat for about 60 cents.

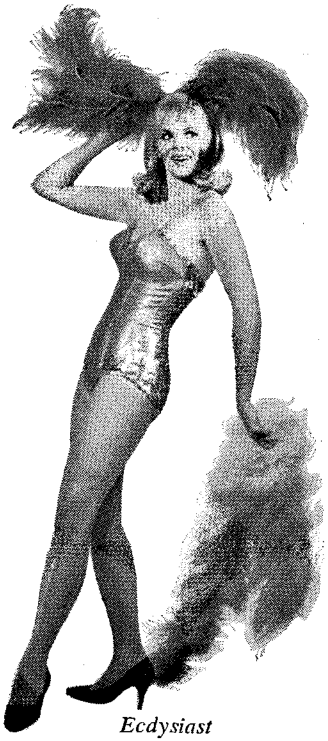
2. Amsterdam has 636 bridges—more than any other city in the world. A word of caution: Hang onto your *hat.* Hundreds of them fly into Amsterdam's canals every year. A long pole is thoughtfully provided at every bridge.

3. Nightclubs offer everything from Dutch jazz to ecdysiasts. (Typical ecdysiast at right.) Amsterdam has two glittering nightclub districts. A round of jenever (gin) for two: about 60 cents.

4. You can see the most valuable painting ever put on canvas. It's Rembrandt's "The Night Watch" at Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum (say "Rikes-museum"). You can also see more than 500 Van Goghs at the Municipal Museum for 15 cents.

5. You can see where Amsterdam's women wept farewell to seafaring men. It is called the "Tower of Tears." Henry Hudson sailed from this ancient tower in 1609—and discovered the Hudson River.

6. You can buy a tax-free car and save enough to pay for your entire trip. Amsterdam has the only airport showroom for *tax-free* cars on the Continent. Buy a Jaguar Mark X Sedan—and you'll save $1189.



Ecdysiast
(quite a few in Amsterdam).

7. You can have a 30-dish dinner in Amsterdam for about $3.50. It's a gourmet's delight called "Rijsttafel." Included: saté babi (pork on a skewer), roasted Katjang nuts and a spicy specialty called *Dagie smoor.*

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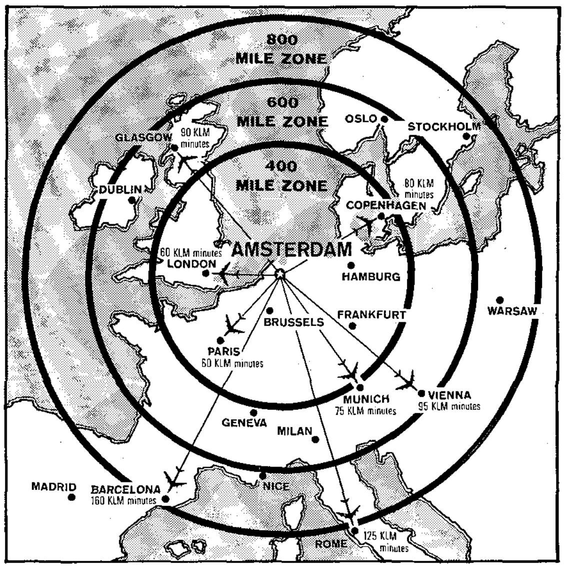
9. Amsterdam is your best Gateway to Europe. It's right in the middle of things (see map). London and Paris, for example, are only 60 KLM minutes away. In fact, you will find as many as 14 European capitals within an 800-mile range of Amsterdam.



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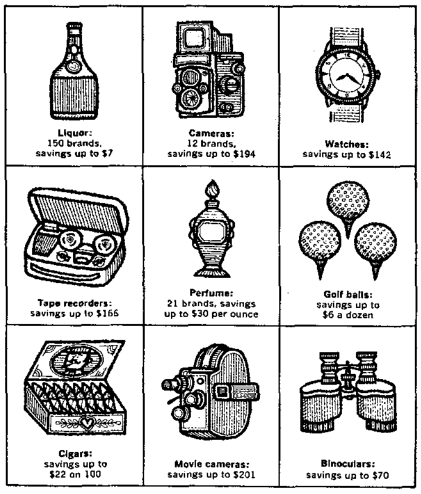
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13. You can save up to $7 a bottle on 150 brands of liquor at Amsterdam Airport's tax-free shopping center. You can also save as much as $194 on cameras, $166 on tape recorders, $142 on watches.

14. You can picnic by a canal and watch a ship sail past above you. You'll find the Dutch are inordinately proud of their country. They should be. They made it themselves.

15. You can visit the Royal Palace—once the "eighth wonder of the world." It is a palace *without* a front door. Reason: to keep out 17th century marauders.

16. Amsterdam is the most perfectly preserved large city on the Continent. Not one brick or stone can be removed without permission of city officials.

17. Amsterdam has more barrel organs and carillons than any other city. You may even hear a street band with a tuba player (right). Amsterdam is a city of music.

Strolling tuba player.

18. You can visit 12 medieval castles within an hour's drive. Most of them have colorful claims to fame. At Muiden, for example, a French count was murdered—*seven* centuries ago.

19. You can see the world's skinniest house—and thinnest restaurant—in Amsterdam. The house is about six inches *narrower* than a Volkswagen. The restaurant is *The Green Lantern.* It's three stories high, but only six feet wide (see picture). You can buy a drink there called "Sated Love" (the Dutch have some rather emotional names for their drinks. After a few sips of "Sated Love" you may get a little emotional yourself).

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Skinniest restaurant (see #19).

20. You can visit the Anne Frank house. Her room is just as she left it. The building at 263 Prinsengracht (Prince's Canal) is open to visitors every day.

21. In Amsterdam, almost everyone speaks English. Amsterdammers are the best linguists in the world. Another good reason for *starting* in Amsterdam.

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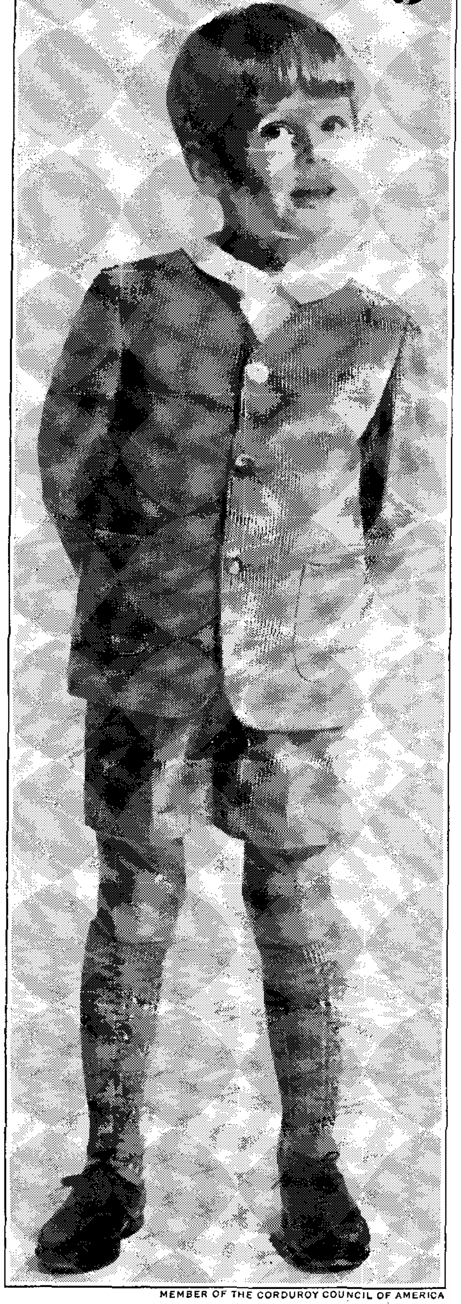

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room. Most of the restaurants and yacht-club dining rooms along the Sound now accept guests in sports shirts, so it hadn't occurred to us that the Indian Harbor Yacht Club might be one of the few holdouts.

On the veranda, where only one other table was occupied, we had a peaceful drink and ordered steak béarnaise. Just as it arrived, an attendant on the lawn below the veranda rang a hand bell loudly several times. Our neighbors on the veranda and the people inside the clubhouse got up at once and stood stiffly at attention, facing the lawn, and we, too, scrambled to our feet, feeling a little gauche. At the foot of the club's flagpole, the attendant knelt by a little brass cannon, from which, in a moment, there issued a startling *bam!* and a puff of dark smoke. Then he slowly lowered the flag, and when it was safe in his arms, the diners sat down and resumed their meal.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10

SLEEPING at anchor is a very different experience from sleeping in a bed onshore. One keeps becoming half conscious of the slithering movements of the boat, the lapping of water against the hull, and the changing sounds of the wind—particularly on the first few nights of a cruise, before either the body or the mind is adjusted to life on a boat. This ancient, animal mode of slumber is surprisingly enjoyable; each half hour of sleep stolen between moments of awareness is savored, and waking to peep out a porthole and then falling asleep again are pleasant, even luxurious experiences.

At 6:30 A.M., sunlight streamed into the cabin through the companionway hatch and woke us. The sky had a lacy film of cloud—it dissipated within an hour—and a pale half-moon lingered in the morning light. The air was a trifle chill, and the cockpit was dripping with dew; we wiped it dry, and ate, on deck, a breakfast of orange juice, heaps of scrambled eggs, bread and butter, strawberry preserves, and coffee. Merely stepping on board a boat seems to increase one's appetite two- or threefold, and this passionate appetite more than offsets the limited variety of food available and the primitive methods of cooking it.

By eight-thirty, we had hoisted sail and slipped our mooring and were headed southwest through Captain Harbor and along the ragged, busy shoreline of Port Chester, Manursing Island, and Rye Playland. From a short distance out, the sailor would

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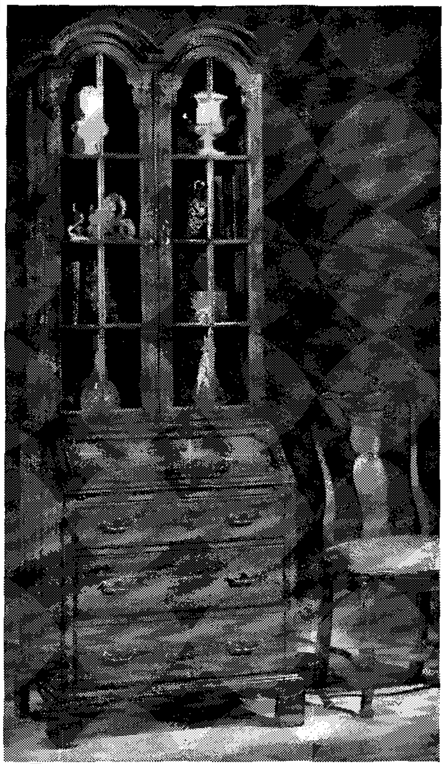

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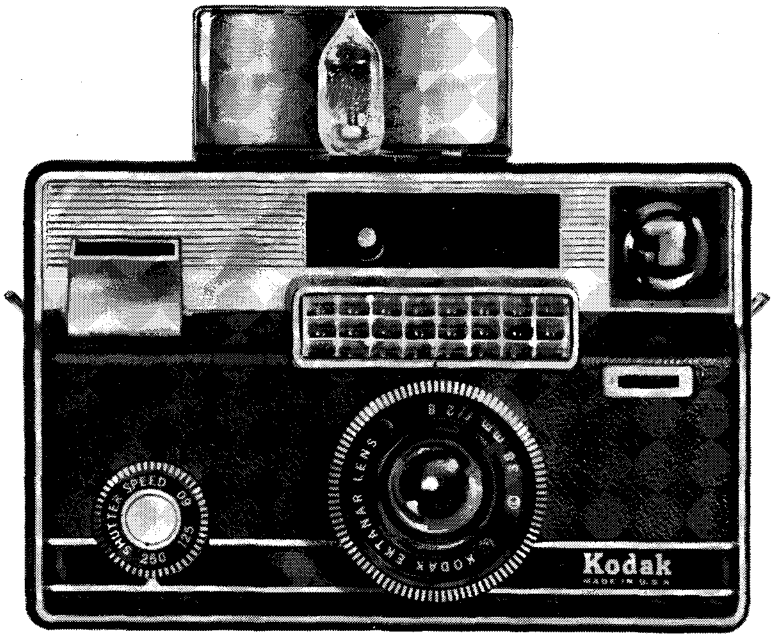
KODAK INSTAMATIC 800 Camera...



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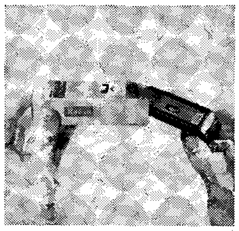
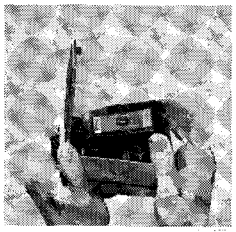
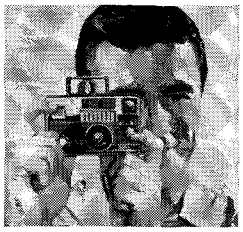


OPEN...



DROP IN...



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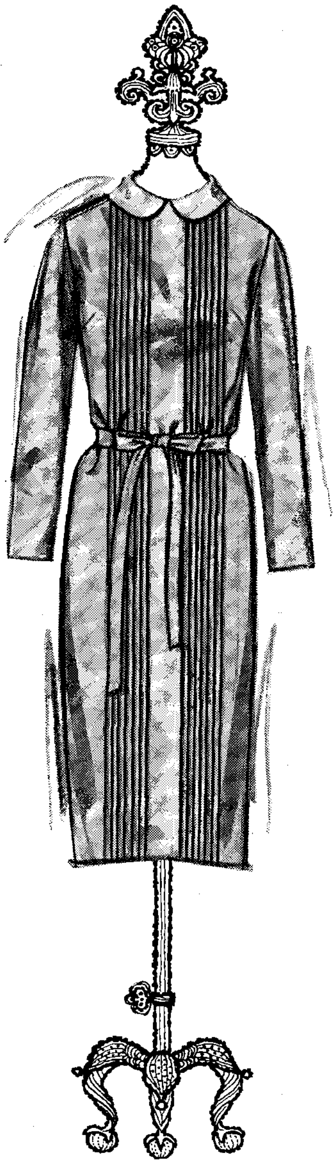

Autumn

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hardly think he was passing a solid phalanx of bedroom towns, for what he sees is merely a long, low green shore clothed in vegetation and dotted with fine homes set on classically rolling lawns, though occasionally he can spot a public beach, its pavilion flying bunting and pennants, or a little harbor chockablock with boats. Hidden behind this pleasant façade is the sprawl of suburbia, teeming with people; on this fine summer Saturday, we guessed, the attraction of sun and water must already have caused many thousands of these inland people to stir about and set forth on their weekend migration to the Sound. Indeed, we could see some of them appearing on the beaches, and both powerboats and sailboats were materializing on all sides and skimming past us with an air of determination on make-believe journeys.

It was an ideal day for boating—the air crisp and the wind brisk and steady from the northwest at about fifteen knots—and Merrywend boiled along, gently rising and falling, a creamy wash curling away from her bow and hissing as it slid by. The other boats on the water seemed equally happy; the powerboats were bravely bouncing and kicking up sheets of spray, and the sailboats were gliding along heeled over romantically under the pressure of wind in their firm, full sails. For all our feeling of speed, we were probably doing no more than five knots (a trifle under six miles per hour), but then one beauty of sailing is that very little real movement gives the mariner the illusion of speed. The pleasantness of the illusion comes, perhaps, from the fact that the transporting of boat and people is wrung from wind and water by one's own skill. Or perhaps, as with chamber music, the heightened effect is due to economy of means; five knots achieved with two sails, three sheets, and one rudder seems far faster and surely more important than fifteen knots achieved with gasoline, sparkplugs, pistons, gears, and twin propellers.

The western end of Long Island Sound—that is, the eleven miles from Mamaroneck to Throgs Neck—tapers rapidly from a width of about five miles to the first of a series of passages a mile wide or less, around and between various points and islands. This area has the Sound's highest density of population, the largest aggregation of boats, and the greatest frequency of summertime boat races. Already, as we approached Mamaroneck, one race seemed to be shaping up a mile or so offshore, and, deciding to

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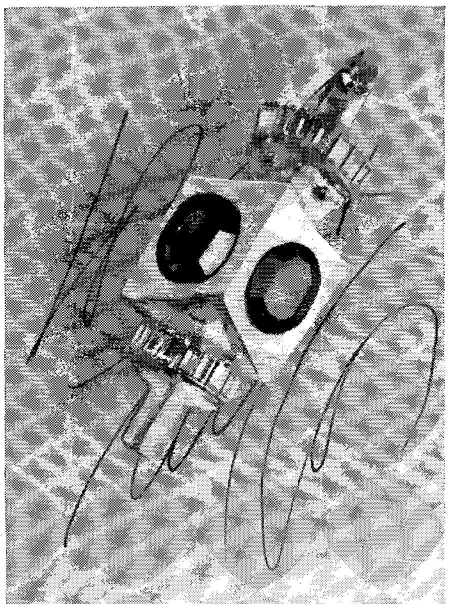

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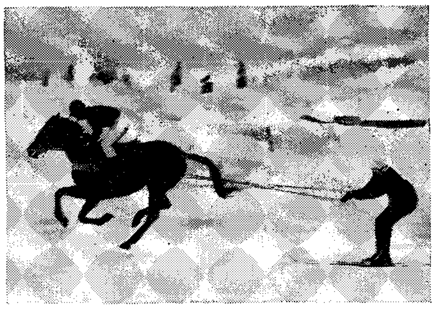
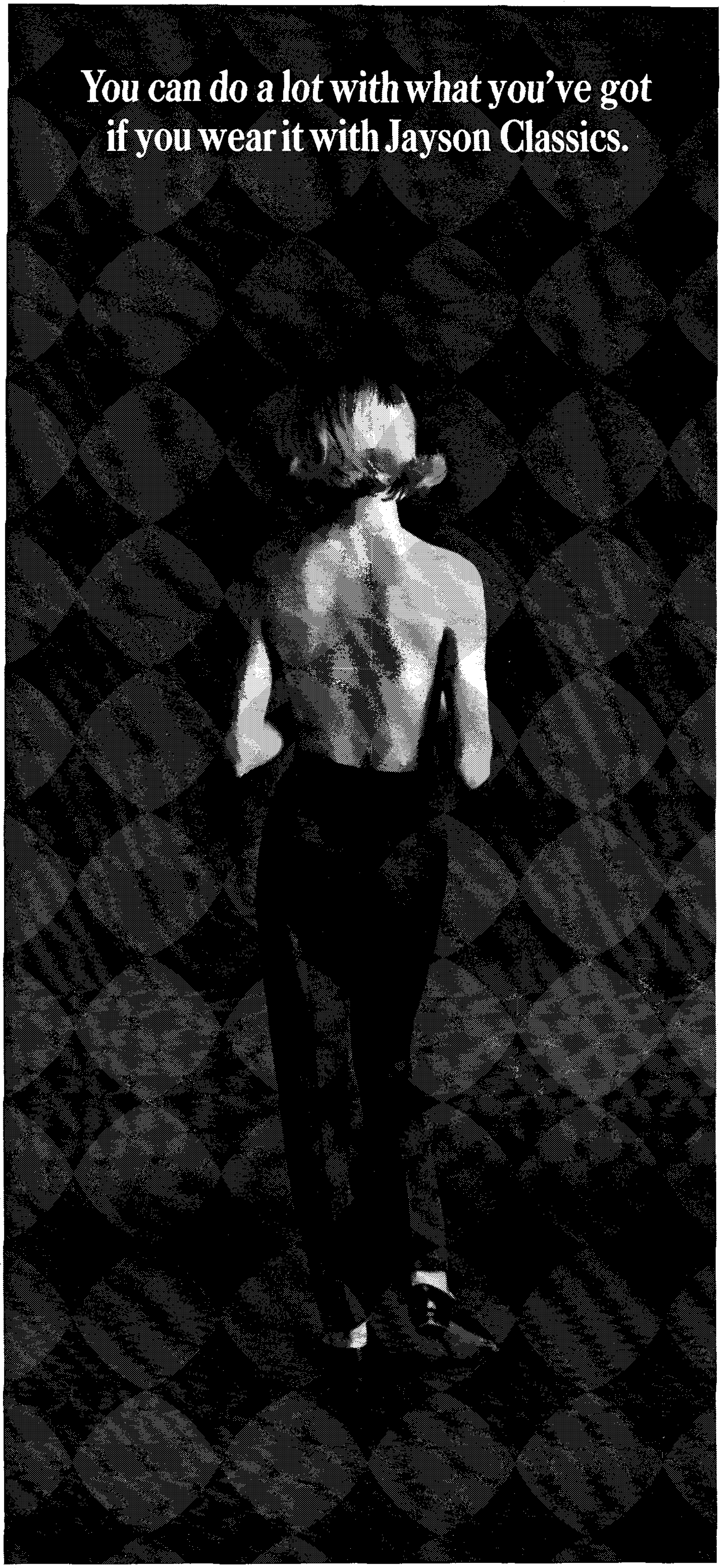


It's so easy to go to Europe.

take a closer look at it, we turned onto a southerly heading, so that the wind, on our starboard quarter, bowled us along in a slowly rollicking kind of motion toward Matinicock Point, on Long Island, which was four miles away but as sharp and clear today as if it were four blocks away. To our right we could clearly see Manhattan rising out of the Sound, twenty miles away; the lower stories of the buildings and the island itself were hidden below the horizon of water, and would have been hidden by the Bronx as well, except that it, too, was hidden by the water, upon which the towers of the city floated like a mirage.

Halfway across the Sound, we drew close to the race; eight small day-sailers, each with a crew of three, were milling about near a large, anchored committee boat, from which, as we passed nearby, there suddenly came the dull crump of a five-minute warning gun, alerting the skippers to jockey for position near the starting line. The pure white sails, brightly colored hulls, and wary circling of the little boats contrasted oddly with the stolid look of a squat dark-green tug half a mile beyond them that was laboriously towing five loaded sand barges toward New York. The Sound, a playground to so many people, is a functional highway to bargemen and tugboatmen, and the frenzied activities of the racing skippers who scramble around under their bows must strike them as absurd. Tug and tanker captains pay little heed to races crossing their path and just lumber along, assuming that no one will be fool enough to insist on the right-of-way that a sailboat is legally supposed to have over any boat using power. Nearly always the captains are right, but the increasing amount of present-day racing appears to make this an increasingly risky assumption. The Coast Guard supervises about two hundred races a summer in this end of the Sound, and there are many hundreds of others, which need no supervision. Formerly, racing sailors were a small group of upper-class sportsmen; today thousands of businessmen, professional men, and the like race sailboats on the Sound, with their sons or daughters, and occasionally their wives, as crew. On weekday evenings during the summer, they touch up their boats, polish them, and minutely readjust their rigging—even half a twist on a turnbuckle that tightens or slackens a backstay may affect the straightness of the mast, and thus the pulling power of the mainsail—and on weekends they rise early, drive to the docks, and lug sail bags and other gear on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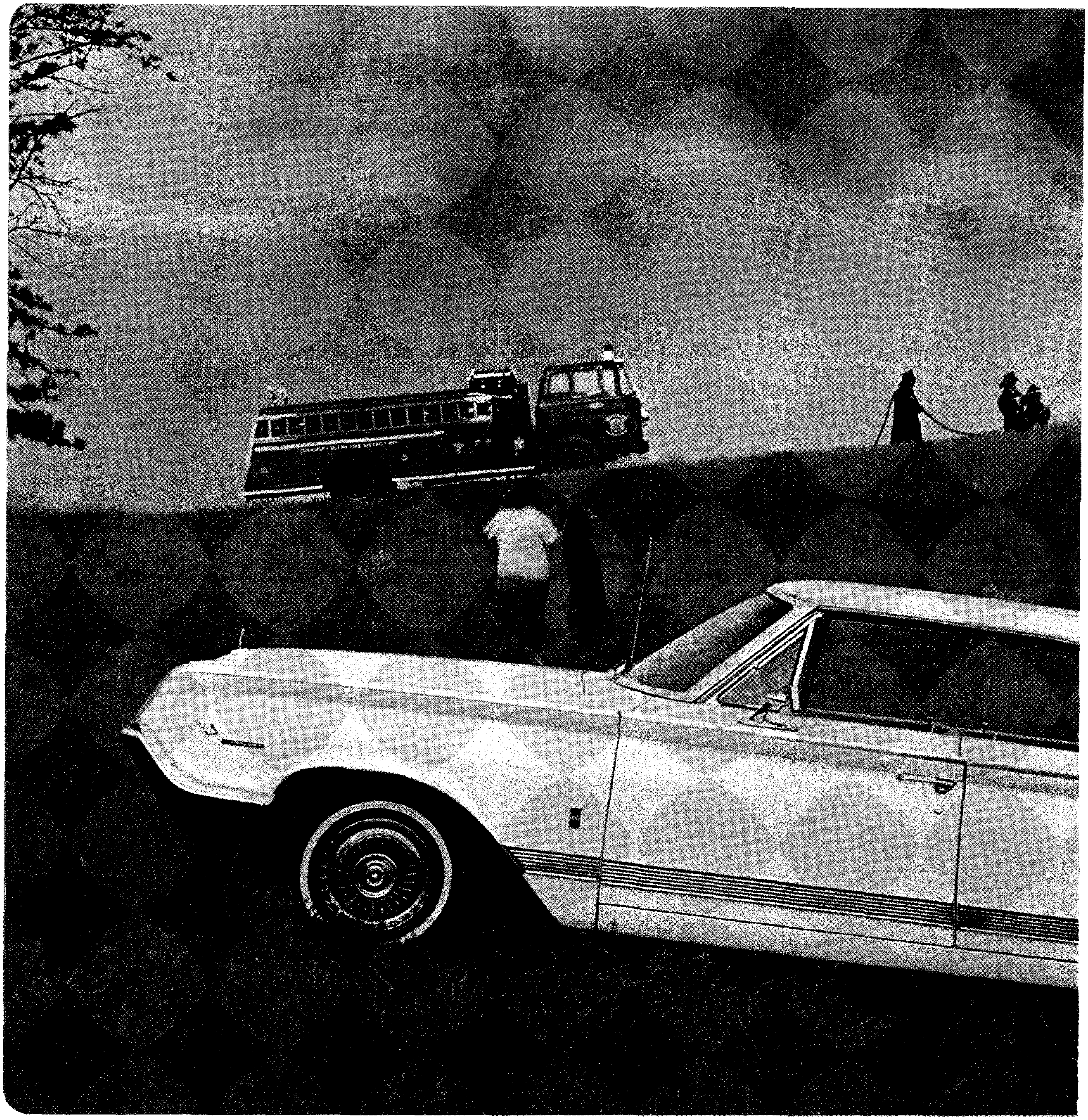

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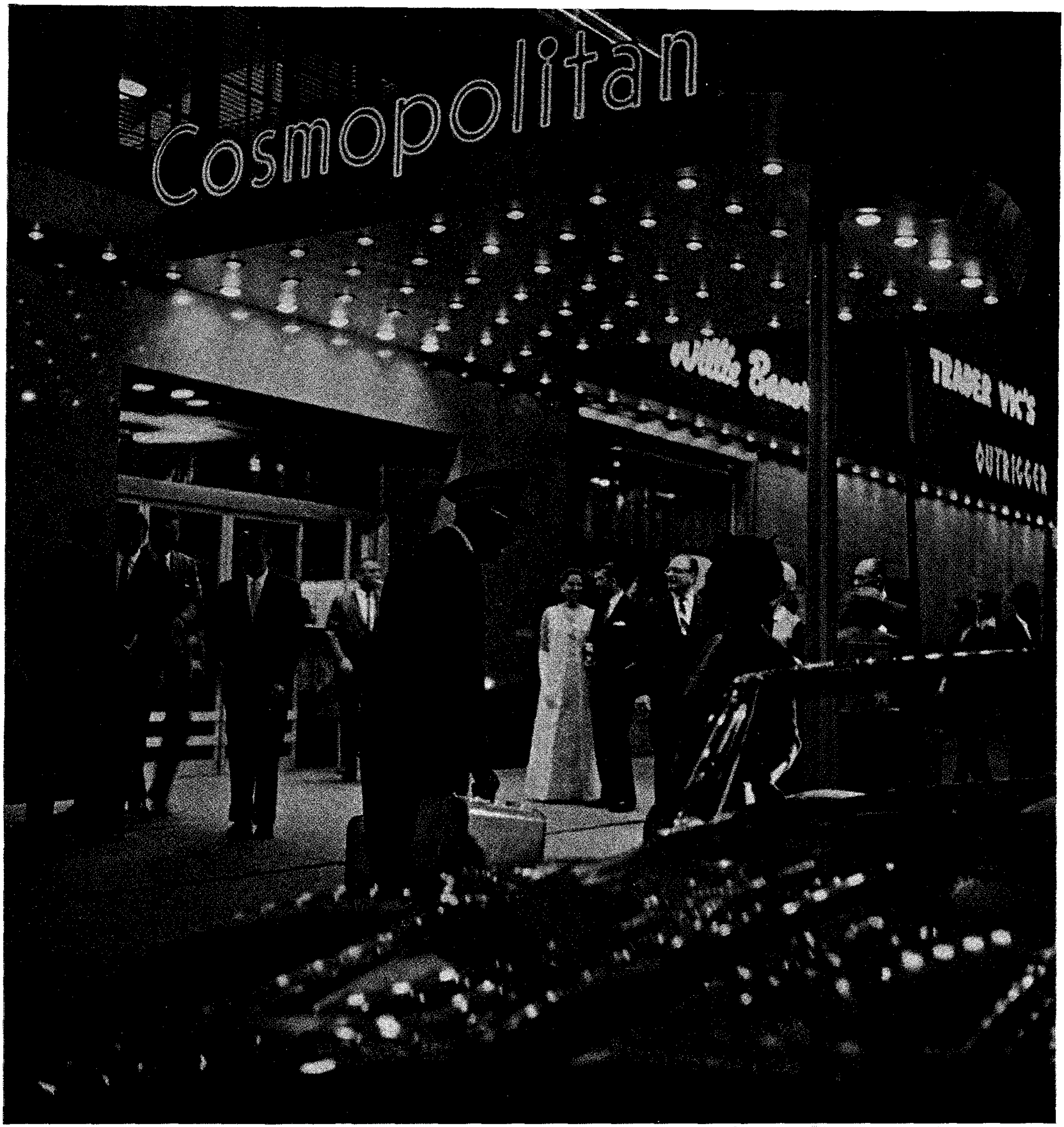

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board, ready for hours of work so strenuous as to allow no time for eating, drinking, or sightseeing. In the summer, all over Westchester and southern Connecticut, many a Saturday-night party is dampened by the presence of sunburned men who, having had a gruelling day of racing, wilt at nine or ten o'clock and have to be taken home early by their wives.

Having crossed the Sound in a mere forty-five minutes, we spun around at a flashing green buoy just off Matinicock Point and headed back toward Mamaroneck Harbor, on the mainland side. The boats of the race we had been watching were now remote and tiny, over close to the far shore; as we looked, blue-and-yellow spinnakers—light, parachute-shaped sails used when the wind is mostly astern—blossomed forth from one after another of them. The boats looked a brave and piratical lot as they bore down on us, and, unlike the tug captains, we prudently tacked away.

The Merrywend library includes a copy of Duncan and Blanchard's Cruising Guide to the New England Coast, and from it I had learned that Mamaroneck Harbor has eight yacht clubs and seven boatyards, accommodating a total of twelve hundred boats, of all sizes, and is about the busiest small harbor on the Sound and a good place to acquire some notion of the boating boom of the nineteen-sixties. Recrossing the Sound at a brisk clip, heeled over smartly and sheeted in hard, we got to the broad outer harbor of Mamaroneck by noontime, and dropped anchor to have a peaceful lunch. The chart showed us that the inner harbor consisted of a kind of Y about a mile long, each arm of which had a channel with a turning basin at its tip. After lunch, we motored slowly into the lower part of the Y; on the shore to our left was a tall brick apartment building, and on the shore to our right was a turreted Victorian castle with a modern glass dining room built onto it and with cabañas on a beach below. In the channel, traffic was by now as heavy as it is on Sixth Avenue on Monday morning; boats puttered along in line, cabin cruisers sometimes honking their horns impatiently at slow sailboats. More boats were tied up along either side of the traffic lanes, and the people aboard watched the promenade of arriving and departing craft with the pointless but compulsive intensity of spectators at a fire. On one seedy old powerboat, a paunchy, red-faced Bacchus kept an eye out for strangers—easy to spot, since, like us, they were

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using charts to enter the harbor—and bellowed to each in turn, with a genial wave of his beer can, "O.K., Skipper, straight ahead! Straight ahead!"

The stem of the Y and both its arms being rather narrow, the harbor rules require each boat to be tied up fore and aft—that is, with the bow pointing toward shore and the stern pointing outward, and both made fast to moorings, so it won't swing about with the wind and tide. In this way, hundreds of boats can be accommodated in a limited area. We motored slowly up the watery aisle between the ranks of boats of all sorts, marvelling at the efficient use of water space here. On shore, yacht clubs sported umbrella-shaded tables, at which people were lunching or playing cards; scraps of beach were crowded with sunbathers; the gas docks of marinas were jammed with boats being serviced; and a few yards behind this maritime scene were private houses with washing hung out to dry. Everywhere, on shore, on the docks, and on the boats, were boatowners—tanned men and women, accompanied by an inordinate number of small children wearing bright-orange life jackets—all busy gassing up, stowing things, tinkering, putting sails on, starting motors, and shouting things like "Billy, *hand me the sail bags next!*" and "Muriel, for God's sake, never stand up in the dinghy!"

After examining both arms of the Y, we headed out of the harbor. Now, as we looked across the Sound toward Hempstead Harbor, five miles away, it appeared that hundreds of sails were touching each other all along the horizon, somewhere near the mouth of that harbor. This, of course, was an illusion, the result of foreshortening; the boats were actually spread out, but from our distance the spread was invisible.

For the next few hours, stripped to our shorts and baking in the sun, we proceeded rather languidly, in a dying wind, past Larchmont, New Rochelle, and the Bronx. The west side of City Island, our destination for the night, is only seven and a half miles from Mamaroneck Harbor, but the journey seemed very long, in part because the failing of the wind left us to idle haplessly in the heat, and in part because the shoreline here is so cut up by bays and inlets, and the water so strewn with islets, rocks, hidden reefs, and buoys, that we had to take a circuitous route. From offshore, this high-density strip of suburbia has a green and unspoiled look. Sand is a rarity on the mainland side of the Sound—at low tide most of the shoreline is mucky—

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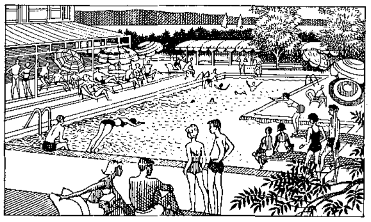

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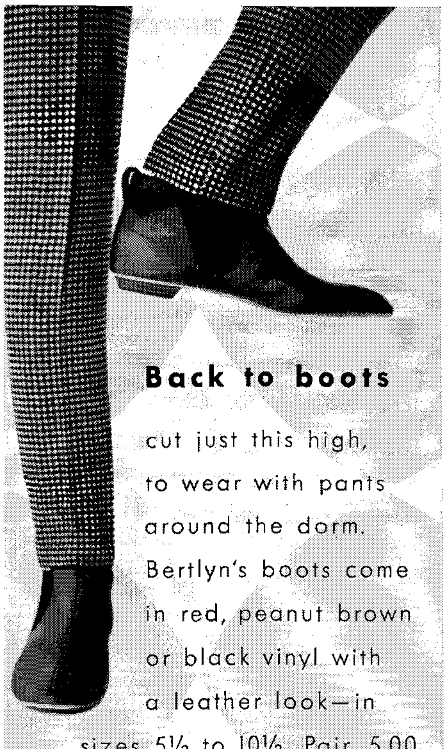

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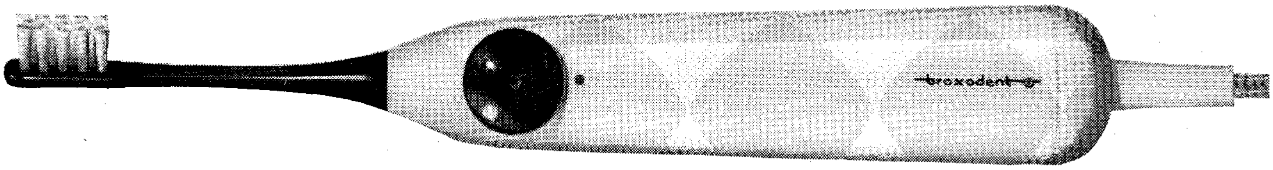

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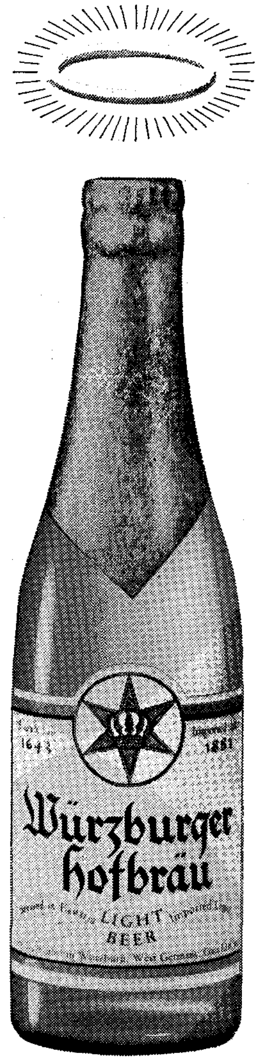

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and consequently there is nothing like the façade of hotels at Miami Beach or Atlantic City. Instead, one sees long stretches of gently rolling land that slopes down to a marshy or rocky shoreline. This makes for a picturesque look from a boat, with houses, trees, and even roads very close to the water's edge, and may help explain why the Sound, unlike Miami Beach and Atlantic City, appeals more to people who want to use the water actively than to those who prefer to lie oiled and indolent in beach chairs.

During the afternoon, I fell to wondering what it is that causes men to give certain geographical objects the names they do. Why, for instance, are so many little clusters of offshore rocks in the Sound, including the cluster we saw at the mouth of Captain Harbor and a cluster we now passed off Larchmont, named Hen and Chickens? Duck and Ducklings would surely be more appropriate. In the next hour or so, we passed, among other landmarks, Umbrella Rock, which looked nothing like an umbrella; Horseshoe Harbor, which *was* shaped like a horseshoe; Table Rock, which was under water, and therefore not very tablelike; Hicks Ledge, with no nonsense about it, though I haven't any idea who Hicks was; and Middle Ground, another recurrent name, signifying a shoal or underwater ridge that rises toward or to the surface midway between the mainland and some other body of land. Along other stretches of the Sound there are names quaint enough to have been thought up by real-estate men; my favorites include Gangway Rock, Stepping Stones, East Nonations, Cow and Calves, the Dumplings, Grassy Hammock Rocks, Goshen Ledge, and Blackboys.

One of the larger rocks we passed during the afternoon was a craggy mass called Pine Island, just off New Rochelle. Possibly foreshadowing the way things will look in an overpopulated world, every flat spot on this inhospitable rock was covered with human bodies, perched on folding chairs or sprawled on blankets; the effect was reminiscent of one of those offshore rocks one often sees covered with sea birds. Through the binoculars I could read a sign on a small white shack atop the rock: "New Rochelle Rowing Club." A number of the bird-people had cookstoves, lunch baskets, umbrellas, and other picnic gear crowded onto their few square yards of ledge, but from where we were it was not apparent whether they also rowed, or had boats of any kind;

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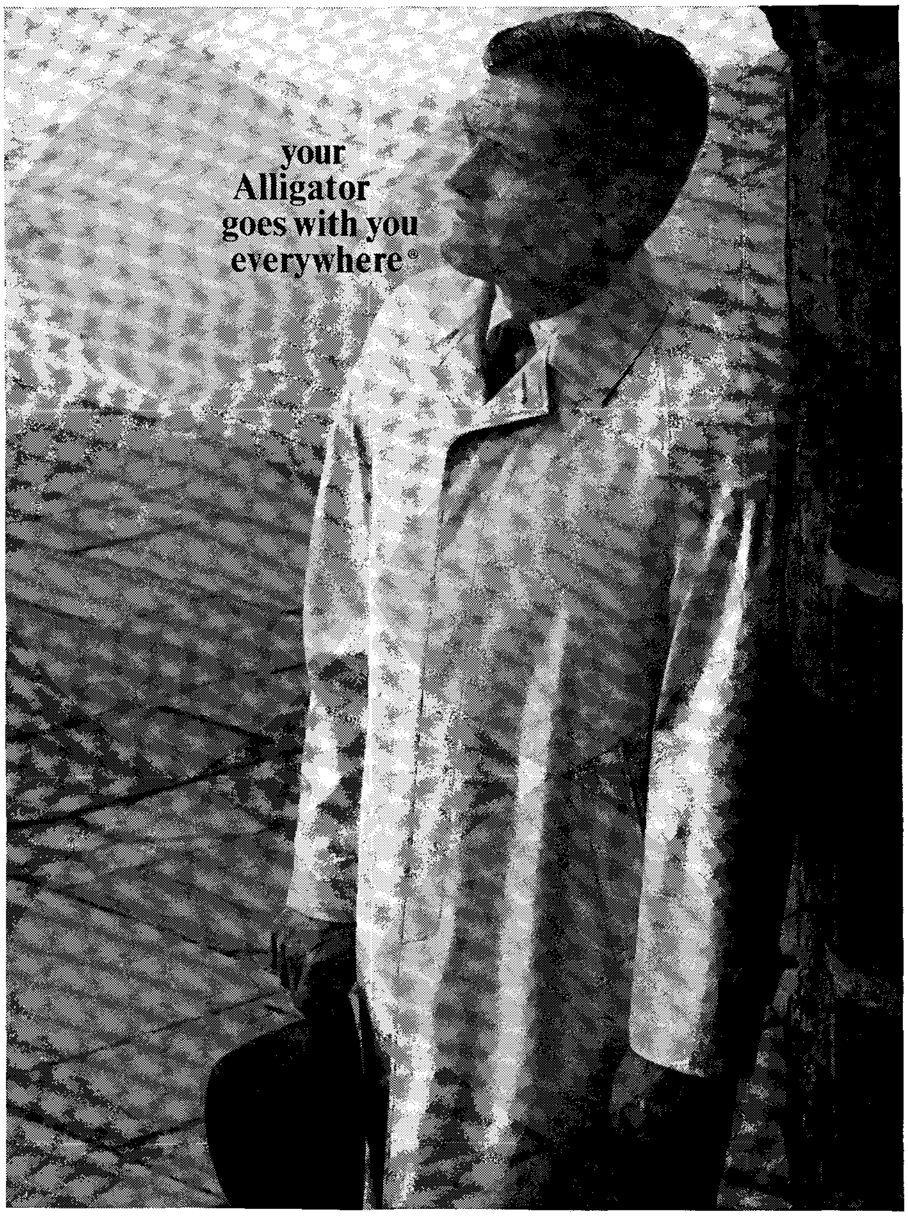
actually, as I happen to know, a handful of them do own racing sculls.

Just beyond Pine Island is Davenport Neck, a peninsula a little over a mile long lying mostly parallel to the shore and dotted with mansions in Georgian, Victorian, and nineteen-twenties-modern style. Each of them has a lawn and a beach, and, as we sailed past, we noted that these were well sprinkled with bathhouses, cabañas, umbrellas, and hundreds of people. From a quarter mile offshore we could hear amplified music, the whistles of lifeguards warning children to stay in bounds, and an occasional announcement, such as "Doctor Davis . . . Doctor Davis . . . Come to the office, please." The former owners of these mansions had sold them and fled farther east, leaving their homes to be converted into beach clubs.

We were now passing among a number of islands, ranging from mere rocks to fairly large pieces of real estate, such as Glen Island, of nineteen-thirties dance-band fame (it is now a recreation area), Davids Island (occupied by an eighty-acre military establishment called Fort Slocum, which is currently used as a training school for Army public-information officers), and, to the southwest, the long twin shapes of City Island and Hart Island, about half a mile apart. On our right as we headed down the passage between them we could see the smooth curve of Orchard Beach (City Island lies immediately to the south of it), and it looked much like Coney Island—thickly covered with tens of thousands of people, who had come there by subway and bus. Across the water drifted the attenuated, piping cries of children and the high-pitched screeches of women. Orchard Beach is part of a peninsula that is now known as Rodman Neck but was formerly called Anne's Neck, in honor of the dissident Puritan Anne Hutchinson, who settled here in 1642 with several fellow-refugees from Massachusetts. I could not help wondering how Anne would have felt about all these thousands of semi-naked hedonists on the shore of her settlement.

This part of Long Island Sound, so close to the city, is much more than just a playground for New Yorkers. On islands to both right and left of us, for instance, we saw steel antenna towers for the transmitters of major radio stations in the metropolitan area. On Hart Island, a bleak piece of undeveloped land, were a tall smokestack and a group of prison buildings—a city workhouse for fourteen hundred short-term offenders. A mile away, right in the middle of a procession of powerboats and



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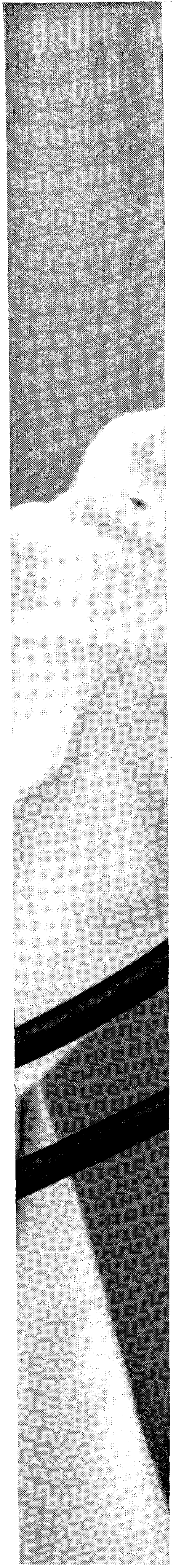

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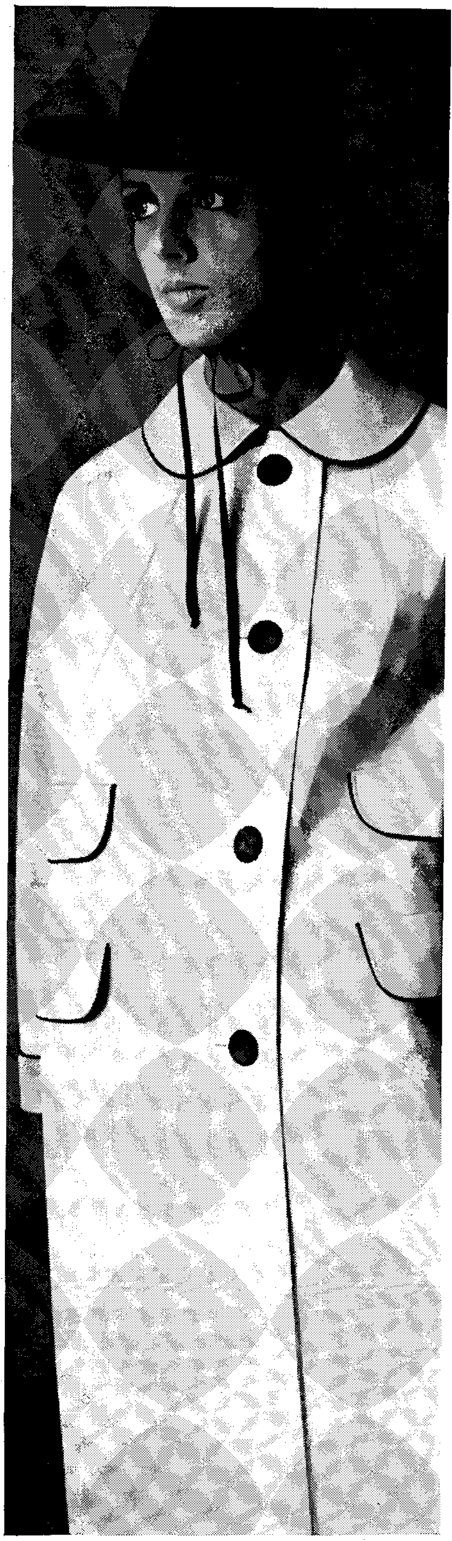

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sailboats, a huge empty tanker named Poling Bros. No. 1 plowed sturdily along toward the East River and the Brooklyn docks, where it would be filled with oil for New Haven or Bridgeport.

City Island proved to be the biggest and busiest island we had seen all day—a mile long, tree-shaded, dotted with houses, bristling with piers, and completely surrounded by swarms of boats of every size and shape. Though it still looks tranquil and lovely from the water, it has undergone great changes in the past fifteen or twenty years. Before the war, it was the major center on the Sound for the building, repairing, and mooring of huge private yachts. Most of the people who lived on City Island then—and there were several thousand of them—devoted themselves to taking care of the yachts and their owners, and the island had somewhat the atmosphere of Martha's Vineyard or Nantucket. Today, the boating boom and the growth of the city's population have driven the great yachts eastward, and the shipyards of City Island build only a few of the larger yachts for the wealthy but turn out great numbers of little Fiberglas day-sailers and powerboats for the middle class. The main street has become a row of frozen-custard stands, clam bars, bait-and-tackle stores, and marinas specializing in outboard rentals for fishermen. As we sailed around City Island, we saw none of this, but we did see that the former Nevins Boatyard, which was once probably the finest on the Sound, had closed down and been replaced by a gasoline dock. Even more significant, I thought, was the fact that the waters we were sailing through, where the sumptuous yachts of the Morgans, Vanderbilts, and Huttons had formerly been moored, now contained a scattering of small sailboats and powerboats, plus a little white houseboat with an orange roof, pink print curtains in the windows, and a glass-and-aluminum front door.

A long pier juts out from the southern tip of the island, and this afternoon it was jammed with fishermen, chiefly Negro or Puerto Rican, who, it appeared, could afford the trip to City Island but could not afford to rent a fishing boat once they got here. One of them threw an empty beer can into the water, and Al and I speculated on whether the sticky black bottom of the Sound between City Island and Great Neck, a mile and a quarter across the water, was yet entirely covered with empty cans; the traffic here is so thick and the human use of the water

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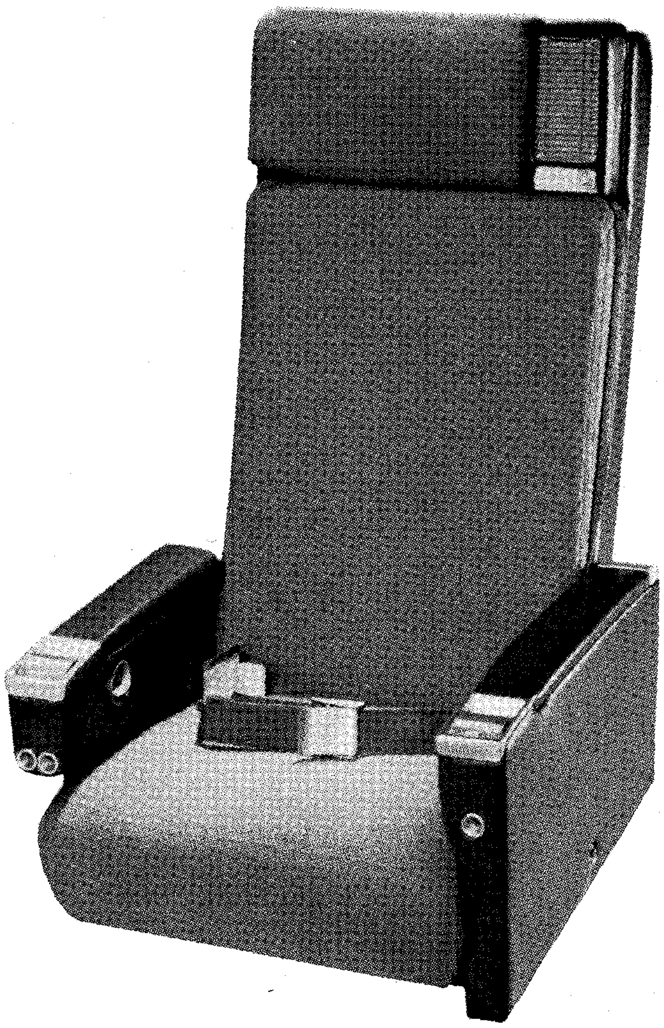

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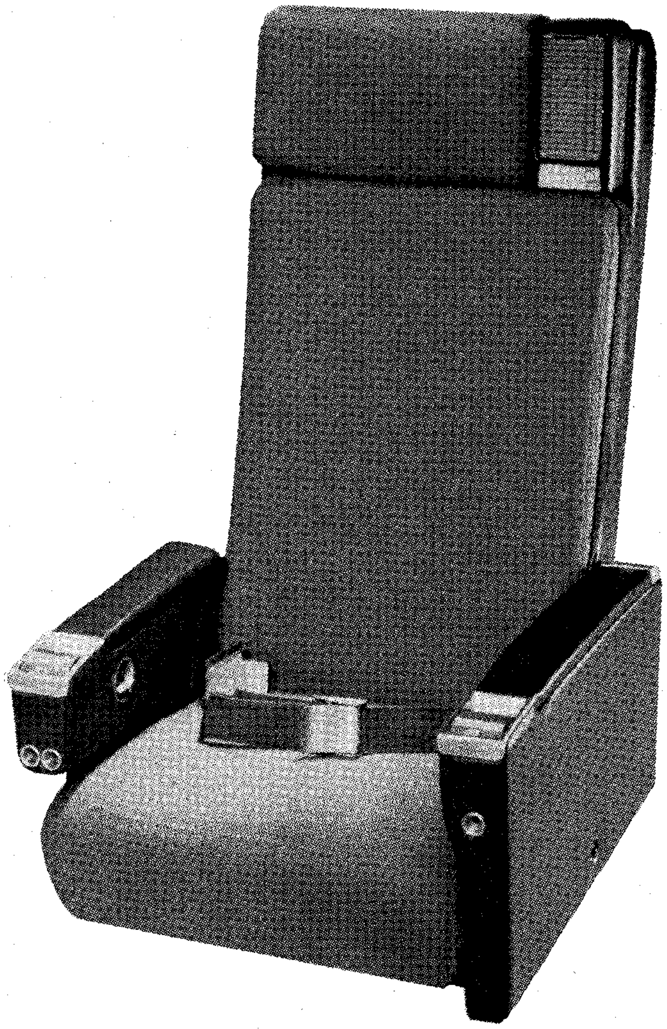

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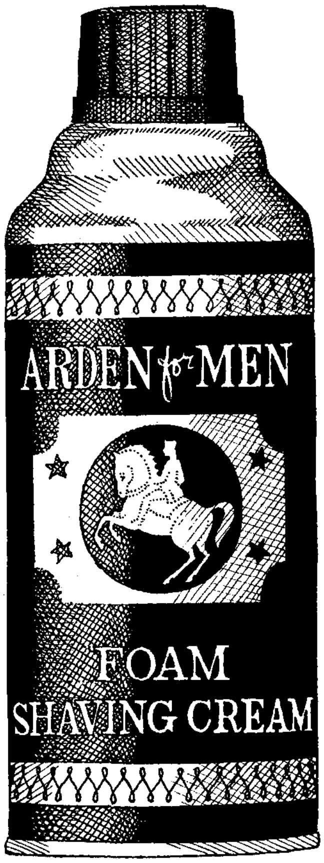

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so intense that the speculation is not unreasonable. Even the movement of the water—the water, that is, stretching anywhere from a mile to three miles below the southern tip of City Island—can be profoundly changed by the movement of men upon it; this whole expanse often gets so stirred up by the hundreds of powerboats charging back and forth over it that the surface, from shore to shore, becomes roiled in unnatural patterns. On a glassy sea, the wake of even a medium-sized motorboat will travel for miles; when hundreds of wakes are produced within confines like these, they travel, intersect, and tangle, resulting in an agitation of the entire mass of water, on which boats move with an uncertain, irregular lurching motion. Not many years ago, this phenomenon could be seen only in small harbors, but nowadays the whole broad stretch of water from Throgs Neck to Sands Point, including all of Eastchester Bay, Little Neck Bay, City Island Harbor, and Manhasset Bay, is unnatural, neurotic, and difficult to sail upon every weekend all summer long. Wallowing and bouncing, we sailed as best we could around the tip of City Island and through the hundreds upon hundreds of boats moored on its west side. By five o'clock, we were tied up at a guest mooring of the City Island Yacht Club, but even here the roiled water kept our boat moving uncertainly under us, and not until sunset had sent the powerboats home did the surface slowly calm down and resume its normal behavior.

The City Island Yacht Club, which we visited after having dinner in a restaurant on the main street, is a square, gray-shingled building, much more informal than the Indian Harbor clubhouse. A group of teen-agers in chinos or denims were whooping it up in the bar over soft drinks, and in the dining room, a rather sparsely furnished chamber where a couple of dozen adults were having dinner, sweaters, sports shirts, and Bermuda shorts seemed to be the uniform of the day. The steward introduced us to Dr. Woldemar Weiss, a ruddy, blond, middle-aged osteopath from Montclair, New Jersey, who is one of the directors of the club. Over a brandy, Dr. Weiss told us that the members come from quite a wide area, including much of Westchester County and northern New Jersey as well as New York City. "We're primarily a serious racing and sailing club," he explained proudly. "Out of a hundred and four boats owned by our members, only about ten are powerboats. Our members do

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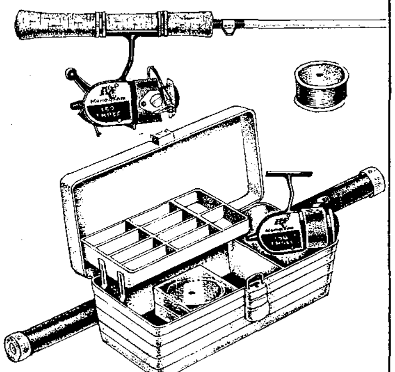

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a lot of their own work on their boats. They save money that way, and, besides, they're the kind of people who like to do their own work. We've got everything here from ten-foot frost-biters, for winter racing, to fifty-foot yawls, and at least four or five of our boats always enter the Bermuda Race." He called our attention to a slender crew-cut man crossing the room. "That's John van Sant," he said, and went on, "Let me give you an idea how serious we are about our sailing. John told me the other day that he figures that in the last fifteen years he's driven seventy-five *thousand* miles between here and Philadelphia, where he lives, to sail seventy-five *hundred* miles in the Sound. The Philadelphia rivers don't give real room for sailing, and Chesapeake Bay just hasn't got the variety and beauty and genuine sea feeling of the Sound. There simply isn't anything else quite like it in the East—or maybe anywhere on earth."

Sunday, August 11

Long Island Sound begins where the East River joins it—at the narrow passage between Throgs Neck, in the Bronx, and Willets Point, in Queens. From where we lay at City Island, we could see this passage about two miles south of us, with the graceful Throgs Neck Bridge, silvered by the morning sun, hanging over it. Our first order of business today was to touch base there before turning eastward. The morning was bright and calm, and we sailed slowly across Eastchester Bay toward Cherry Tree Point and Bronx Beach. The Bronx at this point shows not a deceptively handsome face, as at Rodman Neck, but its own homely one. Right down to the water's edge crowd a jumble of brick apartment buildings, drab wooden houses, and dilapidated wooden fences and seawalls; the "beach" is nothing more than a brown mud flat. At the time we sailed past, a rabble of powerboats filled a small harbor on whose stone breakwater someone had dumped a rusting blue truck body, and faded flags fluttered over a peeling pavilion at the "beach."

The bridge itself looked as though it sought to escape from all this. It begins its climb at Locust Point, near the base of Throgs Neck, veering out a short distance over the water on slender stilts, in a clean flight of roadway, and then curving back high over the very tip of Throgs Neck before jumping off its stilts and launching out over the East River on its cables. As we sailed past the end of Throgs Neck, we stared up

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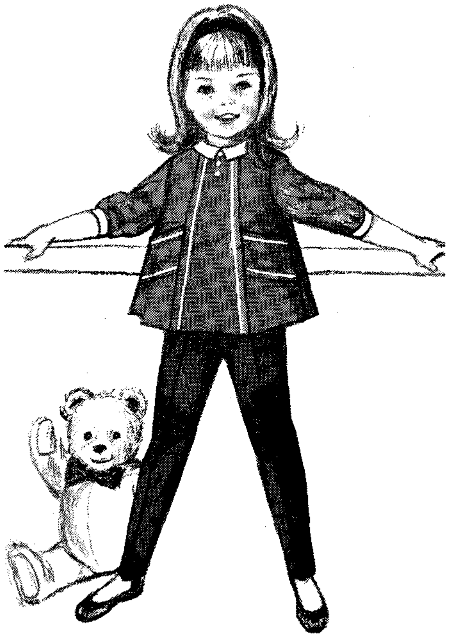
at the bridge, which soars almost directly over the old crenellated walls of Fort Schuyler. The fort once guarded the approaches to the East River and Manhattan, but the apertures for its cannon have been vacant for many years now. At the very tip of Throgs Neck, a white house covered with gingerbread trim, in which a lighthouse keeper once lived with his wife, stands next to a sixty-four-foot steel tower bearing an automatic flashing red navigation beacon, which is what made him obsolete. Behind the house and the beacon, and within the old battlements, is an assortment of buildings; they were once the barracks and armory of the fort, and are now the Maritime College of the State University of New York. Having leaped off at Throgs Neck, the bridge arches across the water for a mile to land in Beechhurst, Queens, between Cryders Point and Willets Point. We sailed under it briefly; ahead of us, toward the city, the air was a pale grayish brown, and behind us, toward the east, it was a pure and flawless blue. We came about and headed eastward, beginning our hundred-mile trip to the other end of the Sound. To our right lay Little Neck Bay, ringed by streets, a parkway, and the close-ranked houses of Bayside, Douglaston, and Village Park. At the inner end of the bay, in an anchorage too shallow for a boat like ours, a horde of powerboats and some small centerboard sailboats were moored; from a couple of miles away, and with the houses as a background, this anchorage resembled nothing so much as a parking lot full of cars. On the eastern shore of the bay, in the Great Neck area, a few stubborn rear-guard estates could be seen.

It was getting on toward eleven o'clock of a fine Sunday morning as we passed close by Kings Point, a spur at the western end of the broad peninsula of Great Neck, and the boating boom started to manifest itself again. Ahead of us, the horizon from Larchmont, on the mainland side, to the mouth of Hempstead Harbor, on the Long Island side, was becoming uniformly dotted with white sails, and all around us, in the mile and a quarter of water between Great Neck and City Island, a steady stream of powerboats churned eastward down the Sound for the day, their motors roaring, their bows hiked way up in the air, their owners proudly watching the fans of spray curve off to either side. The insouciance of these boats and their skippers brought to mind an item I had clipped from the *Times'* boating page



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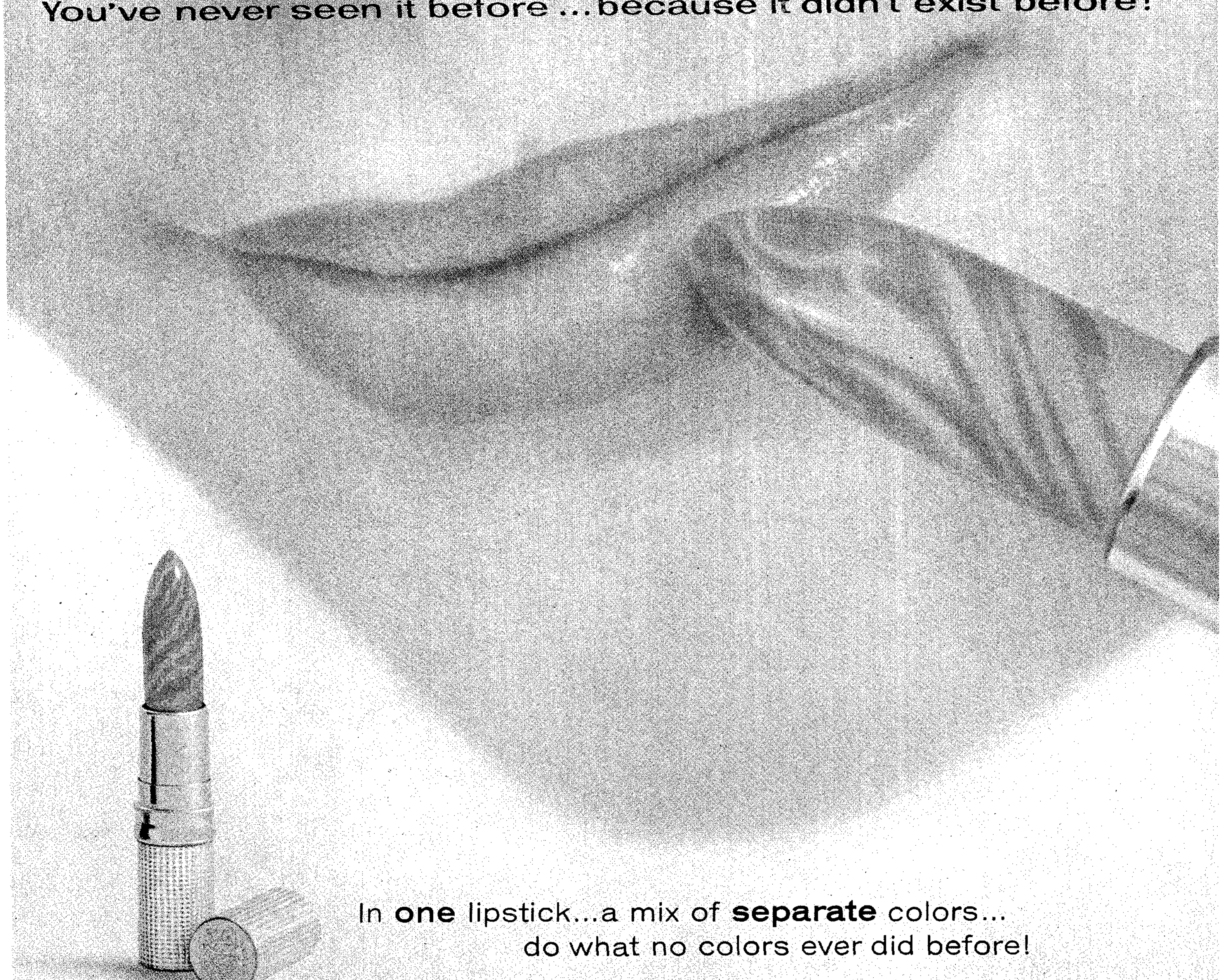

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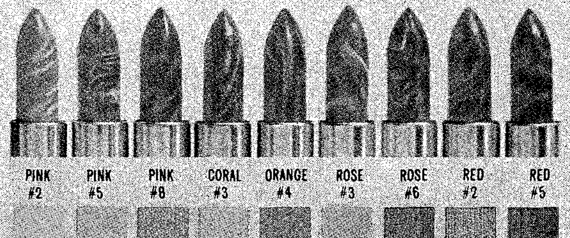

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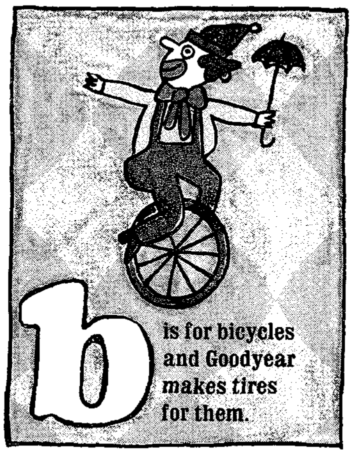
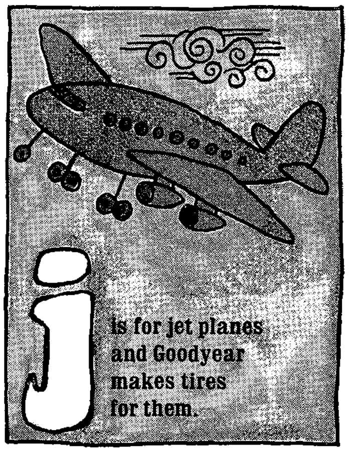

b is for bicycles and Goodyear makes tires for them.

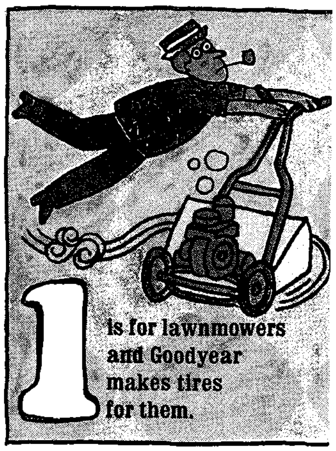
c is for carriages and Goodyear makes tires for them.

d is for dumptrucks and Goodyear makes tires for them.

i is for industrial equipment and Goodyear makes industrial tires.

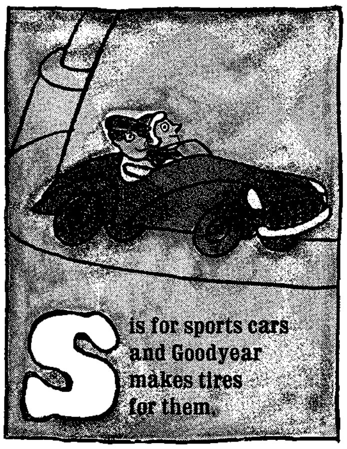

j is for jet planes and Goodyear makes tires for them.

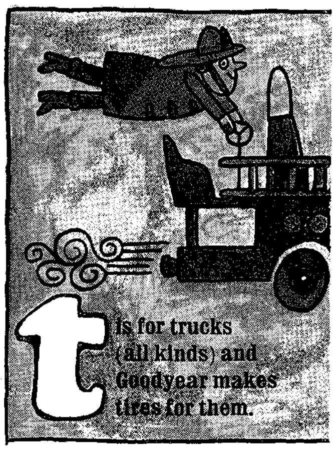
k is for karts and Goodyear makes tires for them.

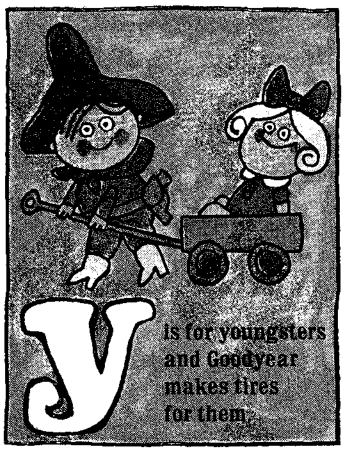

l is for lawnmowers and Goodyear makes tires for them.

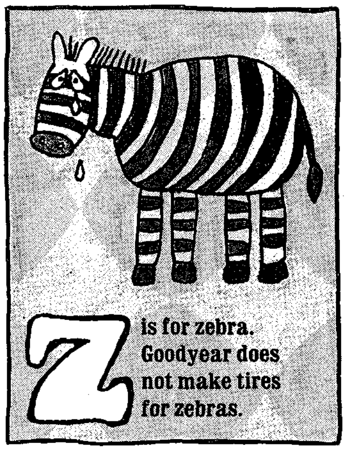
q is for quote. "More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind."

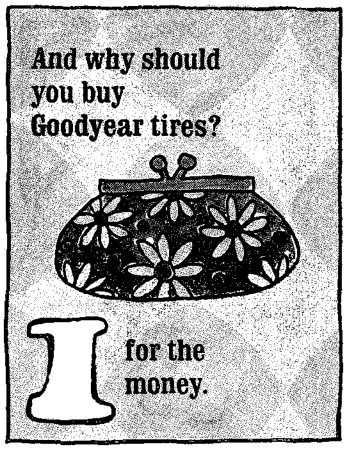
r is for racers and Goodyear makes tires for them.


s is for sports cars and Goodyear makes tires for them.


t is for trucks (all kinds) and Goodyear makes tires for them.


y is for youngsters and Goodyear makes tires for them.


z is for zebra. Goodyear does not make tires for zebras.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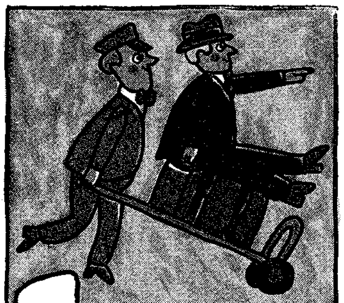
1 for the money.

2 for the road.

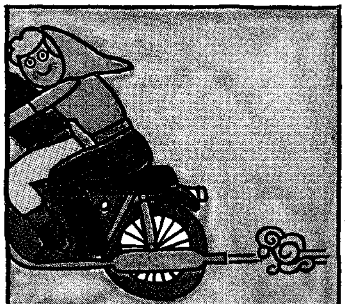
e is for earth-movers and Goodyear makes tires for them.

f is for farmers and Goodyear makes tires for them.

g is for golf cars and Goodyear makes tires for them.



h is for hand carts and Goodyear makes tires for them.

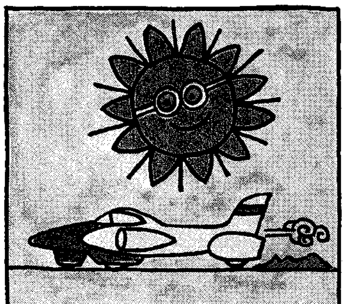


m is for motorcycles and Goodyear makes tires for them.

n is for nowhere. The place you get to, without Goodyear tires.

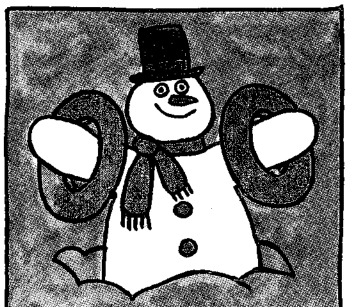
o is for older cars and Goodyear makes tires for them.

p is for police cars and Goodyear makes tires for them.



u is for Utah Salt Flats. Goodyear tires broke land speed record here.

v is for vans and Goodyear makes tires for them.



w is for winter and Goodyear makes tires to get you through.

x is for xylophones and Goodyear even makes tires for them.

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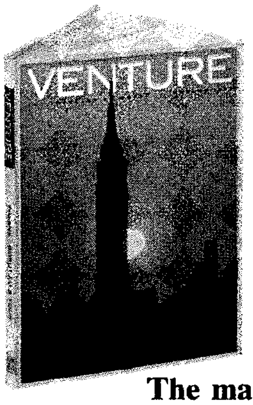

The many sides of travel

VENTURE . . . The Traveler's World. Published by Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc.

earlier in the season, about how many boats come to grief around here. In these waters stands Stepping Stones Light Station, a bright-red Victorian building perched on a rock halfway between City Island and Elm Point, in Great Neck, and southeast of it for quite some distance stretches a shoal, in which there are a number of smaller rocks, marked by buoys and also clearly shown on the Coast and Geodetic Survey charts. Powerboaters, however, usually come to the water not as mariners but as converted Sunday drivers, and instead of buying and using proper charts, many of them rely on little gasoline-company charts (which carry an express warning that they are not detailed enough for navigational purposes), a few consult the little sketch maps in railroad timetables, and some merely search the waters ahead of them with their eyes. The *Times* reported that each summer, as a result, between seventy-five and a hundred boats—nearly all of them powerboats—grind onto the shallows or crunch upon the rocks of the Stepping Stones, and either sink on the spot or limp away.

Powerboating can be an elegantly executed sport, of course, but much of its recent growth has had little to do with either sport or elegance. John Scott-Paine, a lean, good-looking young man who runs Stamford Yacht Haven, had told me that in his opinion the growth of powerboating in the last few years has had very little to do with a love of the water. Many boatowners, he said, find merely owning their boats and showing them to friends preferable to using them on the Sound. If I wanted to see this phenomenon in full bloom, he added, I should by all means visit Club Capri, a marina in Manhasset Bay, which is the body of water on the eastern side of Great Neck. Now, with this in mind, we rounded Hewlett Point, on Great Neck, and headed into Manhasset Bay, which is about three miles long and rather narrow and winding, and which at first glance we thought fairly undeveloped, for there was nothing in sight but occasional large houses scattered along a wooded sandy shore. When we pushed a little farther down it, however, we could see, beyond a sandspit on our left, a wider part of the bay, where Manorhaven and Port Washington squat down by the water, and where, from a distance, marinas and fleets of moored boats conveyed the impression of a classic busy harbor. From far off the sight gladdened us, but then we came upon something that warned us not to expect this port to be classic. The

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something was a small barge with a store on it—it looked like a houseboat—moored in the middle of the harbor; colored pennants flapped from halyards running to the top of a short mast, the doors were beach-house jalousies, and signs above the cabin proclaimed the vessel to be Capn's Galley. Two powerboats were tied up alongside and their occupants were ordering snacks or lunch. We dropped sail, motored up, and hove a line to an attendant, who, in return, handed us a menu offering soft drinks, sandwiches, French fries, shrimp, a "He-Man's Fried Seafood Plate," and ice cream. We bought some ice cream and shoved off. A short distance farther on was a second and somewhat larger float, whose sign read, "Gulf Marine Service Station." It had gasoline and diesel-oil pumps on deck, and here, too, a couple of boats were tied up alongside while their wants were attended to. We motored on toward shore, where two marinas and a yacht club made a splendid clutter of docks and boats. As we came closer, a sign on one of the marinas identified it as the Club Capri. We pulled up at its outermost dock, and a dockmaster assigned us to a space where we could lie tied up for several hours.

The Capri is laid out with one wide central pier, which extends straight out from the land, and from which a number of large crossarms branch off. Along each crossarm are enough slips to berth dozens of boats. Either to help the boatowners find their way or simply to contribute to the décor, the crossarms have street signs, bearing such names as Bahama East and Bahama West, Tahiti East and Tahiti West. At the landward end of the central pier is a small white fake lighthouse; this is the head dockmaster's office and the control center for a public-address system over which people can be summoned from their boats to take phone calls or meet friends. As we stood on the pier staring at all this in some astonishment, a gay little awning-topped electric surrey trundled past us, carrying two women and a heap of luggage to a large diesel yacht; at the Capri, evidently, one need not manhandle one's stores aboard.

The boats in the slips at the Capri ran the gamut from plain (very few), through middling fancy (very many), to splendid (a good sprinkling). Nearly all were power cruisers, the chief exceptions being a few sailboats, a two-story houseboat with geraniums growing in window boxes, and a hydrofoil passenger boat, the Albatross, which carries commuters from the Capri to Wall Street every weekday morning. All in

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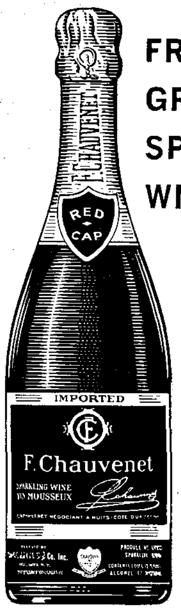

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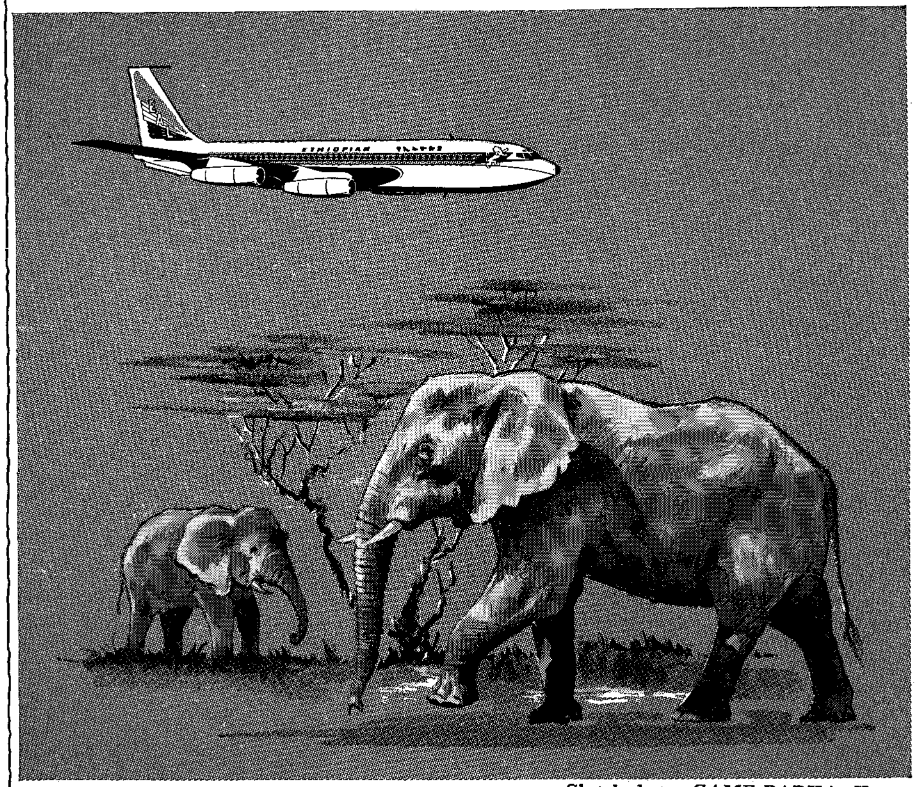
all, the Capri had a collection of vessels quite different from what we had seen in any harbor we had visited thus far. And the people were even less typical as examples of boatowners and mariners. A few were wearing nautical clothing—denims, T shirts, canvas caps, and rubber-soled deck shoes—but the majority were dressed more in country-club or seashore-resort style, the women got up in toreador pants and silk blouses, with full makeup and teased hairdos, and tripping along on spike heels that occasionally got caught between the planks of the pier, and the men resplendent in flowered sports shirts and Bermuda shorts.

The three of us went exploring, to see what else we could see. Near the shore end of the central pier was Barge Inn, which had gone to sleep an old sand barge and awakened to find itself a small restaurant with a dance floor. Across the pier from it was a store in which the Capri mariner could buy charming but not waterproof foul-weather clothing, red carpets lettered "Welcome Aboard," and similar nautical equipment. On the shore, a palisade enclosed a large free-form swimming pool ringed with tables and chairs; at one side was a pink building with showers and dressing rooms inside it and a stage and dance floor outside it. A sizable complement of children swam in the pool while their mothers watched and gossiped.

Seated at one of the tables, in the shade of a tree, was the manager of the marina, a motherly, blondish woman in a flowered dress named Mrs. Alice Weitemeyer. The Capri, she told us, was greatly enlarged and modernized six years ago, and could now accommodate two hundred and thirty-two vessels, nine-tenths of them powerboats. "We have a lovely group here," she said. "They're very social. They like dances and parties and charcoal cooking on shore. As you can hear, we pipe hi-fi into the pool area all day, but Saturday nights we have a live combo here, and a buffet party. At midnight, the combo moves into the Barge Inn, and the livelier folks keep going till two or three o'clock. Most of our people are from New York, Great Neck, or Port Washington, but we also get transients in here from all over. Some of our boats travel down to Florida in the winter, but most of our people stick close to home. In fact, quite a few of them don't leave their slips very often. They just enjoy being right here." We thanked her, and resumed our walk around the docks.

After a while, the three of us split



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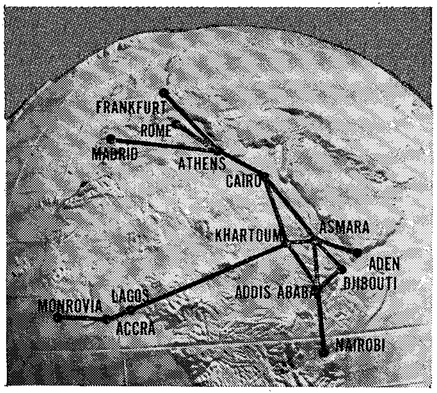

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up for a couple of hours. I looked things over and struck up conversations with Capri clients; most boatowners—even those who are customarily churlish on land—are congenial and talkative around their boats, and these boatowners, I found, were no exception. Some of them invited me on board, and I saw a variety of interiors, all a good deal roomier and more mechanized and electrified than anything you'd find in a sailboat like Merrywend. Many of the power cruisers, I noticed, tended toward land-based décor, including bric-a-brac, ashtrays on the tables, and television sets. I asked one man how all these things stayed put in a boat, and he reminded me that a powerboat does not heel over; moreover, he said, when a storm is coming, most powerboaters run for shelter, and since they have a speed of fifteen or twenty knots, they can usually get off the Sound before the storm catches them.

One boat that seemed particularly comfortable was an immaculate sixty-six-foot white-and-chromium Chris-Craft Constellation, built in 1961. A husky, pink-faced man in his forties, wearing shorts and a T shirt, was loafing on the rear deck, and when I introduced myself and asked if I might look at his boat, he said he would be delighted to show me around. The boat, he told me, had everything that he and his wife—who was sunning herself on the foredeck—could want; it was a real floating home. The saloon, which he showed me first, was carpeted in gold from wall to wall and had gold-and-beige-upholstered furniture; there was also a television set, a cocktail table, a liquor cabinet, and a gateleg dining table. The master stateroom, forward, was also carpeted in gold; it had twin beds (not bunks), a vanity, a chest of drawers, two large closets, two electric heaters, and a bathroom with a stall shower, and, in fact, was indistinguishable from a room in one of the better motels. The wheelhouse, aft of and above the saloon, was a marvel of chrome handles, buttons, and dials; from this vantage point the skipper could operate twin engines totalling five hundred and fifty horsepower, with which he could cruise comfortably at twenty knots or achieve a top speed of about twenty-five. Cruising in such a boat burns up twenty-five gallons of gasoline an hour, my host observed, and I could see why marina owners tend to prefer powerboaters to sailboaters, for when a boatowner like my host comes in after a five-hour day on the water, he buys anywhere from forty-five to sixty dollars' worth of gasoline, while a

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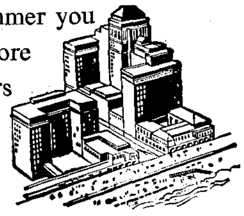

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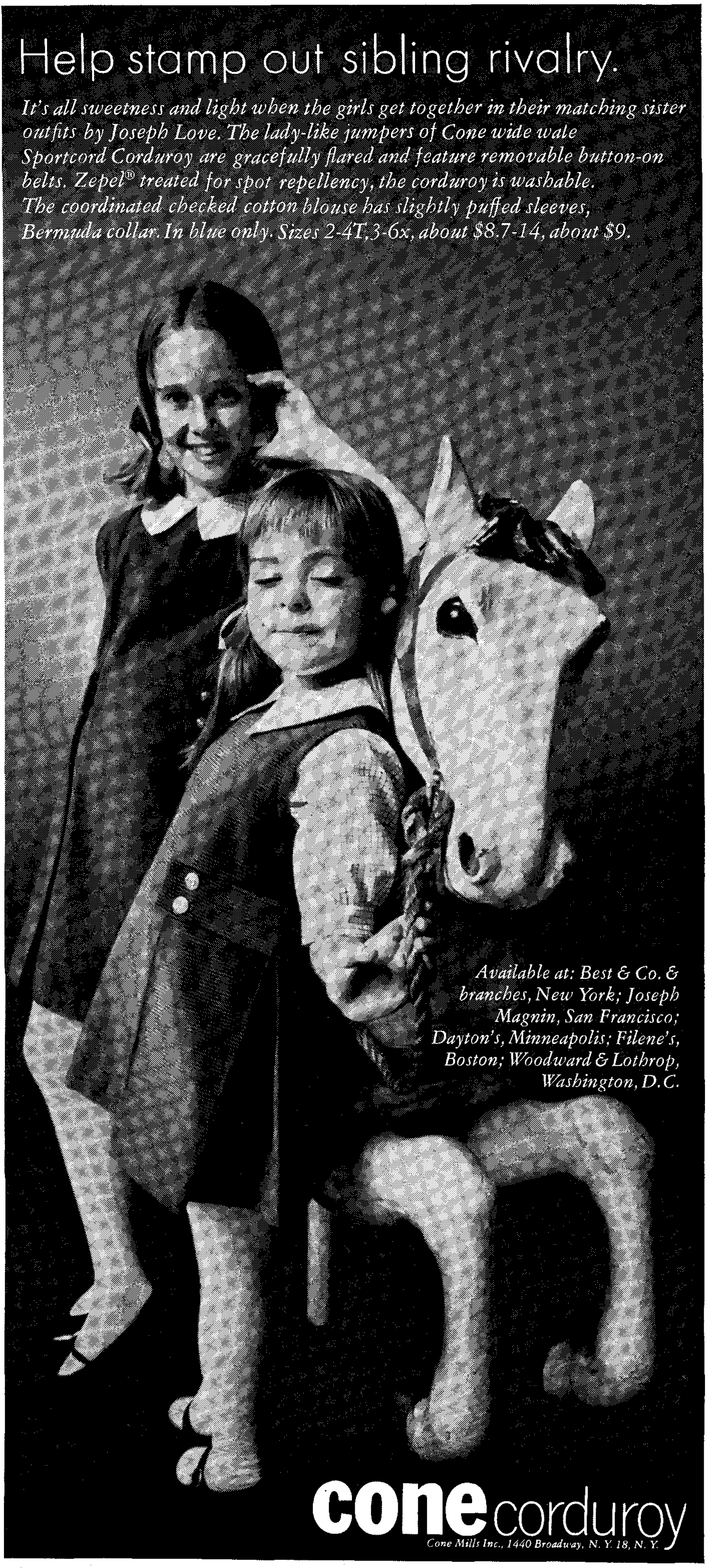
sailboat skipper buys none, or perhaps a dollar's worth. "It's expensive," my host said, sinking down into a club chair in the saloon. "But I like to get somewhere. I started out with a small sailboat eight years ago, and switched to power almost at once. This is my fourth boat. Each one has been larger and faster than the last one, but this is also the most comfortable. It's a real home for us away from our apartment. We live in Cryder House, next to the Throgs Neck Bridge, but all summer long we like to run down here in the evenings and sit on deck and smoke and talk to our neighbors, or watch television. We take her out on weekends. On a typical Saturday, we might run out along the Long Island side to Huntington Bay, then cross over to Connecticut and come back to Greenwich in time to have lunch at Greenwich Harbor Inn and visit with people we know there. Then, in the afternoon, we might spend a couple hours cruising up or down along the Connecticut side, and then cut across to Cold Spring Harbor and dress up to have dinner at the Mooring. Then back here in the evening. We use the boat primarily as a means of transportation to different eating places, although sometimes on a weekend we'll go a few hours away and stay overnight in another marina. Sailboat people are completely different. They're more sea-going and sea-thinking; they're not home-away-from-home people. I've never yet seen a sailboat type come down in the late afternoon, as I often do, just to sit on deck and talk. A powerboat owner—" He was interrupted by the ringing of a telephone on the cocktail table—not a ship-to-shore phone but an ordinary, land-based instrument. He answered, and called his wife to the phone, and then he and I went on deck. "That's my daughter, calling from camp," he said. "I like having a phone handy here. I have a line running out to my slip and a jack-plug arrangement, so that when I'm tied up here, I can plug in the phone and anyone can reach me, same as if I were at home."

Shortly after leaving the powerboat, I ran into a sailing acquaintance I'll call Myron Collins. I had met Collins in a little Connecticut harbor early in the summer, and since he is a rabid sailboat type, I was surprised to see him here. He invited me aboard his boat for a cold beer, and explained that he berths it in the Capri for convenience, even though the marina is a strange place for a true lover of boating. "It's full of kids, dogs, organized play groups, dances, and barbecues," he said. "Also, there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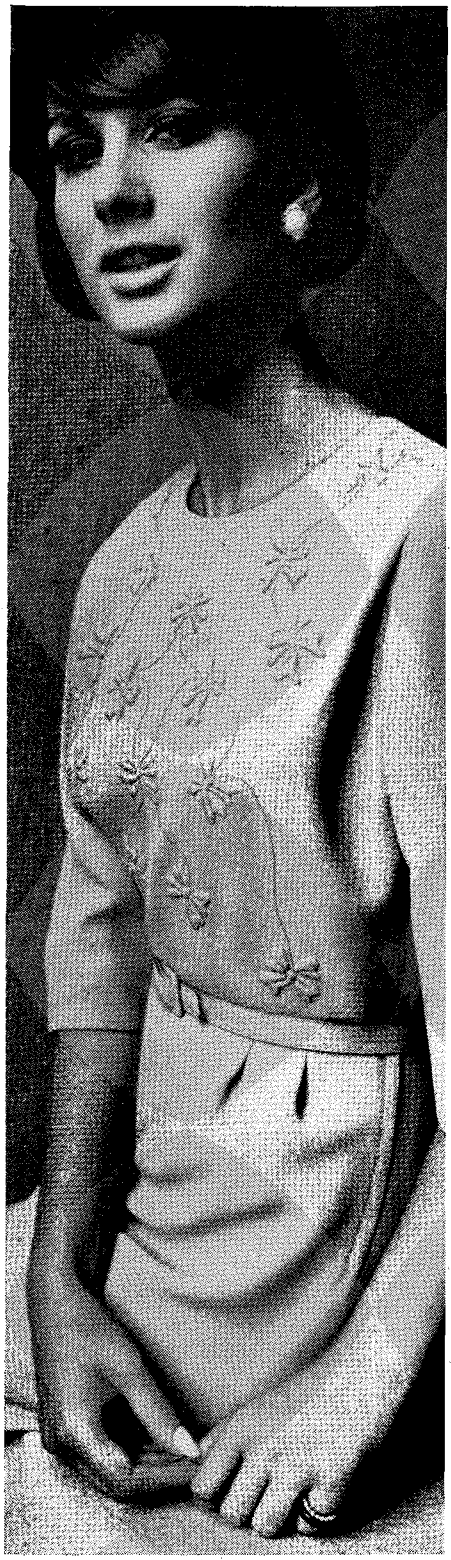
are always some real swinging boats, where they go for guitar playing and singing and drinking. Or so I hear. But mostly this is a family sort of place. It's partly suburbia, partly a night club, and partly a wet country club. What it *isn't* is a yacht club. These people think of their boats as summer homes. Hell, I knew one fellow—an engineer—who had a thirty-five-foot power cruiser here two years ago and kept her tied down all summer. He'd run up the engines once in a while, and he even went out into the bay a couple of times, but he didn't try to go out on the Sound until the end of the summer, and then, when he got to the mouth of the bay, he saw a few whitecaps outside, so he came right back. As for the women around here, most of them love sitting on deck in nice clothes and looking chic, but they hate to go out, especially if there's any kind of a little chop."

I asked Collins why he himself wasn't out sailing today.

"On a sunny Sunday afternoon like this, you can't really sail anywhere within a couple hours of here," he said. "The water gets all torn up by the powerboats. You have to leave very early to get far enough away, and I couldn't do that today. Sometimes it makes me sad. I think maybe ours is the last generation that will be able to sail close to New York City."

When we left the Capri, around three-thirty, we found all of Manhasset Bay and the Sound outside it in a turmoil worse than anything we had felt yesterday off City Island. The boat wallowed and staggered along in a most disagreeable way, yet hundreds upon hundreds of sailboat men were making the best of it, and the horizon over toward Larchmont once again seemed to be made up of innumerable sails touching or overlapping. Just how many boats are based on the Sound nowadays is not certain, but the Coast Guard puts the summertime total, including small craft, at about two hundred thousand. This represents a tremendous increase in the past dozen years, and as a consequence of it the mores of cruising are undergoing necessary revisions. A decade ago, when I first sailed on the Sound, it was the usual practice to drop one's garbage overboard as soon as the boat was well offshore. Today, with such hordes of people on the water, even the hundred-mile-long Sound would become a littered mess if everyone did that, and the Coast Guard has been repeatedly warning one and all that it is a federal offense to throw garbage or other trash anywhere in United States territorial



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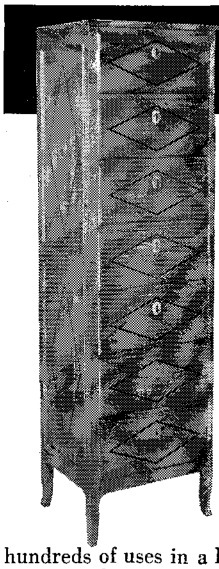

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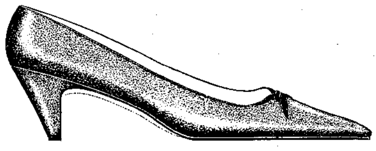

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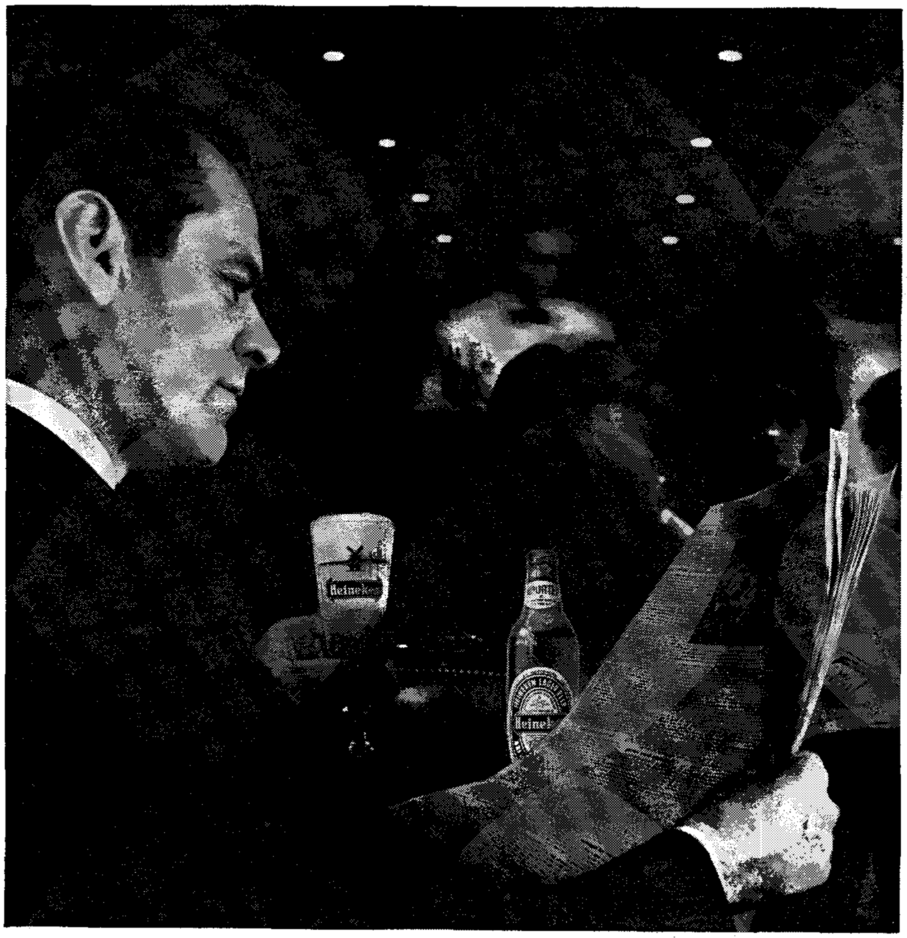
waters. Even so, the western end of the Sound is strewn at the close of each summer weekend with paper cups, floating beer cans, paper plates, melon rinds, and an indeterminate jetsam that is sometimes collected by eddying currents into streaks and patches of muddy scum. A brisk wind will charitably hide it, making the surface of the water look fresh and clean, but when the wind dies, it reappears. Swimming off one's boat is no longer a simple matter; one must search carefully for clean water.

The torn-up surface, combined with a failing wind, made the motion of our boat so inefficient that we started our motor off Sands Point without dropping sail. In this fashion, we ambled along for the next fifteen miles and three hours, passing Manhasset Neck, crossing the wide mouth of Hempstead Harbor, and paralleling Glen Cove, Matinicock Point, and, farther on, a gently curving shoreline of lawns, woods, and scattered houses, which extended to Rocky Point, on the near side of the mouth of Oyster Bay.

Oyster Bay and Cold Spring Harbor, its continuation, together form a narrow, carrot-shaped body of water reaching four and a half miles into Long Island. About a third of the way from the mouth of Oyster Bay to the inner end of Cold Spring Harbor, a passage bears off to the west, widens out, and winds around to the right like a fat snail. The first half of this snail is called Oyster Bay Harbor, and it affords excellent shelter and fairly navigable water; at its outer end is the very posh and exclusive Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, and at its inner end is the busy little port of Oyster Bay, accommodating a fleet of pleasure craft, a flotilla of oyster dredges, and a fair-sized shipyard. The shoreline on both sides of the curving length of Oyster Bay Harbor consists of low-lying green-clad hills; scattered houses appear through the trees, and the town of Oyster Bay is a picture-postcard assemblage of roofs, chimneys, and spires. We hastened past all this, for our objective was the second half of the snail—a landlocked basin around to the right, behind a peninsula inaccurately called Centre Island. On my charts, the basin, which is about two miles long and a mile wide, has no name of its own, but local people often call it Morris Cove. It is entered from the south; on the other three sides it is enclosed by land, though the northern boundary is only a low, scrubby sandspit, on the other side of which is Long Island Sound.

To get into Morris Cove was a fair



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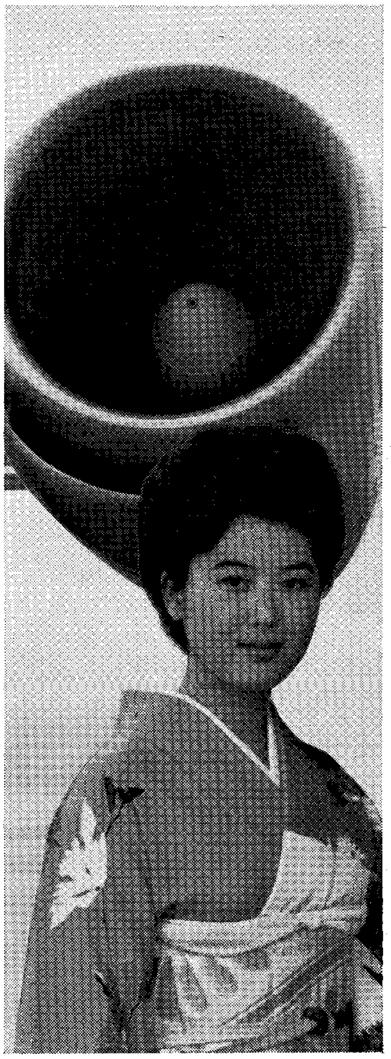

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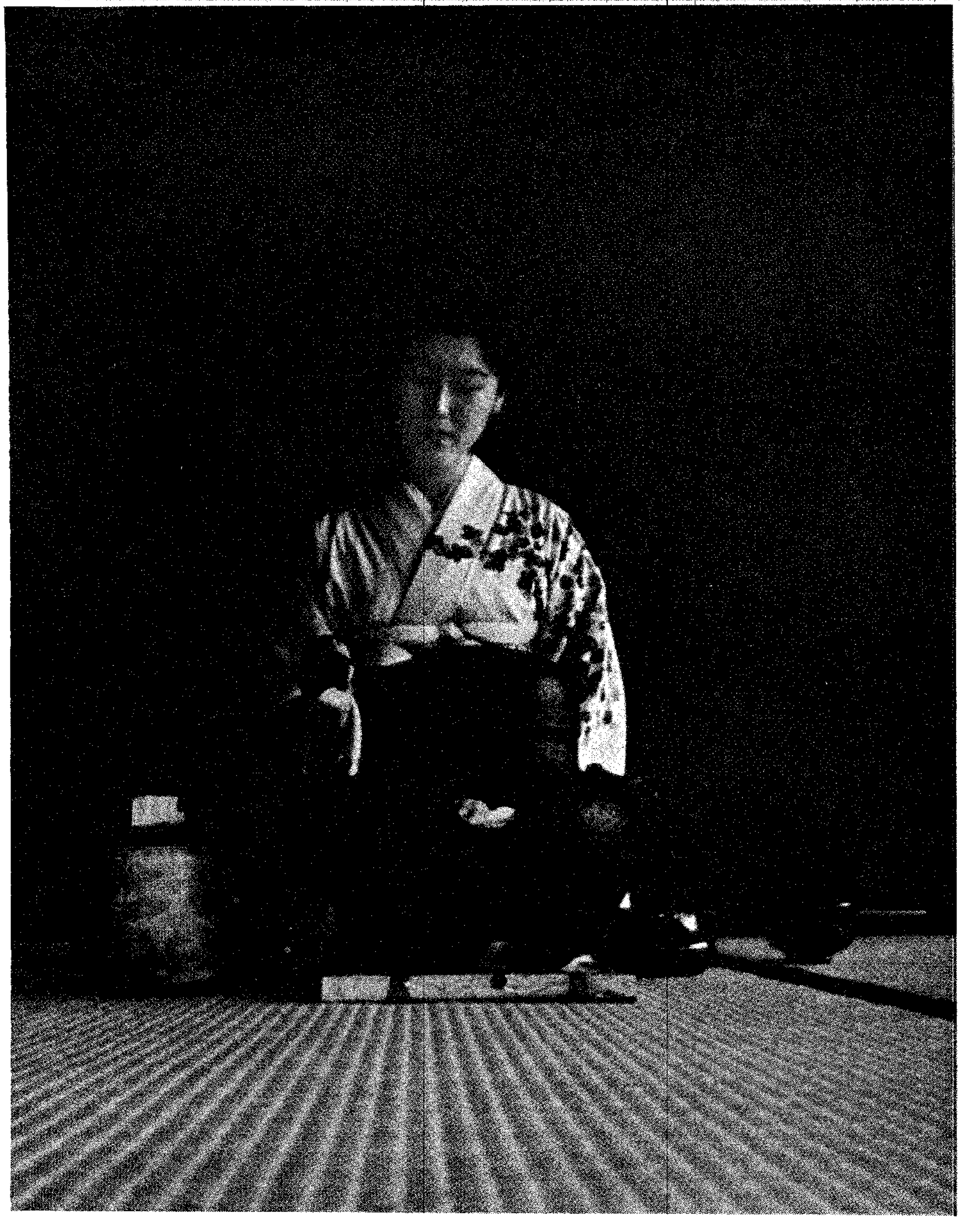
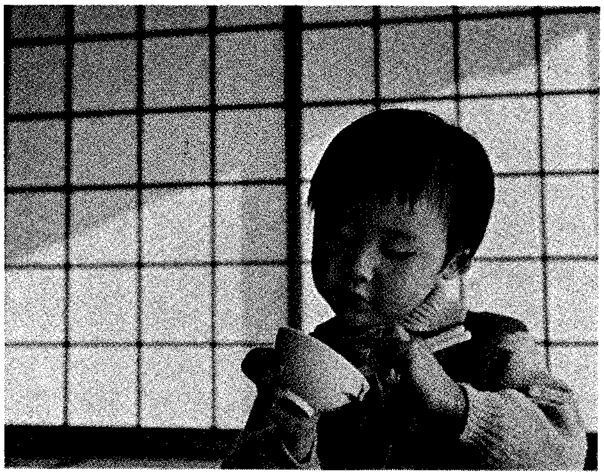


JAL hostess Tamae Nagashima practices the tea ceremony (left). This classic discipline reveals the pleasure and serenity derived from an act of hospitality performed perfectly... Lessons in manners begin early (below). By her fourth birthday every Japanese young lady is gracefully adept with hashi *chopsticks. Your JAL hostess can teach you how to use* hashi *as she serves you Japanese delicacies.*



To clean a kimono, Tamae unstitches it completely (left). She launders and dries the silken fabric, then sews it together into the original garment (above). This painstaking performance of an ordinary task—and the tableau of beauty it always creates—are characteristic of the Japanese way of life. They are also yours to experience on your Jet Courier flight, and throughout the cordial "household" of Japan Air Lines.

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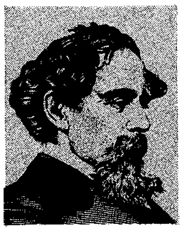

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amount of bother, involving a five-mile trip from the mouth of Oyster Bay, but the Cove proved worth it, simply by way of contrast to the Capri. Here we were amazingly apart from everything improved, civilized, comfortable, and crowded. Almost all around the oval basin is a wooded shoreline, with occasional stretches of lawn and a large house or two. We dropped anchor on the eastern side, near Centre Island—a hundred yards from a stretch of this kind of shoreline. The nearest house was about a third of a mile away; half a mile to the north were two powerboats at anchor, and to the west, a mile away across the water, were five empty sand barges and a floating dredge. Otherwise, the whole broad basin of water was ours, and it probably looked not very different from the way it did before white men ever set foot on Long Island.

It was nearly twilight, and somewhat cloudy, when we dropped anchor, and the air was cooling rapidly. We put on sweaters and jackets, checked our position against shore points to make sure that the anchor was holding firmly, and then relaxed and rejoiced in our solitude, our independence of the shore, and our freedom from telephones, public-address systems, traffic, and organized pleasure. Al and Geoffrey lit the alcohol stove after a while and began cooking. Dinner, which we ate on deck as the light began to fade, consisted of spaghetti *al dente* with meat sauce out of a can, sliced tomatoes with bottled Italian dressing, Bardolino Bolla in plastic coffee cups, and an assortment of cookies, with instant coffee. No meal anywhere has ever tasted better to me. We sat for a long time in the growing dark; at last I roused myself, boiled water, and washed the dishes, and then lay down on my bunk and fell asleep fully clothed, hearing as though from a great distance the voices of my two shipmates discussing the technique of using the Tide Tables and Tidal Current Tables in planning tomorrow's trip.

A clap of thunder woke me with a start. Al and Geoffrey were peering up the companionway into blackness, the boat was bobbing and plunging, and the wind was making our rigging sing. With hardly a word to each other, we scrambled above to see whether our anchor line was secure and to study the few lights on shore in order to make certain that our anchor was not dragging. The wind was driving straight across Morris Cove toward us, and the waves it whipped up made Merrywend

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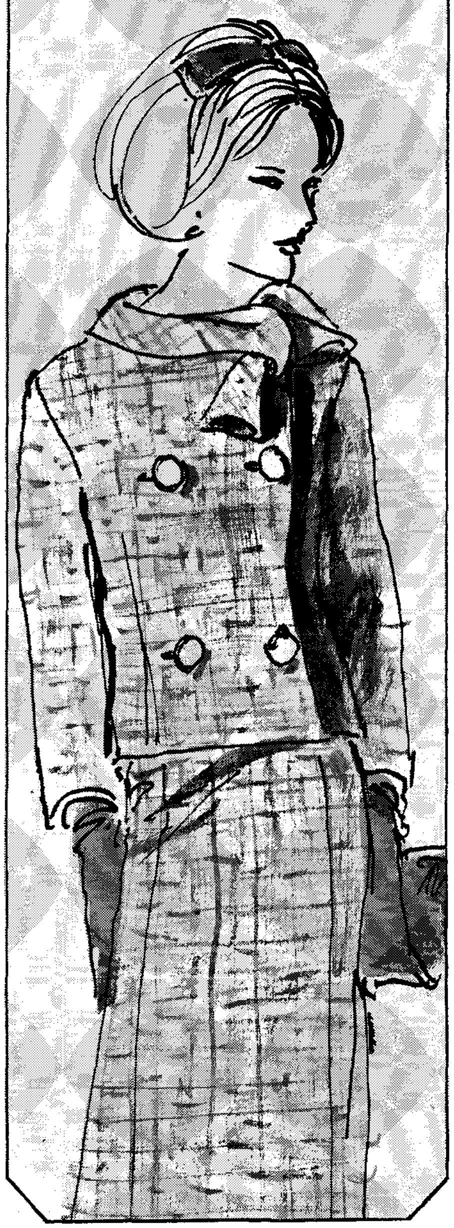

pitch and also swing about from side to side; her wheel even spun over by itself a couple of times in ghostly fashion, responding to pressure on the rudder below. Lightning flared overhead almost continuously—now in bright, jagged streaks, now in broad, pale sheets behind the clouds, and now in quick, darting flickers, like the tongue of a snake—and the thunder crashed and boomed almost without pause. Then, at last, came the rain, lashing across the surface of the water and stinging our faces; we hastily tumbled below, and stood in the cabin looking out as the boat heaved and swung around desperately, saved from destruction only by one twenty-eight-pound anchor dug into the mud on the bottom and fifty feet of good seven-eighths-inch nylon rope. But with these Merrywend was as safe as any boat on Long Island Sound, and more comfortable by far than any of the boats tied up in places like the Capri, which must have been bounding and bumping in their confined slips.

The rain stopped after half an hour, and we went out on deck again to watch the storm as it slowly withdrew to the southeast. The air was fresh and winy. Shivering pleasantly, we stood on deck and sipped a bit of brandy to warm ourselves, and then, when the storm had finally disappeared altogether and the bright stars had begun to appear, we went below for the night.

—MORTON M. HUNT

(This is the first of a series of three articles.)

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Observers are anxiously looking forward to seeing how much Carl [Carlton Willey] improves this season, pitching in Shea Stadium where the home-run targets are not as inviting down the foul lines as they were at the Polo Grounds. —*Mets scorecard.*

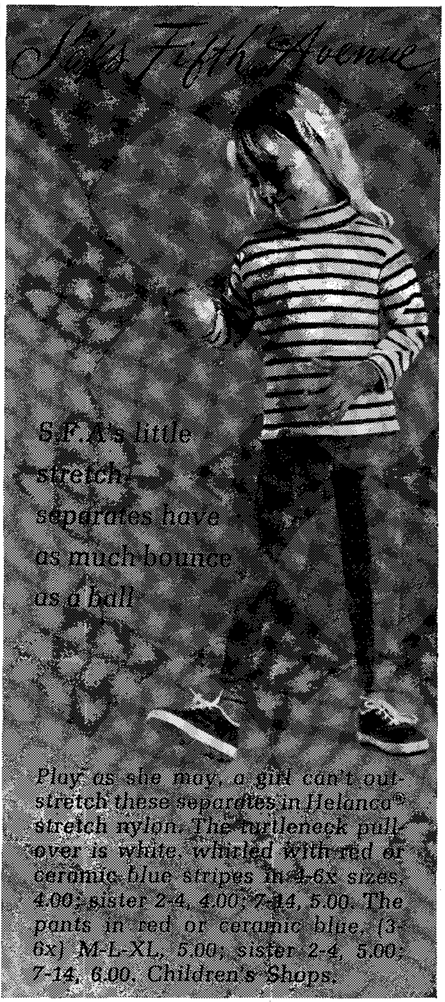
Observers are anxiously looking forward to seeing how much Al [Alvin Jackson] improves this season, pitching in Shea Stadium where the home-run targets are not as inviting down the foul lines as they were at the Polo Grounds. —*Another Mets scorecard.*

This observer is anxiously looking forward to the next scorecard.

•

FLORENCE, ITALY. (AP) — Quote of the day: Elizabeth Mann, daughter of the late novelist Thomas Mann, says after traveling 18,000 miles in India to study elephants that she believes they are intelligent enough to learn typing in six months, and adds, "Naturally, the keys of the typewriter would have to be drastically modified."—*St. Thomas (Virgin Islands) Daily News.*

These pesky afterthoughts!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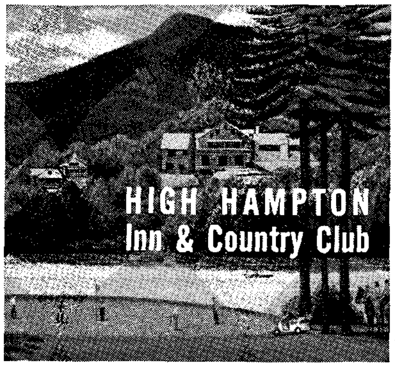
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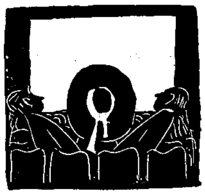
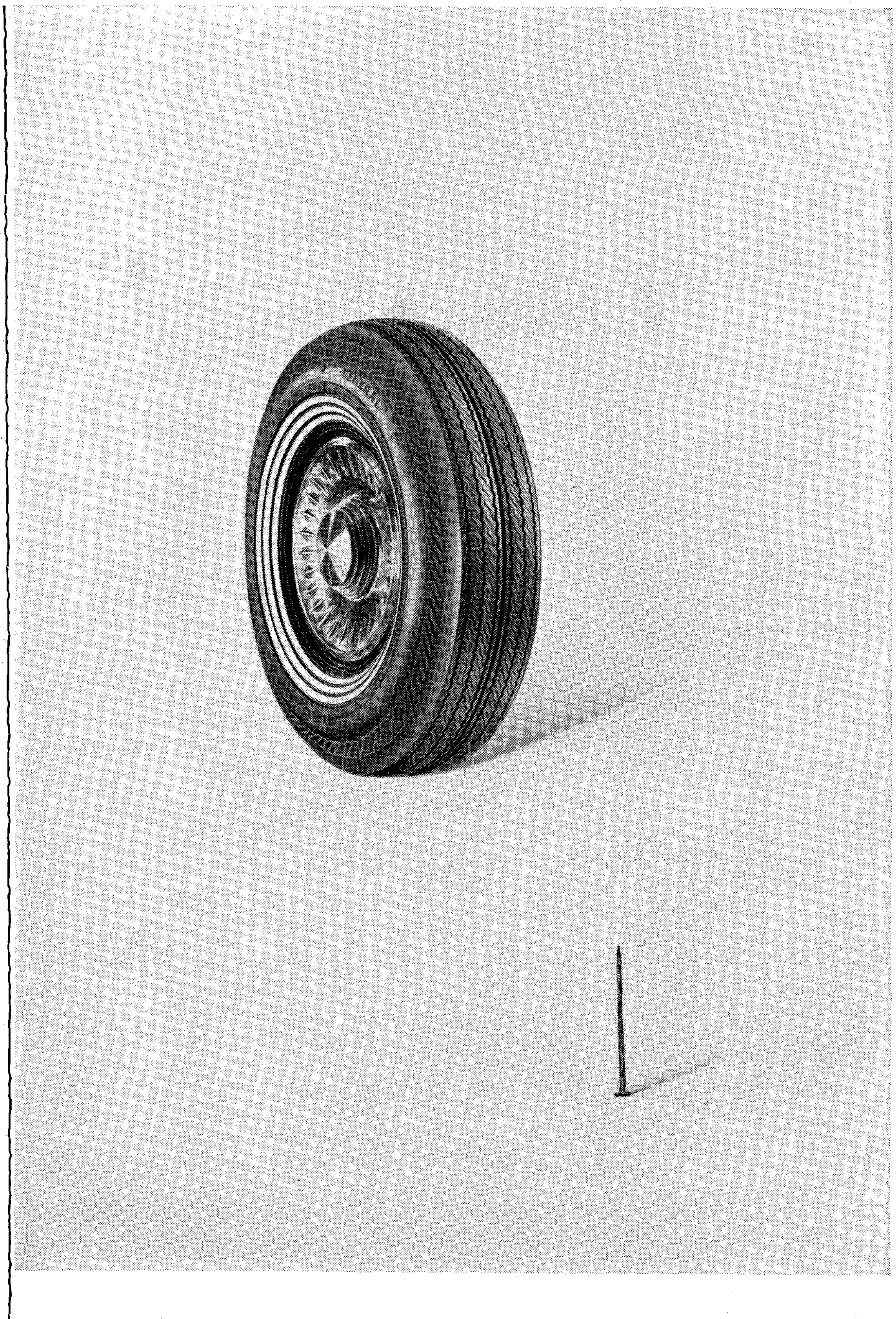
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Old Sod



FOR generations, Ireland was a country recklessly dedicated to chastity, poverty, and obedience, and life there can't have been easy for boys and girls who suffered the misfortune not merely of falling in love but of wishing to act upon their love. In the nature of things, the hardship must always have been greater for the bold girls than for the bold boys, and, to judge by a charming and rueful movie called "Girl with Green Eyes," shot in and around Dublin, it still is. In the dwindling second half of the twentieth century, sex appears to have gained a shaky purchase on Patrick's island, but there are priests under every dripping fanlight, and fathers and mothers back of every priest, to say nothing of bedridden grandmothers and athletic landladies in every bedroom and hallway; in a land where kissing out of wedlock is solemnly preached against as a mortal sin, Jansenist theology withindoors and meteorology without continue to do battle against the strongest force of all, leaving many a bruised and bewildered victim behind.

Our girl with green eyes is one of these victims, though Irish culture is by no means the greatest of her enemies. In the usual way of heroines, she is that herself. Poor thing, she has escaped to Dublin out of darkest Wicklow, hoping to take life by storm from behind the counter of a dusty little grocery shop. Being neither very pretty nor very bright—we're invited to observe that she reads Scott Fitzgerald, but we doubt whether she takes him in—she has only the resources of youth and ardor. In her determination to love and be loved, she grows impatient with the lads of her own age and station, all vulgar chatter and clumsy grabbings, and thrusts her attentions upon an attractive middle-aged stranger who is distinguished-looking and, in truth, not without distinction (for he is an author, and in movies and on the stage to have written a book is to be distinguished, as to wear a crown is to be a king). She invites the paragon to tea and, little by little, in an agony of shy persistence, succeeds in seducing him. He has a wife, from whom he is perhaps only temporarily separated; a



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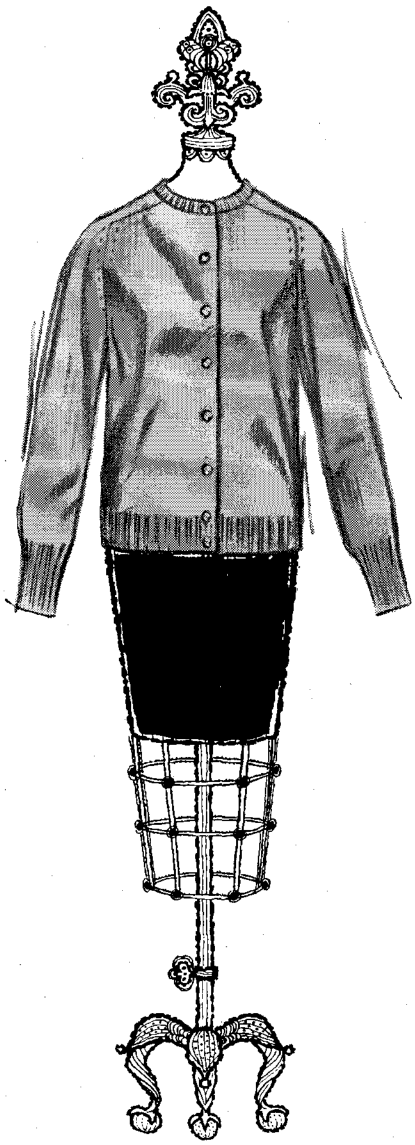

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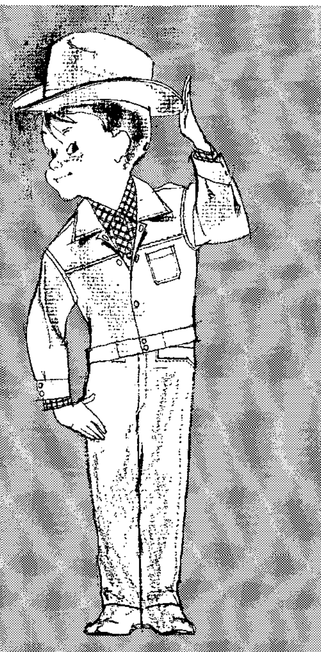
child; friends of the same intellectual stripe; and a career to foster. He dreads to become involved with this passionate, rubbishy creature, yet he does, and the burden of the sad and funny tale of "Girl with Green Eyes" is the working out of their doomed relationship.

Rita Tushingham, who was so ugly-beautiful in the movie version of "A Taste of Honey," is the star of the picture, and one is tempted at first to suppose that it is she alone who brings it off; surely her wry gallantry—the gallantry of the duckling who will never become a swan—is what wins our hearts? But there are other, less obvious reasons for pleasure, most of them having to do with the blessed modesty of the enterprise. This is a very small and familiar story, and needs to be told precisely as Edna O'Brien, in a screenplay taken from her novel "The Lonely Girl," has told it—in a brisk, rather playful tone of voice. Some of the scenes last but a few seconds, wittily telescoping into the scenes that follow them, and they suffice; when the sky darkens toward tragedy, lo! we're granted the boon of a (just possibly) happy ending. Also to be praised are the direction, by Desmond Davis, and the camerawork, by Manny Wynn. Over the picture hovers the lyrical presence of Tony Richardson, who has served as its executive producer. I suspect that it was he who encouraged Mr. Wynn to let his camera rove and dawdle among the streets and shops and pubs and quays of rainy, rivery Dublin.

HOW am I to do honor to the Japanese picture "Harakiri" without doing it injury? I can scarcely urge everyone to go and see it without describing it, and I fear that if I describe it, *nobody* will go; indeed, I may end by simply giving myself the vapors. For the hinge on which the intricate, old-fashioned plot turns is what the title candidly indicates—a study of the act of committing suicide by means of a ritual disembowelment—and in the course of the picture one is called on to witness a couple of prolonged and extremely vivid delineations of this ancient Japanese practice. (The time is the seventeenth century, and the story concerns the life and death of two samurai, father and son-in-law, who have been reduced to poverty by the defeat of their feudal lord.) The fearful deeds of harakiri are every bit as necessary to the plot as the often horrible murders in Shakespeare are, and they're much less sensa-



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serendipity 3

tionally dealt with than, say, killings in a gangster show on TV, but there's no denying their painfulness. Perhaps if I assure you that it's possible to sit through the two suicides with your eyes closed and still not lose the thread of the story, you'll feel inclined to take a chance on "Harakiri;" I hope so, because it's a lofty achievement, which for beauty of settings and composition of individual scenes is the equal of any picture I can think of. It has been faultlessly directed by Masaki Kobayashi, and its star is Tatsuya Nakadai, who has a superb voice and physique, and is as electrifying when he crouches immobile in the courtyard of his enemy's castle as when, in the fierce whirlwind of combat that provides the picture's climax, he scatters his innumerable adversaries with a Fairbanks-like panache.

I HAVE no qualms about recommending the Beatles in "A Hard Day's Night." Though I don't pretend to understand what makes these four rather odd-looking boys so fascinating to so many scores of millions of people, I admit that I feel a certain mindless joy stealing over me as they caper about uttering sounds. An Italian artist I know, a lady of indubitable intelligence, says that the Beatles make her happy in the very same way that butterflies do; she wouldn't be surprised if, in a previous incarnation, the Beatles had *been* butterflies. Alun Owen has contrived a purposely ridiculous screenplay for them, and Richard Lester has directed them with appropriate high spirits, with the result that "A Hard Day's Night" threatens to become one of the most profitable pictures ever made. Its cost has already been almost met by sales of records of the sound track, and something like fifteen hundred prints of it will eventually be in circulation throughout what is known as the civilized world. It is playing in a total of twenty-three theatres in and around New York. John, Paul, George, and Ringo will soon be multimillionaires. Some butterflies.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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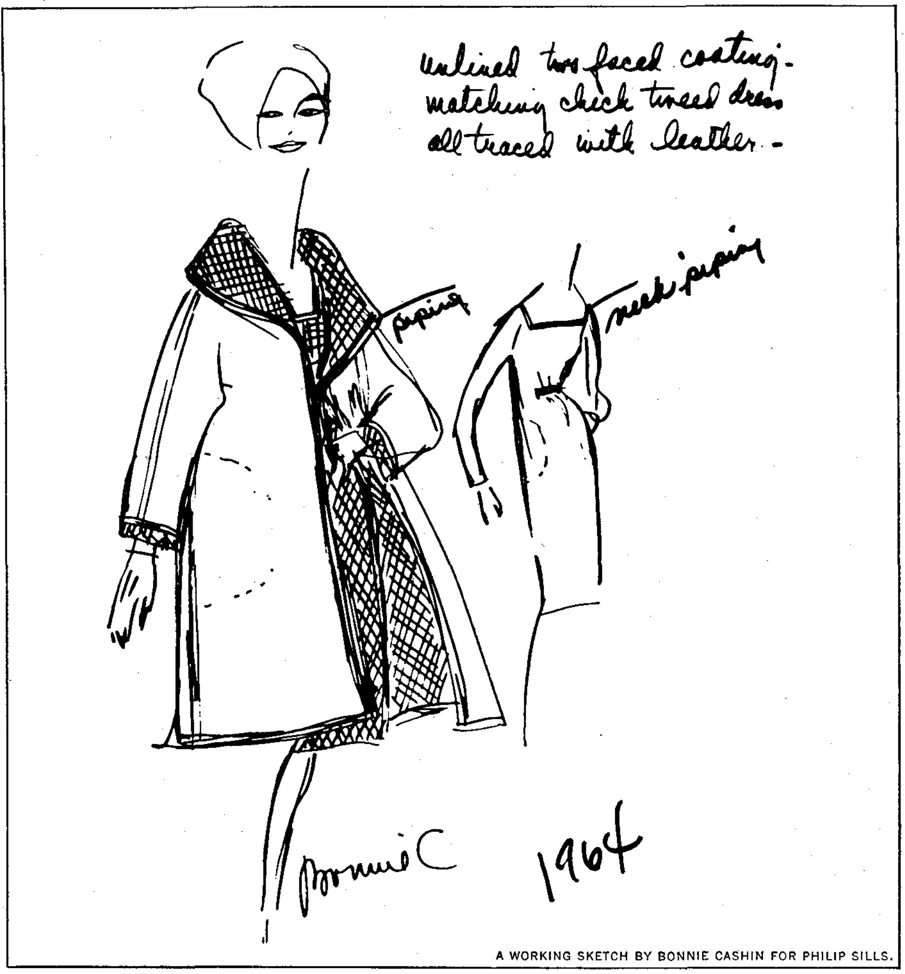
AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, ALL BRANCHES.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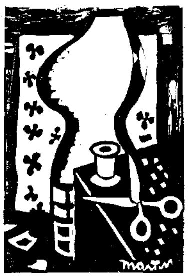
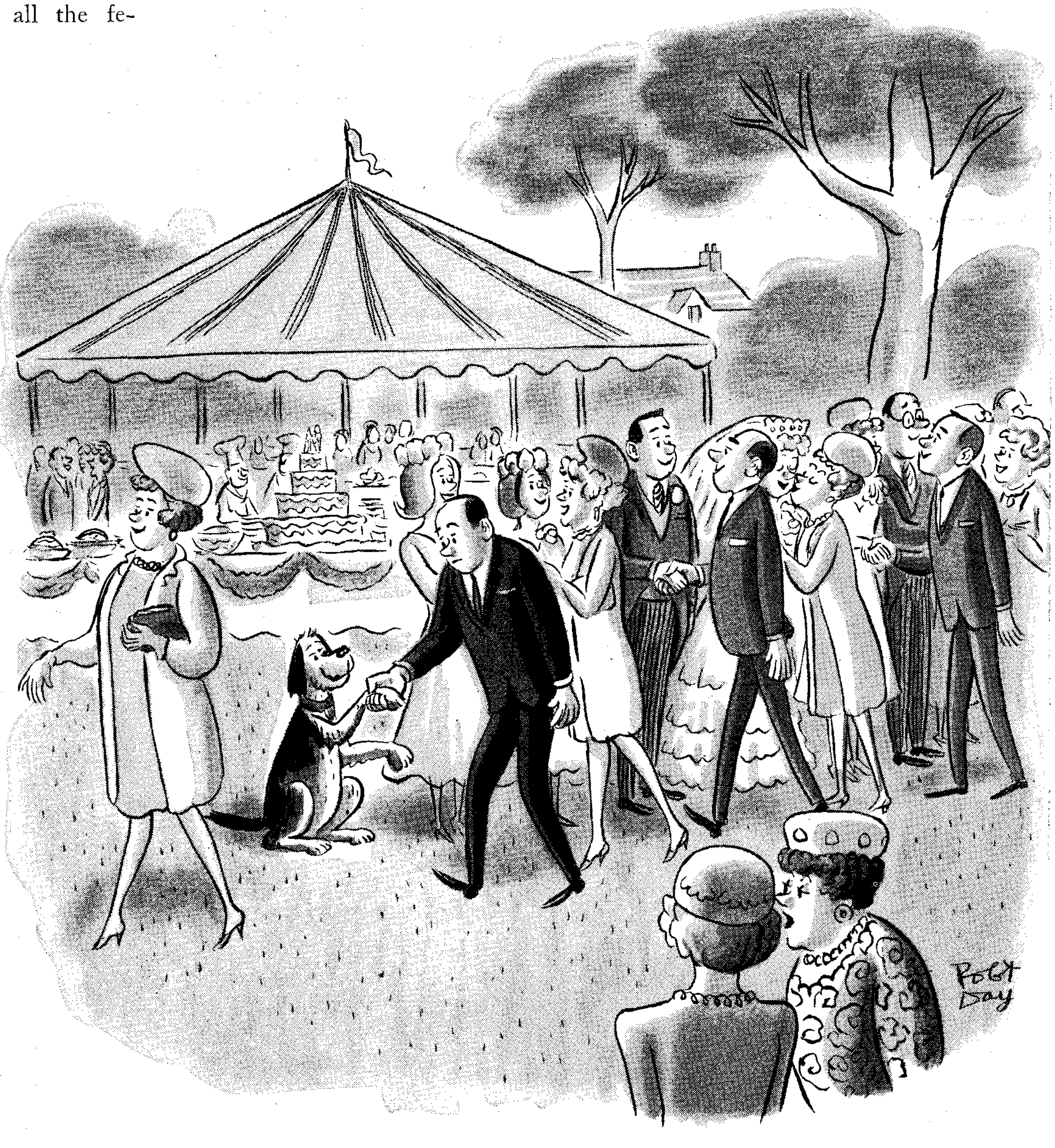
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

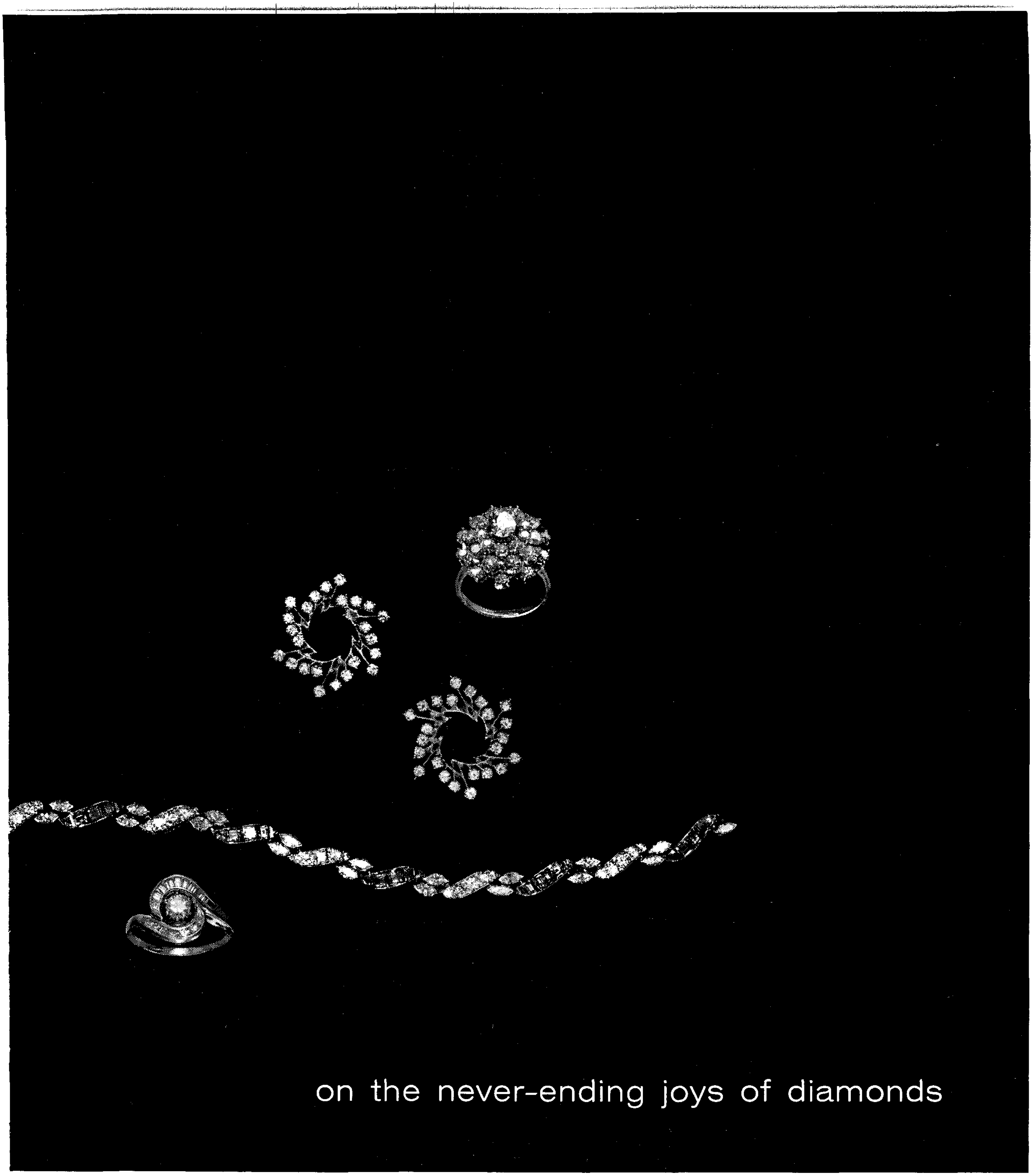


IT is a reasonable guess that a lot of thought goes into the planning of clothes for girls who are on the verge of college, but one cannot always be sure about where that thought will come out. The discovery that Altman's board of strategy wants deerstalker caps to be worn with some of the things in its International College Shop pops questions into minds that have been slightly unsettled by, say, the sort of ersatz stuff we have been using for weather in town this summer. Question: Don't girls go about their campuses thatched for the most part only by hair? Question: Is this a reversion to the years when all the female undergraduates enrolled at Clara Bow State had no interest in life but the stalking of male undergraduate prey? Well, no matter. It is Altman's belief that these caps, which are in the hat department down on the main floor, should be worn with whirlaway capes of three-quarter length—capes of lined camel-hue wool outlined by black braid and bearing a print in which black pine trees and deer are concerned. A lower range of temperatures is provided for by Altman's bulky coats of horizontally striped natural rabbit that could almost persuade the onlooker that it is red fox. These amount to $242—a great deal more than most of Altman's college clothes come to. Another notion is an outfit that can be worn complete, as it is, to cut down on the haulage of weekend luggage, or peeled off, layer by layer, as the occasion requires—a sleeveless coat of putty suède (it will double as a coat dress), a zip-out lining (with sleeves of the suède) made of beige fleece, a jumper dress of red corduroy, and a turtleneck sweater of black wool knit. There are even five-piece arrangements, of hand-knit olive wool—pullovers, knickerbockers, mittens, stocking caps, and knee-length socks. And there are even demure adaptations of the demure dresses French schoolgirls wear, done in a synthetic navy twill, with turnover collars (white) and neckties (red). And—how could it be otherwise?—there is a supply of separate slacks and jackets.



"Well, they consider him a member of the family."

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE has marshalled its college clothes on the seventh floor. I liked best the rather masculine Brooks Brothers sort of raincoats of oyster cotton poplin, with detachable linings of matching Orlon fleece—quite the bargain at just $20. Not only that, but last year's tortoise-shell raincoats have been duplicated in vinyl for what is certainly a mere $35. Experimenters can put Saks' separates together and end up with—just for instance—a medieval tunic of eggshell fleece, a sweater of cinnamon wool knit, and tapered slacks of pistachio wool jersey. Late day, or the night, on the other hand, is the time for indented-at-the-waist dresses of quilted fuchsia cotton with bright-blue rambler roses imprinted on them and for suits of black cotton corduroy with overblouses, collars, and cuffs of white rayon sat-



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Slightly higher on west coast.

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in. The overblouses zip down the back, so their double rows of glittery buttons are simply for show.

THE campus at Bonwit Teller is also on the seventh floor, and fringe benefits are in evidence—stubby self fringe outlining the voluminous poncho coats of plaid tweed (largely henna flecked with green), fringe along the hems of the matching skirts, and black fringe (big and bushy) to make the shawl collars (they look like civet) of wraparound coats done in black-and-white tweed. Urbanity is the mood of décolleté princesse dresses with double-breasted jackets. Nubbly black wool is the material; jet discs down the spine are the fastenings for the dresses; double rows of jet-studded domes are the fastenings for the jackets; $120 is the price. Here, at last, I've seen something new in jumpers. They are of green wool with diagonal ribbing, and they end in culottes that graze the knees; they are topped by shirts of green-and-red plaid cotton that tie in pussycat bows at the throat.

Down on the main floor: wool-and-nylon textured stockings in herringbones, hound's-tooth checks, fleurs-de-lis, and huge diamond patterns. Your move, not mine.

THE first thing to catch the eye in Lord & Taylor's College Shop (fifth floor) is a three-quarter coat of wool in the Stewart tartan. A long black cord and tassel dangle from the peak of its hood, and the whole thing is inexplicably called Arab. One expects coats of loden cloth somewhere, and here they are—from Germany, in white bound in green. There are other three-quarter coats, too, these of green cotton corduroy with shawl collars of bleached raccoon and linings of quilted green rayon.

Across the aisle lies the Country Clothes Department, into which the college clothes have overflowed, such as things from Ireland, of wool that is almost all hand-loomed. Among them are sandwich-board tunics, nubbly and red, along with turtleneck sheaths that are long-sleeved and black, as well as jaunty separates—white shirts, scarlet waistcoats, skirts in a black-and-white hound's-tooth, and (really, truly) checked spats.

YOUNG COSMOPOLITANS is the corner at Best & Co. for coats and suits of a new coated cotton that looks exactly like leather but is definitely *not* for motorcycles. Some of the coats are

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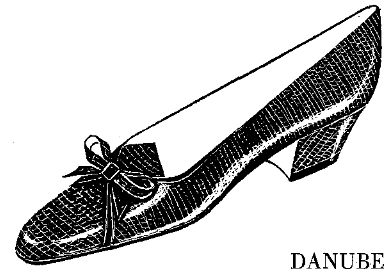

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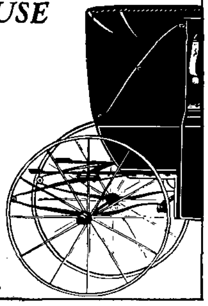

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maroon, single-breasted, and equipped with dog-leash belts; some, in red, are three-quarter, double-breasted, and finished off at the waist with slot seaming. As for suits, there are two-piece ones (seven-eighths coats and A-line skirts, all in brown) and three-piece ones (the box jackets and gored skirts in black, the sleeveless turtleneck sweaters in white wool knit). Another set of three-piecers begins with black box jackets, but the overbodices and the pleated skirts are of black-and-white plaid wool, which also makes the collars and lapels of the jackets.

Canada is the mother country of a coat that has been executed solely for Abercrombie & Fitch, and it looks great. The outside of it is olive suède, and the inside white Mongolian lamb; $220, and no federal tax. The attached hood can be converted into a cowl collar. Austria is the mother country of raincoats made of putty cotton corduroy and lined with turkey-red flannel; a more meagre $50 in their case. And Switzerland is responsible for the plaids that go into two-piece dresses (tailored tops, skirts with narrow pleats) and short-sleeved shifts. These are of wool-and-cotton. Our domestic industries are the authors of a number of other items, among them rain suits (coats and wraparound skirts) of reversible cotton poplin that is oyster on one side and black on the other. All this stuff, says A. & F., belongs on campus.

The third floor is Bloomingdale's undergraduate gathering place, which is practically a brown study—brown-and-white herringbone tweed for reefers with three-sectioned detachable belts, for slim-skirted double-breasted suits (two blouses—one tailored, one ruffled—can go along, and they are of brown voile), and for dresses in which brown wool in a chevron pattern is combined with the herringbone. The ubiquitous herringbone also does the long, pointed collars of tailored shifts and the bodices (milk-

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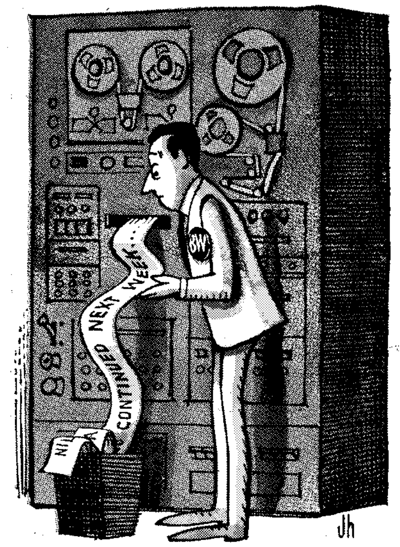

Continued Next Week

Earlier this year, BUSINESS WEEK gave its readers a special report about astonishing new developments in computers. It was called "New Tool, New World," and the response has been one to Think about. To date, we've had 4,114 requests for 16,737 reprints.

Good article? You bet. (You should see the fan mail.) But we admit it—a lot of magazines run good articles. However, BW differs from a lot of magazines in one respect. We believe that computers, and other vital business subjects, are matters of *continuing* interest. That's why we've published not just a few "special" reports on computers since the industry was born about 20 years ago—but *over 400 separate news stories and features.*

By the way, if you want to know what all the shouting's about, we'll send *you* a reprint of "New Tool, New World." Just write Dept. A, BUSINESS WEEK, 330 West 42nd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036. And don't forget that the story of computers, like most other business subjects, is Continued Next Business Week.

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BUSINESS WEEK

maid or Empire) of frocks for cocktails and later on. The coats and suits (minus the blouses) are $59.95, the dresses range from $35 to $39.95.

DE PINNA, to which the Pilgrim Fathers beat a path direct from Plymouth Rock as soon as they had got around to founding Harvard, has been looking at Italian wool knits, and descendants of the P.F.s may boggle at some of them—notably the sheaths with a black border at the hem and solid orange above it, a color scheme that postulates weekends at a university situated and celebrated in New Jersey. Young Couture is the division of De Pinna that contains these, as well as Sunday sheaths with strawberry tops and raspberry bottoms ("Sunday" appears to be De Pinna's pun of the season), plus a strawberry bow amidships. A further lot are of florid red with gold and orange stripes around the turtlenecks—a cacophony that represents no college I ever heard of. The prices here run from $45 to $60.

THE Miss Bergdorf floor at Bergdorf Goodman is in session all year round, but it is taking notice of the imminence of university life by providing raincoats whose linings match the dresses that go with them. Here are some of the pairings: pea jackets of red vinyl over dresses (camel-hued wool jersey is the stuff) that look two-piece in front and decidedly princesse in back; tailored coats of navy Dacron-and-cotton over two-piece dresses of wool jersey (in this instance the narrow skirts are red, to match the lining, but the overblouses are navy); top-ranking double-breasted coats of beige cotton twill and with shawl collars of opossum dyed sable, these to go over dresses of green wool jersey with cap sleeves, belts tied in bows, and high, rolled collars; and—most dramatic of them all—coats of white rayon matelassé over dresses (the same matelassé) with high-necked, bloused bodices and no sleeves. There are rhinestone-studded buttons on those tailored coats, but a set of buttons in matelassé is contributed for the benefit of girls who would like to be less noticeable, if there are any such.

HENRI BENDEL's offspring, of college age, is Young Bendel, which is full of short on-with-the-dance chiffon dresses that, actually, are good the whole year through. They made me think of the thirties—dusty-pink chiffons with long bodices and whirly, softly pleated skirts; celery-green chiffons whose blouses come no lower than the waist and whose slinky skirts drift into six-inch-wide flounces at the hem; mint-green chiffons with middy tops and two-tiered skirts. —M. M.

* * *

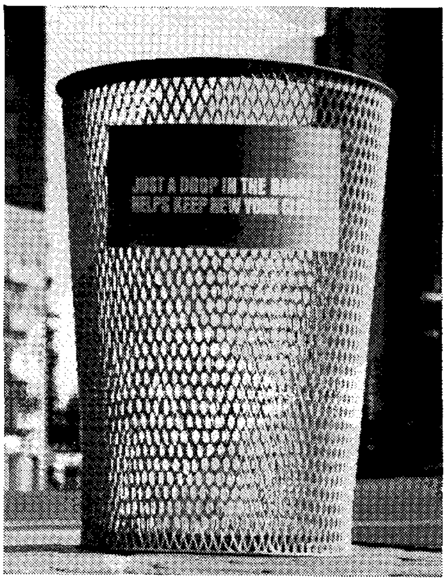
AN ADDRESS TO THE VACATIONERS AT CAPE LOOKOUT

The whole weight of the ocean smashes on rock;
the sun hounds the night; gulls ravel the edge.
Here it is better to allow for what happens, all of it—
the part assumed, the lie that keeps a rendezvous
with proof, the wickerwork that disguises the iron.
This place is too real for that blame
people pin on each other, for honor or dishonor.
    Have you noticed how uninvited
    anything pure is? Be brave—there is such a thing
    as helping history get on with its dirty work.

When the home folk tell you goodbye,
they shouldn't *bid* you goodbye that corrupted, wise way,
or burden you with too great a gift; and I
wouldn't burden you, except with one great gift:
the cold, the world that spins in cold space—
to be able to walk away, not writhe in regret
or twist in the torture bush. After all,
there is such a thing as justice in friendship.
    Have you noticed how uninvited
    anything pure is? Here something big lifts us
    outside, scorns our bravery or fear.

What disregards people does people good.

—WILLIAM STAFFORD



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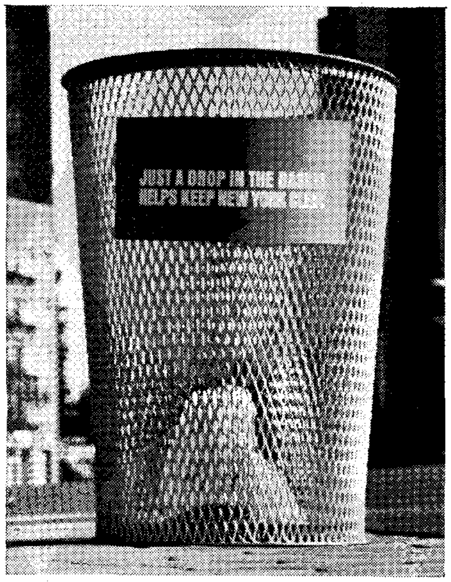

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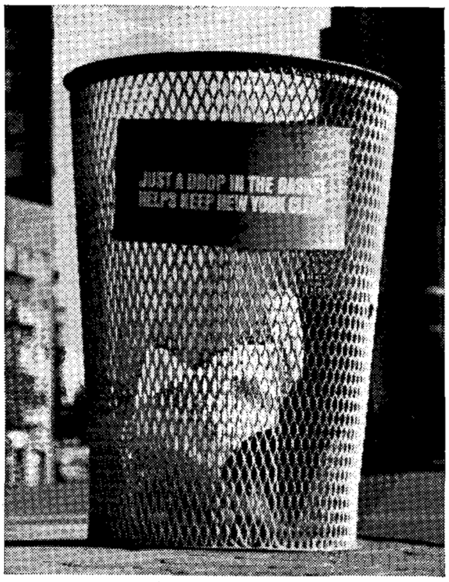

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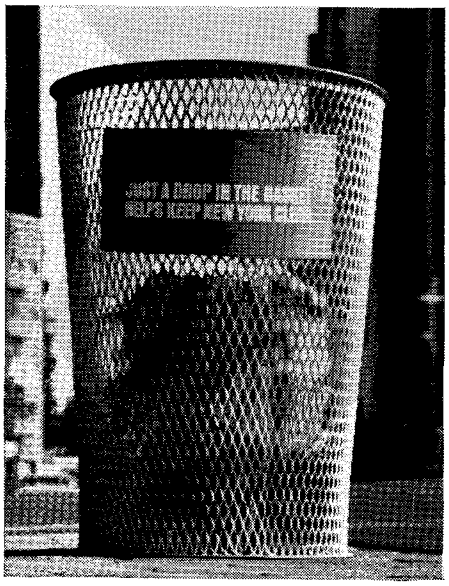

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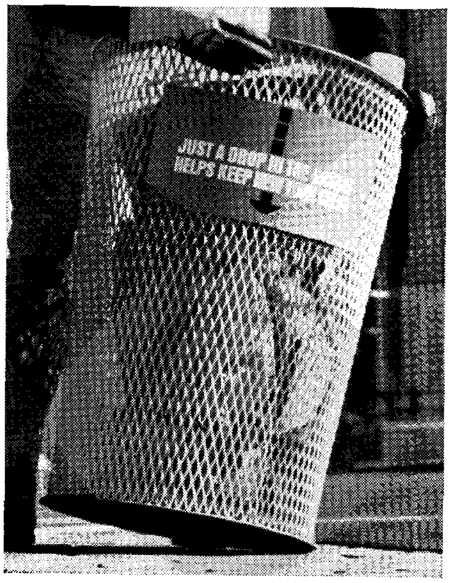

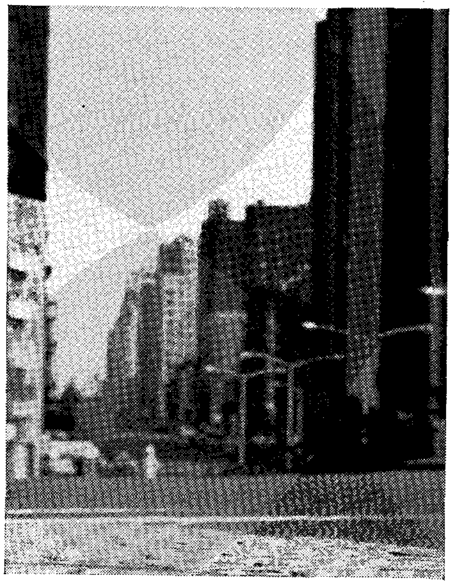

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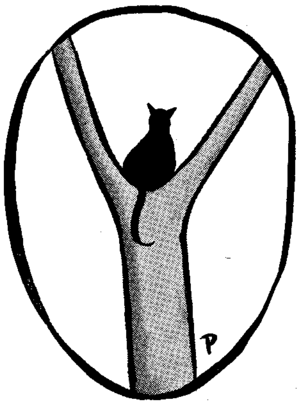
A RIDE INTO TOWN

THE cornfield ended and the highway dropped down a long wooded hill to a brushy creek, and on the far side of the creek was a filling station. It was exactly the sort of no-hope place that I always try to avoid. It was a little pink stucco box with sunflowers drooping along one wall and two red pumps out front and a big sign on the roof—Cities Service, or Phillips 66, or something. But it was the first filling station of any kind that I'd seen in almost an hour, and I was glad enough to see it. I needed gas, and the windshield was a mess of dead bugs, and I only hoped they had a men's room.

I pulled in and stopped at the nearest pump and got out. A big bald-headed man with a boil on his chin and a boy in a short-sleeved sweatshirt were sitting on a bench in front of the station. The man was cleaning his fingernails with the leather-punch blade of a Boy Scout knife. It seemed an odd kind of knife for a grown man to have, but you never know with these rednecks. I've never understood them and I never will. They're like a different race. And, of course, he didn't even look up until I slammed the car door. He wiped the blade on his overalls and closed the knife—and handed it to the boy. So that, at least, explained that. Then he got up and sauntered across the driveway toward me. He stopped with his hand on the high-test pump, and he had that closed-up look they get. You'd think he'd never seen a Thunderbird before.



"Fill her up?" he said.

"Yes," I said. "And would you clean off the windshield, please?"

"O.K.," he said.

"And where do I find the men's room?" I said.

"Around back," he said.

I started to go, and then remembered. I went back. The man was out of sight behind the car. I reached through the window and picked up my Leica and slipped it under the driver's seat. It wasn't that I didn't trust him, but why take chances? Then I headed for the men's room. A path led past the sunflowers and around the building and down a row of sheds to a door marked "Rest Room." Beyond the sheds was a rolling cornfield, and off to one side was an old white house with a washing machine on the front porch. There was no lock or latch on the restroom door and the basin was half full of rusty water, but I guess it could have been worse. At least the toilet flushed.

On the way back up the path, I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes after three. Considering the trouble I had getting off the Will Rogers Turnpike, I was making pretty good time. I'd be in Kansas City and checked in at the Muehlebach by seven o'clock at the latest. That would give me all the time I needed to put the finishing touches on my presentation. The industry doesn't often invite a man of my age to speak at the annual meeting, and I wasn't about to risk not doing a job. I didn't get up where I am as fast as I did by making mistakes like that.

The bald-headed man was waiting for me. He said he had checked the oil and the radiator and the tires, and the windshield looked reasonably clean. I gave him a ten-dollar bill, and he looked at it and then went into the station. The boy in the short-sleeved sweatshirt was still on the bench, and with him was another boy—a skinny, blond boy in black jeans. When the man came out with my change, they both got up and followed him over to the car. The sweatshirt boy was bigger than he looked sitting down. The man counted out my change.

"And hurry back," he said.

"Yes," I said.

But I had my eyes on those boys. I suddenly knew what was coming. I could feel it in my bones. And I was right. I even knew it would be the boy in the sweatshirt.

"Mister?" he said. "Would you give us a ride into town?"

"Where?" I said.

The blond boy snickered.

"Just into town," the other boy said. "Just into Coffeyville. It ain't but about ten miles."

"Well," I said, and realized I was trapped. I wanted to say no. It wasn't so much those stories you hear about hitchhikers and lonely roads and people that look like money. I don't approve on principle. But how could I? I mean, to a couple of boys, and with

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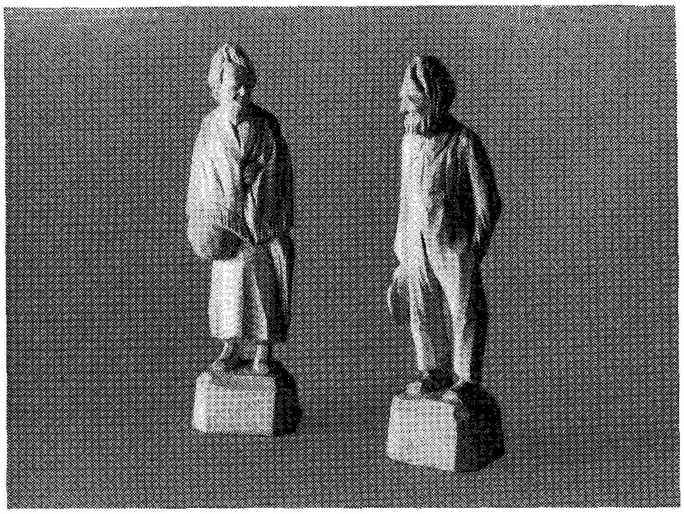

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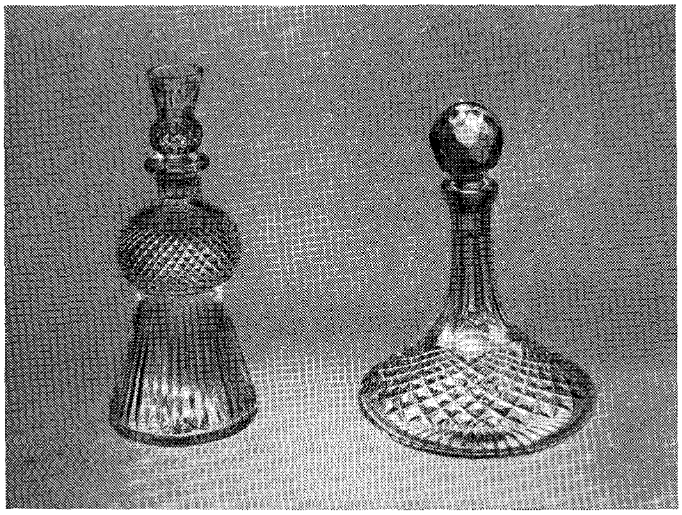

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that man standing there with that look on his face and watching? It wasn't possible. It would have been too embarrassing. I walked around to my side of the car and slid under the wheel. "All right," I said. "Get in."

"O.K.," the boy in the sweatshirt said. He opened the door and tilted the seat and crawled into the back. The blond boy took the seat beside me. He turned and looked at the other boy. Then he sat back and took out a comb and began to comb his hair.

I started the engine. We rolled out of the station and over a bump and onto the highway. I moved it up evenly to fifty. The highway ahead was straight and flat and there were cornfields on either side of it stretching as far as I could see. A pickup truck came by. Then the highway ahead was straight and flat and empty again. The sky was a bright and cloudless blue. I caught a whiff of smoke, and looked in the rear-view mirror. The sweatshirt boy was smoking a cigarette.

For a moment, I was only startled. Then it began to penetrate. I tried to tell myself that smoking had nothing to do with age these days. They started younger and younger, especially boys like these. But I had a very funny feeling in my chest. It was almost as though I couldn't quite catch my breath. I cleared my throat, and that seemed to help. I could breathe.

"You boys live in Coffeyville?" I said.

The blond boy turned and looked at the boy in back.

"Huh?" the boy in the sweatshirt said.

"I said do you boys live in Coffeyville?" I said.

"My aunt lives there," he said.

"Oh," I said. "You're going into town to see your aunt?"

The blond boy snickered.

"I don't know," the boy in the sweatshirt said. He took a last drag on his cigarette and pitched it out of the window. "I might."

"I see," I said.

But I didn't. Or, rather, I did—and only too clearly. I should never have gone against my better judgment. I should never have been such a coward. These boys weren't ordinary boys. They weren't, in fact, even boys. I mean, they weren't the kids I had taken them for at first. Not the one in the sweatshirt, anyway. I remembered how much bigger and older he looked when he got up off the bench. That should have been sufficient warning. I shouldn't have had to wait until he lighted a cigarette. I turned my head

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just enough to see and took a careful look at the blond boy. It was harder to tell about him. It was very hard to tell. I looked at the road, and back again at the boy. There was something about his mouth. There was something about the set of his mouth, and also about his eyes. It was there to be seen if you looked for it. He was little, but he wasn't a little boy.

Something made me glance at the rearview mirror. The sweatshirt boy was looking down at his feet, but I didn't quite believe him. I had that feeling you have when you know you're being watched. He had been watching me study the blond boy. Or perhaps he had just been watching me. I waited a minute and looked again. He had moved—I could *only* see his shoulder and part of his back. He seemed to be bending down behind my seat. Then he straightened up, and my heart jumped into my mouth. He had my Leica in his hand. I took a deep breath.

"Look," I said. "That's a rather expensive camera. I'd rather you wouldn't play with it."

"Huh?" he said.

"I said be careful," I said. "That's an expensive camera."

"O.K.," he said.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I think I'd better take it and put it where it belongs."

"O.K.," he said, and handed it over.

He didn't argue or even hesitate. He handed it right over. But I was watching him in the mirror. I saw him look at the blond boy, and I saw them exchange a glance. And it wasn't an idle glance—it was a glance that carried a message. I put the camera down between my feet and fixed my eyes on the road. Something was going on. Those boys had something on their minds, and it wasn't hard to guess what. But how did they plan to do it? How could they hope to do it? There were two of them against one of me, but even so. I was at the wheel. I was driving. They couldn't grab me or slug me without risking a wreck. They would have to force me to stop. And for that they needed a weapon. I stared at the empty road. I gripped the wheel and stared at the road, and the bottom fell out of my stomach. They *had* a weapon. The boy in the sweatshirt had a knife. He had that Boy Scout knife.

I was scared. I don't mind saying I was really scared. What chance have you got if you can't communicate? And yet, in a way, I'd never felt calmer. I was so scared I thought I was going to

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DESIGNED BY NEUMA AGINS

HIGHER IN THE WEST

be sick, but my mind was still on the job. I didn't know what they were waiting for—a side road, perhaps, or some woods or a hill. But whatever it was, they had waited a little too long. They had given me time to think.

I glanced at the road. It was empty in both directions.

"Damn," I said, and stepped on the brake.

The blond boy gave me a startled look. I waited. Then the other boy leaned forward. "What's the matter?" he said.

I brought the car to a gentle stop. "I think I've got a low tire," I said. "It feels like the left rear."

"Perce checked your tires," he said. "I seen him."

"I know," I said. "But do me a favor." I opened the door. "Hop out and take a look."

"I seen him check them," he said. He shrugged. "But O.K."

I leaned forward and he squeezed past me and out. I had the car in gear. The instant he was clear, I slammed the door and let in the clutch and touched the accelerator. The car leaped down the road.

"Hey!" the blond boy said. He stared at me. "Hey, what—"

I drove about a hundred yards and then stepped on the brake again. The car stopped with a jerk. I turned on the boy. "Out," I said. "Get out." I raised my hand. "Get out before I—"

He shrank back in the seat and began to fumble with the door handle. His eyes were wild. The door came open. I swung at him with a backhand swing. He dodged through the door and onto the road and stumbled and fell and sat down in the grass on the shoulder.

I leaned across the seat and got the door and pulled it closed. The boy was rubbing his knee. I moved back under the wheel. I hoped he wasn't hurt. But if he was, he had only himself to blame. It was certainly no fault of mine. —BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

"That's how the world will end... not with a bang but a whimper"—or so wrote poet T. S. Eliot.

British scientist Sir Julian Huxley—in an interview in Boston, Eliot's old stamping ground—thinks differently. He told a newspaperman unpoetically: "The trouble is, any damn moment we may all get blown up."

He also said that the ultimate detergent that everyone will talk about will turn into an ultimate detergent that will wipe us off the face of the earth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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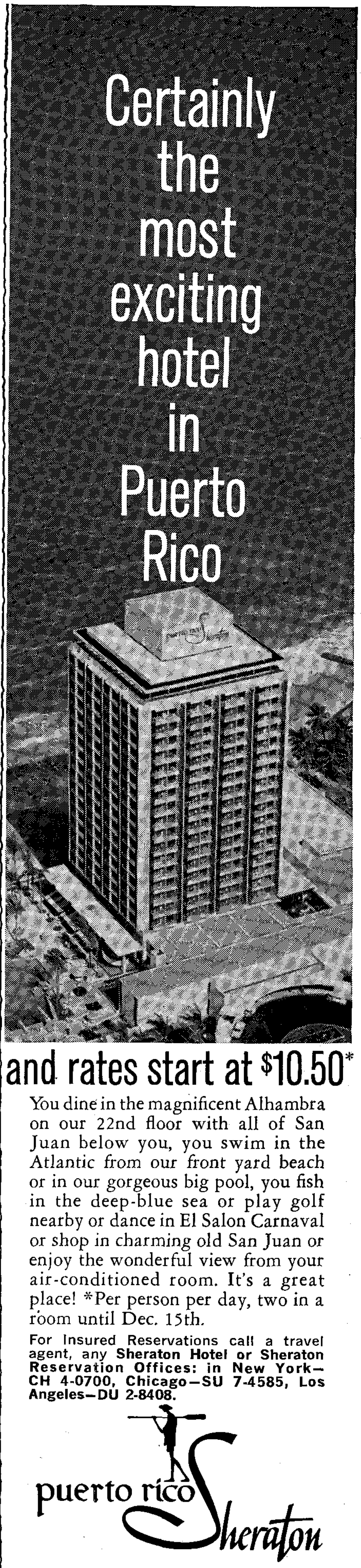

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

August 13

THE President has signed the joint congressional resolution that encourages him to "take all necessary measures" to defend American forces and to "prevent further aggression" in Southeast Asia, and he has stated his determination to be governed by its language. "To any armed attack upon our forces, we shall reply," he said in the presence of the military and congressional leaders who were gathered round his desk at the signing. "To any in Southeast Asia who ask our help in defending their freedom, we shall give it." It is the fourth resolution of its peculiar kind to be passed since 1955. In that year, Congress resolved that President Eisenhower be "authorized [to] employ the armed forces of the United States as he deems necessary for the specific purpose of securing and protecting Formosa and the Pescadores against armed attack." Two years later, he was authorized to "use armed forces to assist any nation [or] group of nations requesting assistance against armed aggression from any country controlled by international communism [in] the Middle East." In 1962, the House and Senate declared that "the United States is determined [to] prevent by whatever means may be necessary, including the use of arms, the Marxist-Leninist regime in Cuba from extending, by force or the threat of force, its aggressive or subversive activities in any part of the hemisphere." Now Southeast Asia—"our first line of defense," according to Senator Frank J. Lausche, of Ohio, an enthusiastic supporter of the resolution, who added that "when an enemy attacks us there, he is, in principle, attacking us on our native land"—has been favored with a resolution of its own, and it may be that in time the entire non-Communist world, and perhaps the non-Communist moon, will have congressional and Presidential assurance of American protection.

In the debate over each of these resolutions, it has been pointed out by some people that Congress was giving the President an authority he already had as Commander-in-Chief, and by others that it was surrendering its own Constitutional authority to declare war. On the one hand, no President needs the approval of Congress to repel attacks on American forces. And if he judges it necessary to assist other nations in order to maintain our own security, he is free to do so; all he need request from Congress is the money with which to render assistance. On the other hand, the resolutions can be read as advance authorizations of American belligerency in wars that have not yet begun—indeed, as in the case of the Cuban resolution, in situations where there is nothing more than an anticipated "threat of force." Whatever the merits of these contentions, the resolutions have been efficacious in a number of ways. It is generally believed that the 1955 resolution on Formosa and the Pescadores was largely responsible for a lessening of tensions in the South China Sea. It was an ingeniously worded document, notifying the Communist Chinese that we would defend the Nationalist presence on Formosa, and, in conjunction with the Mutual Defense Treaty negotiated with the Nationalists two months earlier, advising Chiang Kai-shek that we had no intention of supporting him in any effort to reëstablish himself on the mainland and would not join in the defense of every rock in the Strait of Formosa that he chose to garrison. The adoption of the resolution on the Middle East—or the Eisenhower Doctrine, as it was called at the time—was followed by a period of relative ease and some uneasy accommodations in that part of the world; most people feel that its adoption had something to do with the improvement in the atmosphere there. It would be hard to claim that the Cuban resolution had any favorable impact on events, but if it did no ascertainable good, it surely did no harm.

What makes these resolutions particularly attractive to Presidents, though, is their effect on domestic politics. Their passage, which is always close to being unanimous, puts partisan critics at a disadvantage and enables the President to maintain that he is acting not only under his Constitutional powers and responsibilities but as a faithful executor of the declared will of Congress. In 1950, President Truman ordered American forces into action in Korea and then informed Congress of what he had done and what he planned to do. Within a matter of months, the Korean hostilities were being called "Truman's war" and the President found himself accused of a usurpation of congressional authority. Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson

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profited by this lesson, and it is likely that their successors, whenever they discern any possibility of the engagement of American forces in combat of any kind, will request pre-dated congressional approval.

The Southeast Asia resolution, the President said, shows "where America stands," and he went on to say that "the unanimity of the Congress reflects the unanimity of the country." The vote in Congress was indeed just about unanimous. In the Senate, only a pair of chronic dissenters—Wayne Morse, of Oregon, and Ernest Gruening, of Alaska—withheld approval. In the House, all those present voted for the resolution with the exception of another troublesome character—Adam Clayton Powell, who answered the roll with "Present." But the support the President got was by no means an expression of confidence in the administration's past, present, or future policies in Southeast Asia. All that was really being approved was the President's orders, which had already been given and carried out, for the Seventh Fleet to meet fire with fire. Apart from that, there is hardly even a majority position—to say nothing of "unanimity"—in the country, in Congress, or, for that matter, in the administration itself. In Congress—and presumably in the country—there is a sizable bloc of opinion that supports Senator Goldwater's demands for a "win" strategy and would commit American forces to war in North Vietnam. There is another bloc—fairly well represented in Congress and with at least a few adherents in the administration—that favors an early American withdrawal from South Vietnam, accompanied, perhaps, by an appeal to the United Nations to see what, if anything, it can do to assist the government of that country to hold on to some part of its sovereignty. Most of the members of this bloc gave the President the support he wanted, but did so with a singular lack of conviction. "I do not wish my vote for the resolution to be interpreted as an endorsement of our long-standing and apparently growing military involvement in Vietnam," Senator George McGovern, of South Dakota, said. "I have had serious misgivings about our entanglement in Vietnam since we were first committed to that course ten years ago." Senator McGovern, having noted that "any settlement in Southeast Asia that ignores China is largely useless," proposed "a safeguarded agreement with the Chinese on Southeast Asia." And there is a

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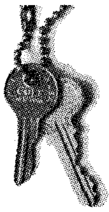
third view, which may have a few more adherents than either of the others. This holds that although we can never achieve the kind of "victory" that Goldwater calls for, we cannot afford the kind of defeat we would sustain if we pulled out now, when the politicians we support in what is essentially a civil war control only about thirty per cent of South Vietnamese territory by day and still less by night. In this view, we are thus compelled to assist the government of General Khanh, or of any anti-Communist who succeeds him by whatever means, and hope for a day when it will be able to make a somewhat better claim than it can now make of being the effective government. If and when such a day comes, according to this school of opinion, the United States should urge Saigon to enter into immediate negotiations with its neighbors—through the United Nations or some specially convened group of interested powers.

There is every reason to believe that this last view is substantially the one held by the President. It is known to be the one held by such close associates of his as Senators Fulbright and Humphrey, both of whom, in the Senate debate, expressed misgivings not unlike those of Senator McGovern. It was the view of John F. Kennedy. It is the view of ex-Ambassador Lodge and of Ambassador Taylor. It is the view that prevails in the Defense and State Departments, where it would be hard to find anyone who favors extending the war or who defines "victory" as anything more grandiose than a return to the *status quo ante*. Addressing the American Bar Association yesterday, the President dissociated himself both from those who, like General Khanh and Senator Goldwater, would carry the war north and from those who, like Senator Morse, would withdraw from it tomorrow. His stress was on the unwisdom of extending it, and his hope, therefore, must be for eventual negotiation. Yet the fact is that within the past two weeks the President has himself extended the war by ordering American attacks on installations in North Vietnam. (The White House would no doubt point out that it was actually the North Vietnamese who extended the war by assaulting American ships in international waters. This was the case, but the President's "measured response" was made partly at sea and partly on mainland bases, and it was this last that the Secretary of State was referring to when he spoke of the "sting" that the Hanoi regime had

If you're going to forget your  **keys**

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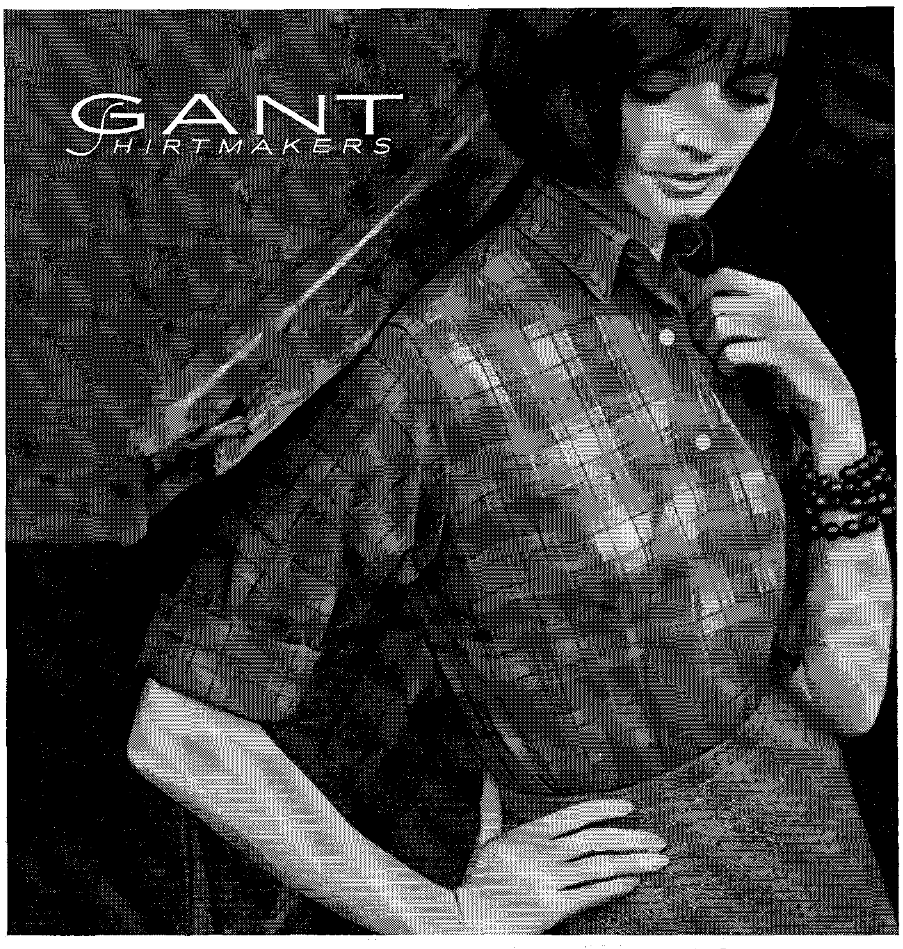

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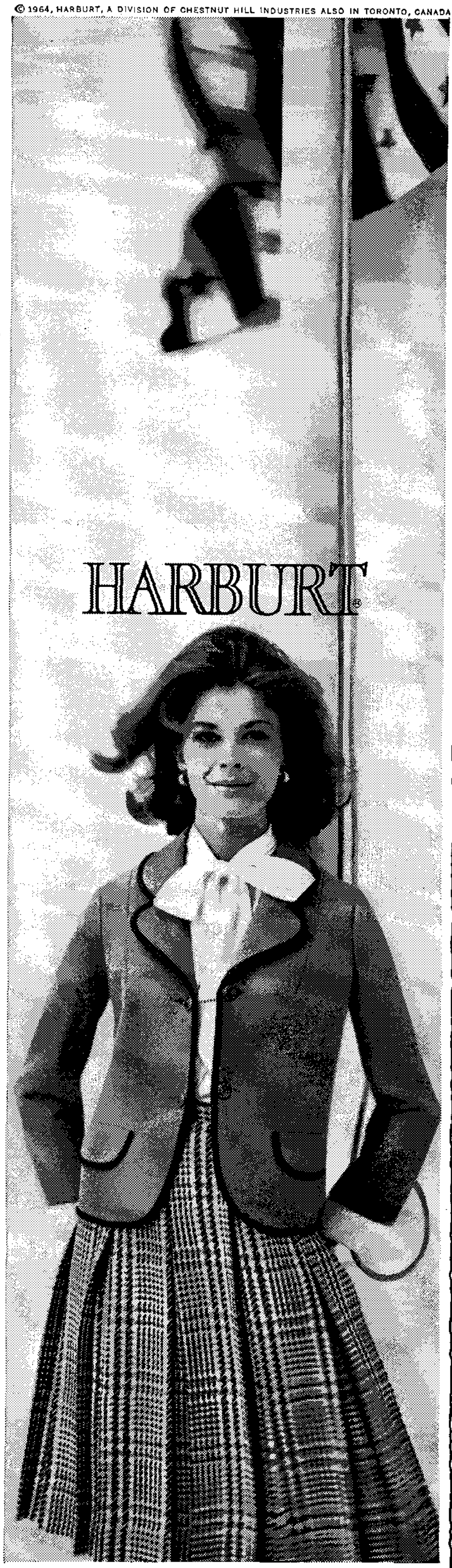

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felt.) The President, moreover, sought and was given congressional approval for further extensions of the war and for further military involvement in Southeast Asia.

No diplomatic interest of this government or of the Johnson administration was served by the part of the resolution declaring that American forces will fire when fired upon. There cannot be a capital anywhere that supposes the United States would put ships to sea, planes in the air, or troops in the field merely to serve as targets. As for the rest of the resolution, it is diplomatically irrelevant and, in the main, meaningless. It cites previously negotiated treaties that commit us to assist other signatory powers "in defense of freedom," and it assures the President that Congress will stand behind him in combatting "further aggression." Just about everyone here and abroad knows, though, that the problem in South Vietnam is civil war and armed subversion, not "aggression." If an end could be put to that country's agony simply by clearing it of foreign armies, Senator Goldwater's strategy would make good sense and the President's very little. But if there seems to be a contradiction between the President's appraisal of the actual situation and his recent actions—the orders to strike at North Vietnamese bases and the request for congressional approval—it is a contradiction that no one here has much difficulty in explaining. At least part of the explanation is to be found in the person of Senator Goldwater, who said yesterday that things were looking up because the President had been "following my advice." No bulletins from Saigon confirmed Goldwater's sanguine view, but there was word from the Louis Harris organization that must have been extremely gratifying to the White House. A poll it conducted in the few days after the President's "measured response" revealed a striking growth of public confidence in his conduct of affairs in Southeast Asia. An earlier poll had seemed to show that Goldwater and other critics had been quite successful in undermining confidence. Before the exchange in the Gulf of Tonkin, according to Harris, only forty-two per cent of the public approved of Johnson's stewardship. Immediately after the exchange, the figure went up to seventy-two. Goldwater had been talking about South Vietnam as the central foreign-policy issue of the campaign. It had never sounded like a very promising one, for although a good many

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citizens seem to have opinions on what ought to be done, there is no evidence that feeling on the matter runs high enough to switch votes. Even so, it looked good to Goldwater, and perhaps it still does. It is too early to say that the President has taken it away from him, but it does seem reasonably clear that if the President had done less than he did the Harris organization would have had a different story to tell, and so would Goldwater.

THE PT boats that pursued the destroyer Maddox on August 2nd and those that attacked the Maddox and the C. Turner Joy two days later were units of the North Vietnamese Navy, and no one here has suggested that their commanders were under orders to create an occasion for the President to improve his standing with American voters. Nor has it been suggested that the President would have ignored the occasion if it had taken place the day after his election. There are, however, some serious questions about the sequence of events in the Gulf of Tonkin two weeks ago, and about the interpretation of those events here. Throughout the period in which the resolution was before Congress, the government insisted that North Vietnam was waging naval warfare against the United States. It had an unlikely sound—one of the world's weakest sea powers engaging the world's strongest—but no one except Senator Morse, who spoke in the Senate each day and kept describing the American role as that of a "provocateur" in Southeast Asia, disputed it. Last Friday, though, as the House and the Senate were voting on the resolution, Defense Department officials informed the press that, in the words of a Washington *Post* story, "what the United States branded and still regards as a 'deliberate' attempt to challenge the nation on the high seas may not have been regarded in that light by those who ordered the attacks." It was explained

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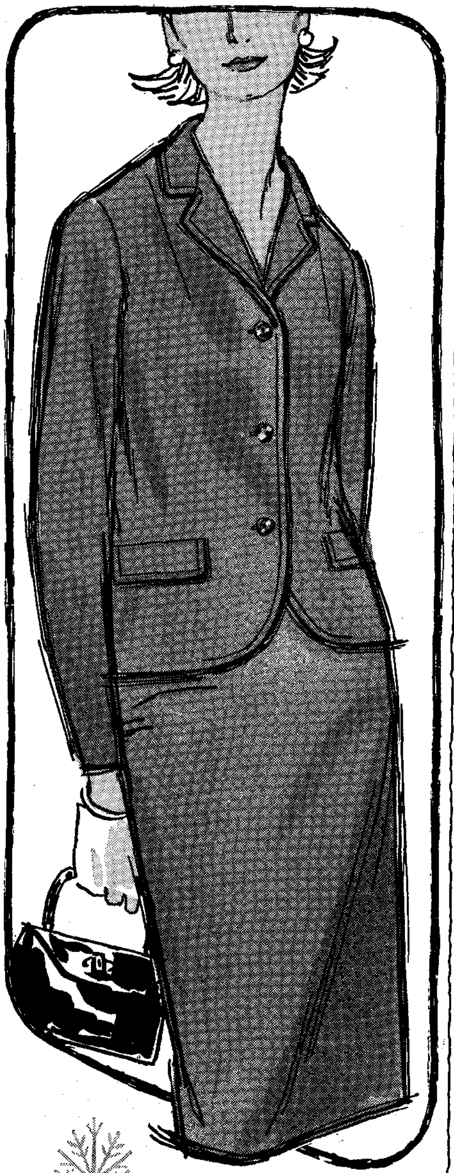
that on the day before the first pursuit of the Maddox, armed junks and torpedo boats of the South Vietnamese Navy had raided the North Vietnamese islands of Hon Me and Hon Ngu. Shortly after the raids, the Maddox had patrolled waters close to those islands. Its commander, the Pentagon said, had not been advised of the raids (though American military advisers in Saigon knew they were taking place), but the North Vietnamese were not privy to communications between Washington and Saigon, and the presence of the Maddox close to the islands under siege might very well have been taken as conclusive evidence that the United States had already decided to extend the war to North Vietnam and was providing naval cover for the attack.

In the period immediately following the first attack on the Maddox, the White House and the Pentagon acknowledged that the North Vietnamese might have made a mistake of some kind, though no one then mentioned the South Vietnamese naval raids. The second attack, however, was described as certain proof that the first had not been a mistake and that the Hanoi government was committing unprovoked aggression. No one here last week had any knowledge on which to base a doubt of this contention. (Senator Morse's talk of American guilt was based on his belief that the whole American presence on the Indo-Chinese peninsula is illegal and constitutes a standing provocation.) Doubts persisted, nevertheless, and last Friday, as both houses of Congress were casting their votes on the resolution, Pentagon officials confirmed the fact that the South Vietnam raids had taken place, and explained that while the Maddox had played no part in them, the mission that had brought it close to the raiding parties was, as one correspondent who attended the briefing wrote, "to see if the new talk in North and South Vietnam about expanding the war had resulted in increased Communist operations." The Maddox radar, the Pentagon explained, had spotted North Vietnamese ships clearing the waters off Hon Me after one of the raids, and it was acknowledged that the commanders of those vessels might have reasonably assumed that the Maddox had been used either to shell the island or to escort the attacking vessels. The Pentagon maintained, though, that no such misunderstanding could account for the second attack. The United States had by then explained the non-belligerent status of the Sev-



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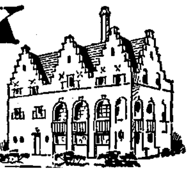

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enth Fleet, and the Maddox and the C. Turner Joy were more than sixty miles offshore. But this interpretation involves the assumption that the North Vietnamese authorities not only got our message but accepted it at face value and were still determined to extend the war to the United States. And it leaves unexplained—except, possibly, to those who place more faith than experience seems to justify in the deterrent effect of congressional resolutions, which have never yet stopped a war in progress—the fact that there have been no further attacks. Under questioning, Pentagon officials acknowledged that there was at least a possibility that the second attack had been a "face-saving" gesture, rather than part of a systematic plan to destroy American sea power. This did not satisfy the military correspondent for the Washington *Star*, who wrote, in the issue announcing the passage of the resolution, that "the whole Tonkin Gulf incident which precipitated the crisis in Southeast Asia might never have occurred except for confusion—on both the American and Communist sides—over a little-noted incident last Saturday."

THE crisis was a brief one, and it seems unlikely that historians will assign it a place of much importance. It has had no effect on the balance of power in Southeast Asia, and there appears to be little chance that it will cause the President to order further changes in the conduct of American policy in South Vietnam. But it led to the first direct confrontation of American and Communist military units since Korea; indeed, because our troops in Korea fought under a United Nations command, it might even be described as the first such confrontation in history. It probably would not have occurred except for the "little-noted incident" in the waters off North Vietnam. And it probably would not have occurred except for a much-noted incident in the United States—the nomination of Senator Goldwater in San Francisco last month. For the fact is that this government, though it exercised restraint in retaliation and was at pains to make clear that restraint was part of its policy, declared the existence of a major crisis before it knew that one existed. The reaction of its leaders was uncharacteristic of them; their deliberations were strikingly brief in comparison with those at the time of the missile crisis in 1962, for example—and, according to the participants, there was no questioning of the strategy that

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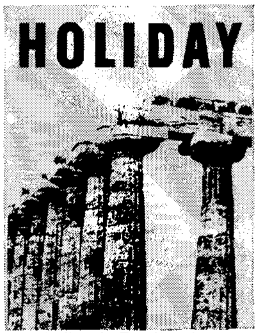

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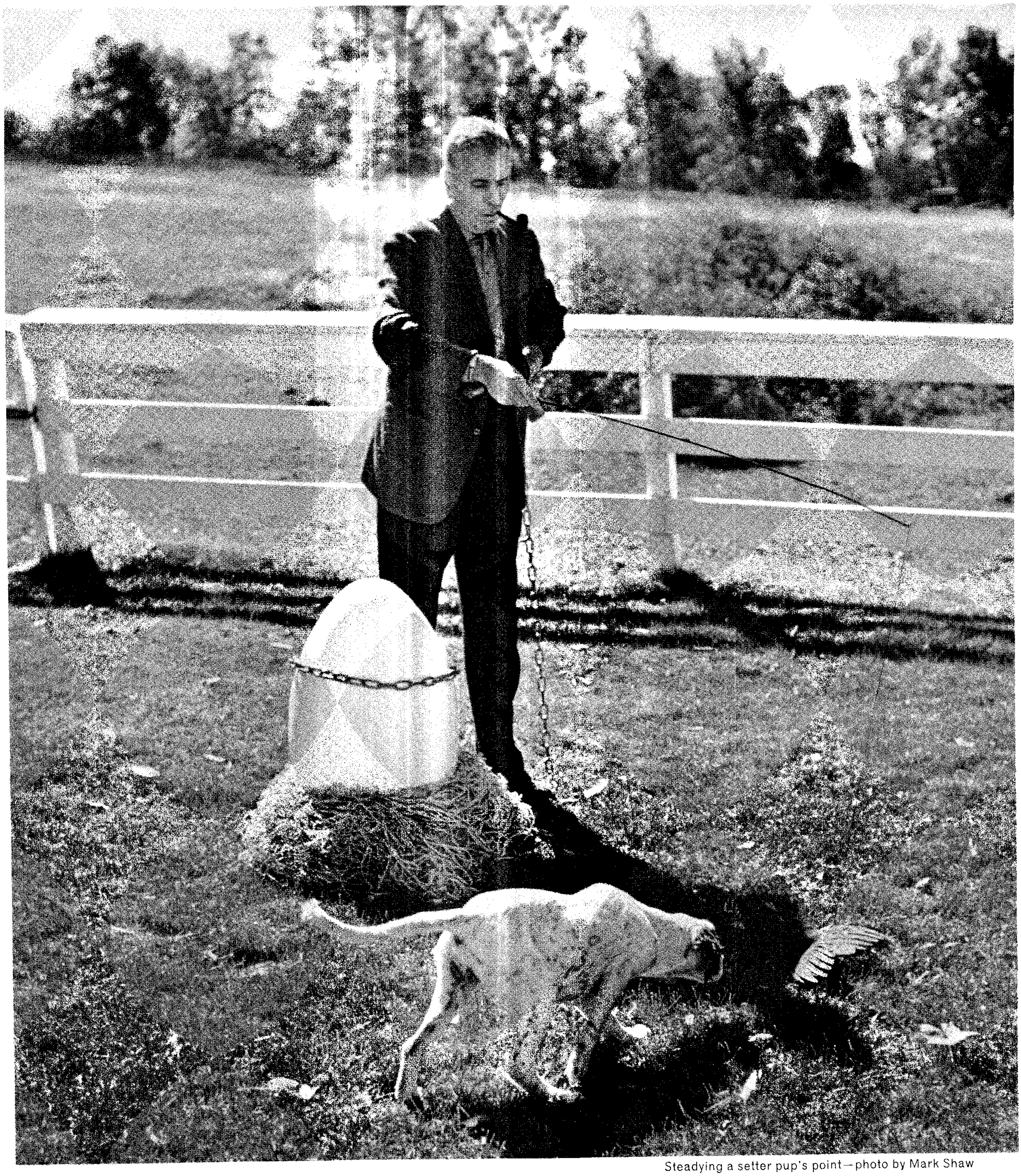

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was employed. The circumstances were, to be sure, quite different from those of 1962. The probable consequences of mistakes and misunderstandings were almost certainly less grave, and the options were less numerous and, for that reason, easier to choose among. This, however, could have allowed for more, rather than less, investigation and deliberation. The cost of delay in military terms could not have been high; indeed, our only losses came as a result of the mainland bombings, and this was an aspect of our strategy that might have been the subject of further deliberation. But, with Senator Goldwater heading the Republican ticket and mobilizing warhawks wherever he goes, the cost in political terms might very well have been not only high but, by White House estimates, prohibitive. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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Recently George Gribbin, chairman of the board of Young & Rubicam, gave a talk before the Advertising Club of Pittsburgh. Called "*Renaissance Man and Advertising Man*," it drew parallels between the people who lived at the time of the Renaissance and many people he is acquainted with in the world of advertising today. Two characteristics he cited in common were: "a restless curiosity and a powerful drive to fulfill (their) whole human potential."

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[*From the Music Library Association Notes*]

But much atonal water has flowed over the dam of contemporary music since the four works in hand were composed. Formidable log jams have been created by the parameters of total organization piling up at one musical bank and those of aleatoric experimentation on the opposite. Between them the type of music represented by these four concerted violin works has had a tortuous, not to say uncertain, journey downstream. One cannot yet know whether these existing log jams will decisively determine the future course of modern music or will be effectively swept away by the mounting flood waters of reactionism.

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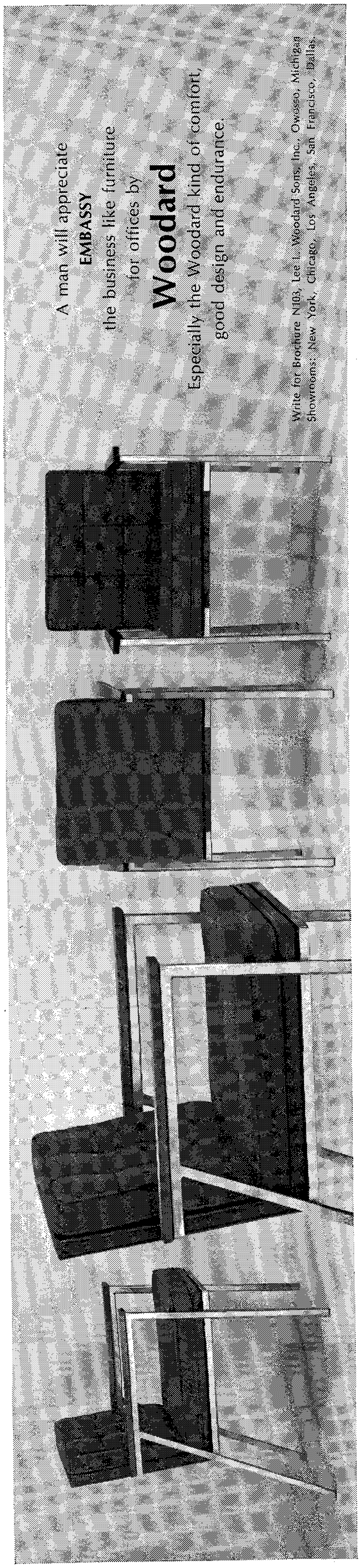
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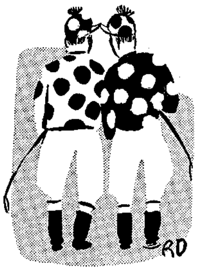

MISS CAVANDISH may not have the kind of conformation you can rave about, but she's the season's best three-year-old filly, and that makes her look all right to me. She won the famous old Alabama Stakes at Saratoga last Saturday, coming through with the same imposing display of speed in the last quarter that marked her victories in the Coaching Club American Oaks, the Monmouth Oaks, and the Delaware Oaks earlier in the summer. Beautiful Day was second and Castle Forbes third. There were eight runners in the Alabama, and for more than half of the mile and a quarter Miss Cavandish was, as usual, so far behind that she seemed out of the picture. With three furlongs to go, however, she started to move up on the outside, where she runs best—she takes long strides and needs lots of room—and, catching Beautiful Day in the stretch, she passed her easily. Miss Cavandish's daddy is Cavan, an Irish colt—he won the Belmont Stakes in 1958—and she runs like him. She was bred by the King Ranch and sent to the 1962 Keeneland yearling sales, where she was bought by Harry S. Nichols, a Detroit construction and air-conditioning engineer, for fifteen hundred dollars. The reason she went for such a low price in these days of high bidding was that she had crooked forelegs and toed in so badly that horsemen doubted whether she could ever be raced. Mr. Nichols and Roger Laurin, her trainer, believed she could, and took a chance. She has earned $263,639 in prize money to date, $233,868 of it this season. Now I suppose there will be talk of a meeting between her and Tosmah, the filly from Jersey who won the Arlington Matron from Old Hat, Nubile, and seven others at Chicago's Arlington Park last weekend. The Ladies Handicap at Aqueduct in the autumn would be just the ticket.

THE Greentree Stable won seven races the first week at The Spa but only one last week—the new Jim Dandy Stakes, with Malicious, who beat Quadrangle by a nose in a furious finish. As soon as he could weigh in,

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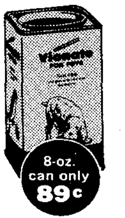
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Ycaza, who rode Quadrangle, lodged an objection against the winner (more often, the claim of foul is against Ycaza), but the stewards dismissed it. Because Malicious had an advantage over Quadrangle of seven pounds in the weights, and had won over the mile route the previous Saturday, he was wound up for the effort, and led from start to finish. From all accounts, however, Quadrangle, who hadn't been under colors since he won the Dwyer Handicap early in July, was wearing him down. Knightly Manner was third, a length ahead of Hill Rise. The Jim Dandy, named for the 100–1 shot who beat Gallant Fox and Whichone in the 1930 Travers Stakes, was a public trial for the ninety-fifth running of the Travers this weekend. It's at a mile and two furlongs, which should be in Quadrangle's favor. He'll probably be odds-on.

I MUST confess that up to now I've had no very high opinion of this season's two-year-olds, except for Bold Lad, but it may be that Cornish Prince, who beat New Act, the Flash Stakes winner, the other afternoon, is something pretty good. Sylvester Veitch, who trains him for George Widener, says the colt is the likeliest prospect he's had in a dozen years. Twice at Aqueduct during the past couple of months he showed the way to a bunch of other well-fancied youngsters, and in the Sanford he also led all the way, in first-rate time. He carried six pounds less than New Act, and no doubt that helped. I expect that Cornish Prince and New Act will meet—this time at equal weights—in the Hopeful a week from Saturday, along with Bold Lad and maybe a dozen others. It should be a good show.

IT would be unfair to condemn Colorado King, the racer from South Africa who was a whirlwind at Hollywood Park last month, on his performance in the Philadelphia Turf Handicap at Atlantic City last weekend. As you probably know, he was never prominent in the running and wound up fifth. A great many horses who have run well in California lose their form for a while when they come East. It may be the change of climate or fodder, or perhaps they just don't like the place. Anyway, Colorado King deserves another chance. For the record, Parka, who is no slouch on the grass, won the race in a photo finish from Cool Prince, Turbo Jet II, and Inbalance.

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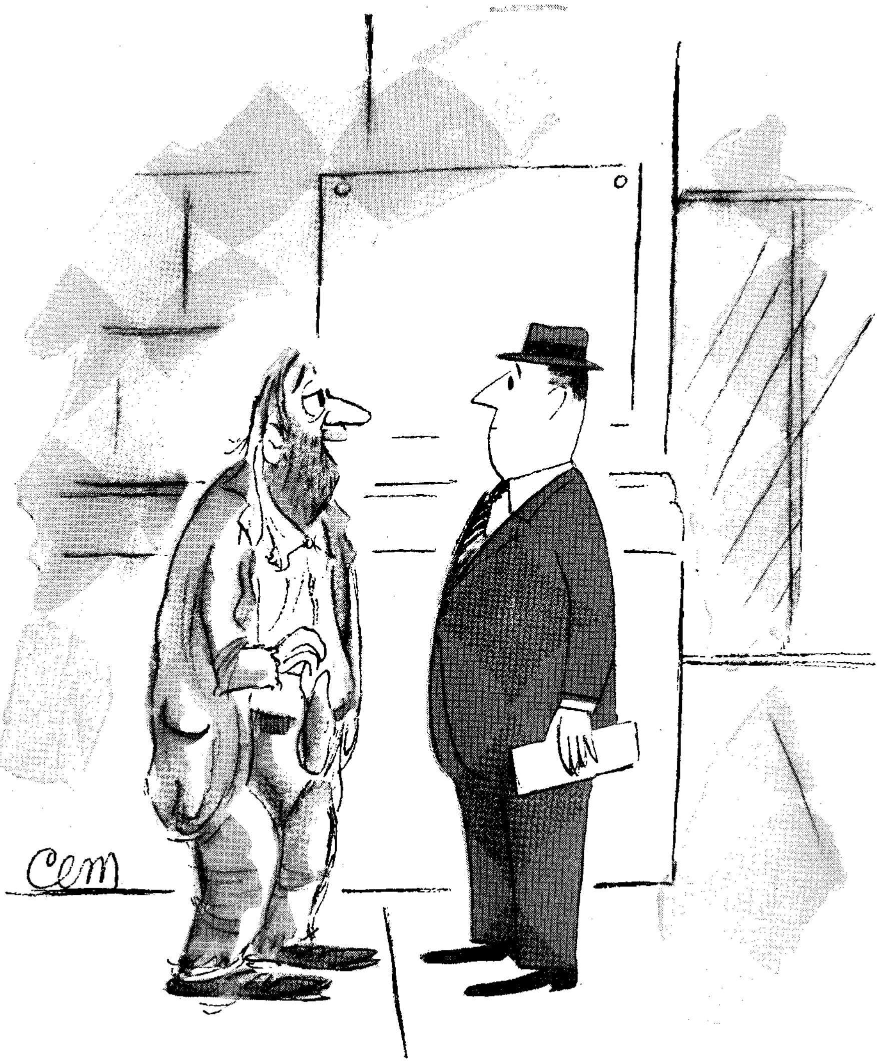
BOOKS

Aesthetics of Crisis

KENNETH BURKE once praised a piece of writing for being "rich in contradictions." This is the kind of wealth that distinguishes "Epoch and Artist" (Chilmark), by David Jones. Jones not only holds inconsistent attitudes, he revels in displaying the contradictions of his "epoch." In theory, Jones is utterly opposed to the twentieth century; his position amounts to daring it to knock him down. An Anglo-Welshman now close to seventy, he is dedicated to his local culture and craft skills (he does copper engravings, illustrations for books, and watercolors). Back in the twenties he began to write, but before turning to the word he was converted to Catholicism and joined Eric Gill in the craftsmen's colony at the Guild of St. Joseph and St. Dominic, in Sussex. Jones's sensibility is steeped in liturgy and tradition and in imaginings of folk communities ruled by custom and sacred forms. To him, man is essentially an artisan, *Homo faber*. In modern times, Jones believes, man-the-maker has been debauched by the machine, and now his very nature as a molder of things is threatened by automation; thus, for the first time, a disparity exists between the artist and the culture that surrounds him, and he is forced to swim against the stream instead of being carried along by it. "Epoch and Artist" is largely composed of reflections on the author's native place and heritage: it is made up of talks delivered on the Welsh radio and short essays, many written for Catholic publications, on such subjects as "Wales and the Crown" (the first section of the book is almost entirely devoted to Wales), "Religion and the Muses," "Art and Sacrament," the old Roman roads in Britain, "The Arthurian Legend." An outlook and interests of this kind hardly hold out much promise for enlightenment about modern art.

Yet though to Jones the ways of this century are wretched, he is, oddly, an enthusiast of the time and of its artistic accomplishments, and his book contains some of the most acutely relevant writing on contemporary form and value to have appeared in years. That Jones has been involved in both painting and literature may have contributed to the breadth of his insights into current problems of creation. The decisive factor, though, it seems to me, is the difference between him and the usual elegist of cultural decline: while conscious of being surrounded by modern decadence, instead of devoting himself to denouncing examples of it, he takes pleasure in the questions this decadence raises for him. The twentieth century provides him with a unique intellectual stimulation, and for this he is grateful to it. He feels the present to be a trench of history, but the trench suits this ex-infantryman of the First World War to a "t." While he regards it as self-evident that Western civilization has entered a final crisis of values, the resulting bafflement itself seems to him a valuable means of orientation: "for let no one imagine that if they are not perplexed, and more than perplexed, when face to face—really and contactually face to face—with these questions, that they have so much as begun to know anything of the problems of the contemporary artist." Formed in the dual perspective of regret and possibility, his perceptions have an extraordinary solidity.

The literary figures most in Jones's mind are Hopkins and Joyce. In an introduction to Jones's first book, "In Parenthesis," a novel-poem about the First World War, T. S. Eliot noted that Jones's writing had "some affinity" with Joyce, the Pound of the Cantos, and his own, but he denied the presence of any significant influence. A major basis of resemblance is Jones's intense awareness that phenomena of the past are constantly showing through in what is happening now—the condition that Joyce and Karl Marx called "the



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nightmare of history." This historical consciousness belongs to the spirit of the age; it is as dominant in Picasso as in Freud or Thomas Mann. Jones displays the overlapping layers of time by a technique of jamming together data plucked from different cultural "moments," in a manner analogous to Picasso's "Las Meniñas" or to Tiresias in "The Waste Land" lamenting a seduction in a London flat. Jones, however, leans more to Joyce than to Eliot or Picasso in that besides being a good European he is also a regionalist; his conviction that art must deal in particulars of the artist's environment and affections leads him to mix into his narrative (and into the critical pieces of "Epoch and Artist") references to local chronicles, place names, and folklore, and to sprinkle his rhetoric with Welsh phrases and locutions. He has also a love for odd words and an intensely personal prose rhythm. These, added to his responsiveness to the overtones of Church Latin and details of ecclesiastical history and ritual, help make him even more difficult of access to American readers than are Eliot and all but the latest Joyce. The result is that, at sixty-nine, Jones is for us a new writer: "In Parenthesis," which appeared in England in 1937, was first published in the United States in 1962 and by a beginning publisher. About his second book, "The Anathemata," an epic constructed upon an individual experience of the celebration of the Mass (I find it curiously parallel to Allen Ginsberg's "Kaddish"), Auden wrote that "without the copious notes which Mr. Jones provides it is unlikely that *anyone* except the author would be able fully to understand the poem." It was published here ten years after it saw light in England. Each of these works took a decade to compose, and Jones began by regarding his writings as things he was "making" for himself and that were not intended to be read by others. In sum, he is one of those artists who bear witness to the actuality of the cultural crisis by embodying the principle of difficulty in their work.

What has made this conservative, artisan-oriented folkic personage into an arch-vanguardist (as a writer, that is; the few illustrations I have seen of his artwork evince no tendency toward formal innovation) is his absolute conviction that there is no place for art to go but forward. Critics, historians, theoreticians may continue to construct aesthetic forms and contrive canons of taste out of the best art of the past; the maker of works knows beyond doubt

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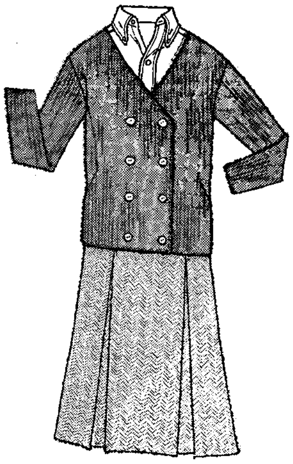

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that the Great Tradition long ago lost its ability to provide viable models. By 1914, Jones reminds his readers, even "academicism, let alone Tradition proper, was already moribund." The sacred words of the old aesthetics—"form," "shape," "composition," "represent"—were all in the process of shifting their inner meanings: "In the practice of an art," he writes, "whether of making a writing or making a drawing or making a wooden spoon, one learns something of the surprising contradictions and metamorphoses which such words must be made to cover if they are to be used other than in some narrow, arbitrary, convenient-for-the-occasion, academic or superficial sense." The collapse of traditional disciplines has produced a "civilizational situation" that forces the invention of hybrids. Nor is this collapse going to be bridged over by a stabilization of forms achieved through a change in aesthetic attitude. In a letter in 1953 to the editor of *The Listener*, Jones challenges a statement in an earlier issue that, in contrast to the twenties, it had once more become possible to base poetry on formal discipline. For the problems of poetry, Jones points out, to have reached an objective resolution, a radical change would have to have occurred "not in our own inclinations or wishes but in the actual civilizational situation." A new tradition would have had to arise, "for no 'external discipline' can be real, invigorating, and integrating unless it comes to us with the imperatives of a living tradition." But, Jones concludes, the situation "in so far as it conditions the making of works" has not changed except that its earlier characteristics have been extended and intensified. This one-page letter by Jones on the permanence of the cultural crisis says more about the character of art in our time than dozens of articles on "new" turns by painters or poets toward happier, taste-satisfying work.

According to Jones's determinism (he has studied his Spengler as well as neo-Catholic critics of modernism like Maritain), the transformation of art in our time came about not through the destructive will of artists or writers but through their efforts to uphold the definition of man as artist under historically impossible conditions. Reviewing Berenson's "Aesthetics and History," Jones takes the connoisseur to task for misinterpreting the enforced experimentalism of modern art as a rebellion against the Italian Renaissance. To one who instead of meditating on the masterpieces of Florence and Venice considered what was being taught in pre-

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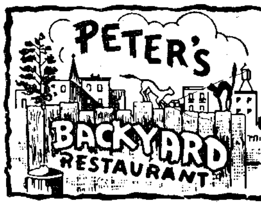

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1914 art schools, it was amply clear that there had not been anything left to revolt against. In a deft dig at latter-day humanists, Jones warns them against succumbing to dogma in conceiving their aesthetic values as eternal truths that contemporary art sinfully defies. "When in the Liturgy is sung: 'Why do the gentiles rage and the people devise vain things' there is posited an Absolute Good against which a wicked raging and devising is directed. We should be careful not to infiltrate analogous sentiments into the matter under consideration." Art has not an ultimate form of perfection that must be sought by generation after generation. What counts is that the art activity shall be carried on genuinely in whatever way conditions permit. Aesthetic virtues that are no longer real ought to be eliminated as obstacles to performance. "There must be no mugging up, no 'ought to know' or 'try to feel;' " the artist "must work within the limits of his love."

Jones's pitting of the experience of the workman in the arts against the viewpoint of the standard-setting expert establishes a critical dividing line of immense importance in contemporary thinking about art. To investigate how art really manages to come into being in our technocracy, Jones proposes an exchange of reports among milliners, precision-tool makers, conveyor-belt tenders, and symbol-producers covering their "reconnaissances" into making. "The contactual is essential. You have to have been there. Ars is adamant about one thing: she compels you to do an infantryman's job. . . . Today most of us are staff-wallahs of one sort or another. That may be why so much that is said concerning the things of Ars reminds one more of what the General's wife said to the cabinet minister concerning war-aims than of what is factually 'war' for those in the place of contact."

As a traditionalist without a tradition, or with a vanished one, Jones is ready to accept whatever features are imposed upon art by the anti-artistic drift of present-day civilization. For instance, given this century's intermixing of cultures, "extreme eclecticism was and is inevitable." At the same time, an opposing tendency "also was and is inevitable." That is, "this or that man pushing this or that notion as far as his sensitivities would allow him in this or that rather limited terrain"—which, Jones is quick to add, does not imply that the artist today believes in self-expression or is vainly striving to be original. In the abnormal situation of a

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traditionless civilization, each artist will endeavor to solve the general problems of art all by himself; in a word, he will create a "culture" of his own or the equivalent of one. If he had a choice, no artist, Jones least of all, would have it this way. But "art," as Turner said, "is a rum business," and you have to take it as it is. So, attached as he is to the craft ideal and warmly as he feels toward his friend Eric Gill, Jones is obliged to criticize him "because he sought to work as though a culture of some sort existed or, at all events, he worked as though one should, and could, *make* a culture exist."

Jones's own aesthetic envisions an individual equivalent of the kind of art that is typical of traditional cultures, in which the individual and his situation were entirely different from ours. There, each place, each community has its particular identity, a "thisness" that makes it different from other places: "there is an Etruscan 'thing' and that thingness has an aesthetic of its own." A work of art arising in such a communal entity, in which man and locale are one, participates in the shape of the whole, absorbing the facts of the collective experience into a language of signs that blends the actual and the sacred. The essential features of traditional art are expressed for Jones in certain terms that recur throughout his thought. Art is *anamnesis*, the recalling of past things, their re-presentation, or showing again, in a form that makes them everlastingly present. In giving form to the data of memory, the work of art transforms them into *signa*, which "show them forth" as more than mere fact; herein lies the "religiousness" that for Jones is inherent in all art, whatever its nature or intention. Experienced in their sacredness, or what he calls "otherness," things become *anathemata;* that is, set up or set apart (put "in parenthesis") and consecrated to a divinity, for that which is set up "can be set up only to the gods."

For Jones, recalling and setting up sacred signs are as much the business of the contemporary artist as they were of his forebears. In fact, they are even more urgently his affair, in view of the rapid assimilation of centuries-old communities by the spread of industry and the estrangement of the times from symbol and sacrament. Faced with this ruin of separateness and denuding of meaning, the contemporary artist must see to it that of the cultural "deposits" of the past none shall be lost but "all must be safely gathered in."

Yet everything that Jones so passion-

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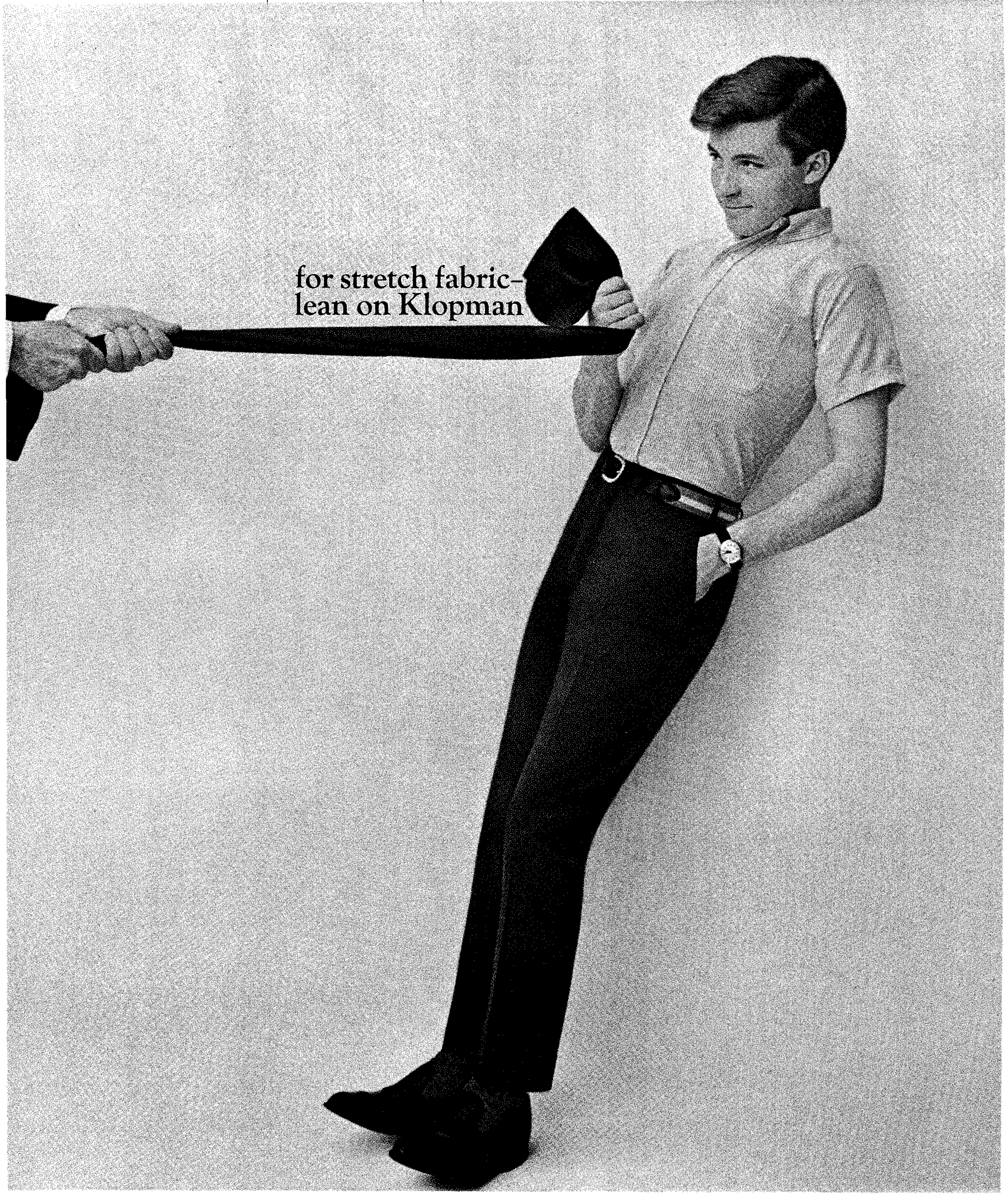

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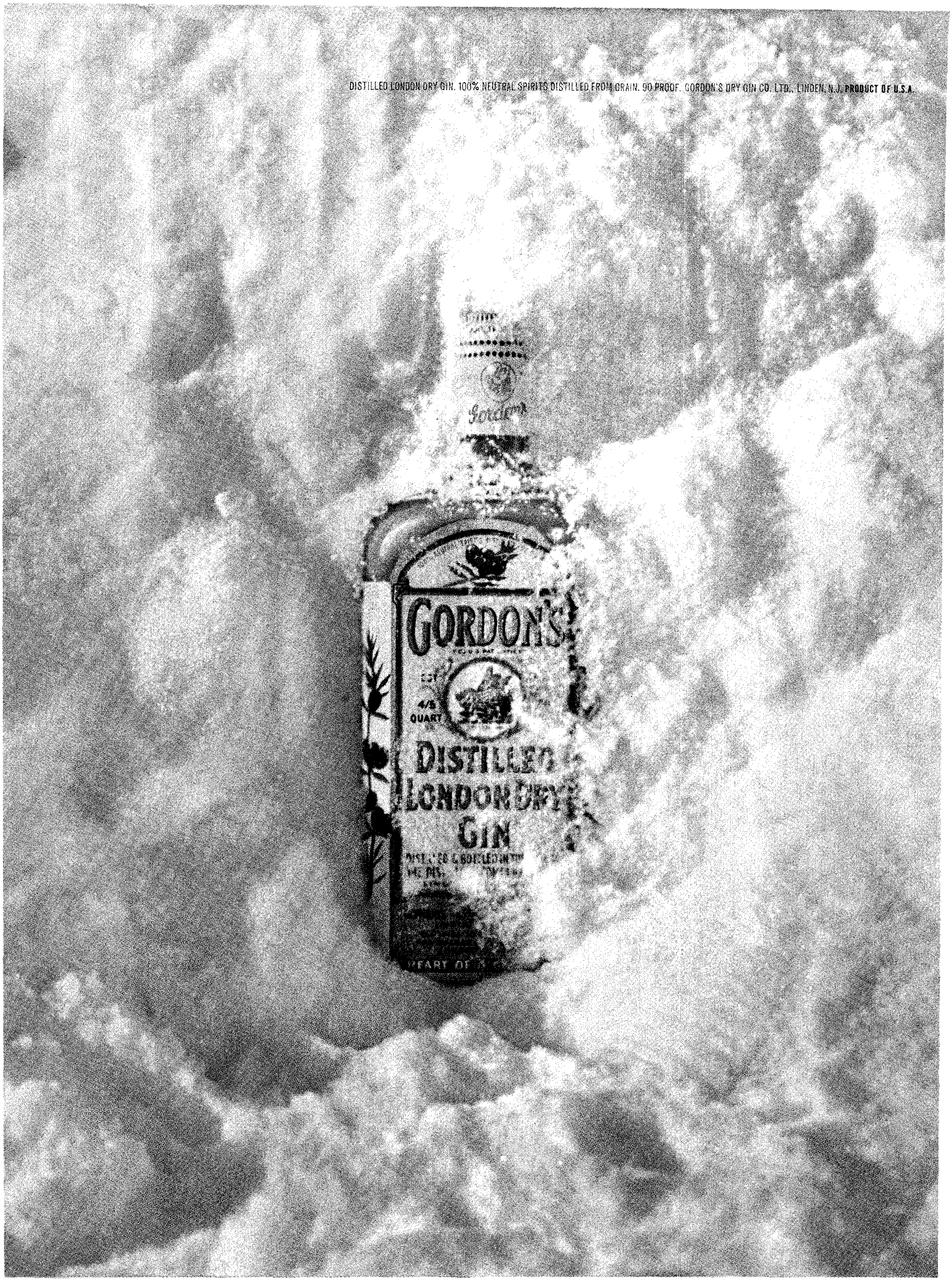
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(mix an iced drink with Gordon's to see how they do it) ately points out about our expanding "shapeless cosmopolis" demonstrates that art can no longer fulfill the ancient conserving functions of epic tales and public monuments. Apart from its direct effects upon his own work, the chief value of his aesthetic program lies in his consciously pushing to their extremes the dilemmas of art today. For instance, if art is a language of signs, these signs, Jones knows, are constantly being invalidated by the speedy rhythms of cultural change and interchange. Locality and particularity are the substance of aesthetic reflection, but the forms of our world are universal and abstract. And though art must display the sacred otherness of fact, our minds and spirits have been shaped by science to treat fact as fact and nothing more.

What is fine about Jones is that he seeks neither to obscure these dilemmas nor to find a way out for himself and his work. (He is that rare anomaly, a regionalist who defends abstract art.) Nor, as has been noted, does he abhor the epoch that inflicts these dilemmas upon him. It is his faith, held against all evidence, that no alteration in man's condition will eliminate his sign-making proclivity; come what may, man will remain man-the-artist. To support that faith, Jones would rather take impossibilities upon himself than follow the logic of his ideas and close the door to creation. "It may be that the kind of thing I have been trying to make is no longer makeable in the kind of way in which I have tried to make it." To be sure, neither "In Parenthesis" nor "Anathemata" can be called a "making" at all in any traditionally accepted sense. "Ars," says Jones, "is concerned with the shape of a finished article." But "Anathemata," as its subtitle states, is "fragments of an attempted writing," and both it and "In Parenthesis" are arrangements of tentative insights and blocks of history without beginning or end, personal sorties into possibilities of language and feeling rather than works fashioned for the satisfaction of a pre-existing taste. They are formal embodiments of crisis, not as conceived in some ideological indictment but experienced "contactually" through the artist's attempt to organize the substance of his life: "One is trying to make a shape out of the very things of which one is oneself made." The result is about as good a general model of twentieth-century work as one can find: art that is "a series of fragments, fragmented bits, chance scraps really, of records of things, vestiges of sorts and kinds of *disciplinae*, that have come

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my way by this channel or that influence. Pieces of stuffs that happen to mean something to me and which I see as perhaps making a kind of coat of many colors, such as belonged to 'that dreamer' in the Hebrew myth."

To appreciate this Joseph's vision of art today, it is not necessary to agree with him about the nature of his Egypt or the causes of its crisis, to share his anti-urban feelings, or to regard machine production as a fall into subhumanity. (The manner of modern making may be more than compensated for by new social relations under which that making takes place; Jones himself wonders whether "our megalopolitan twilight" may not be showing forth a "Star of the Morning.") But however one interprets the existing cultural situation, Jones has formulated the axiomatic precondition for understanding contemporary creation: that one strip off "all defensive armour, so that the sharp contradictions and heavy incongruities may at least be felt. Vulnerability is essential."

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BRIGHT DAY, DARK RUNNER, by George Cuomo (Doubleday). After a violently unhappy life, J. I. LeBlanche finds himself, at fifty-four, still able to take the long, or comic, view of the world. He scorns the title "chef," and so he classifies himself as a cook, but he is a restless one, who likes to work in resort hotels—Cape Cod in the summertime, Florida in the winter. As the story opens, LeBlanche, tall, red-haired, and debonair, is settling amiably but firmly into his new position as lord of the kitchen at the Mariner, a small and not spectacularly good hotel on the Cape. It is the summer of 1959. The hotel is of a type familiar to LeBlanche, and he casts an expertly critical eye over the menu, the kitchen appointments, and the staff, paying particular attention to the female staff—he has learned to make an occasional cheerful love affair satisfy the demands of a naturally affectionate and protective nature. Little does our hero know that the entire melodrama of his life is about to blow up in his face, reminding him of all his secrets, including the secret of his perpetual heartache, and that the end of summer will find him well started on a new and more clearly marked phase of his existence. Mr. Cuomo, an extremely good

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novelist, makes everything he writes believable.

The Naked Martini, by John Leonard (Delacorte). This first novel tells the story of a nice *enough* young Harvard scholarship man, Brian Kelly, who has a good many sad memories, a certain amount of enthusiasm and curiosity, a small sense of humor, and no sense at all of what he wants to do with his life. When we first meet him, he is a very junior executive in a Madison Avenue advertising agency, where he earns enough to pay a tiny Greenwich Village rent and a very large liquor bill. The impeccable young lady he is engaged to lives conveniently out of town, and his story consists mainly of reminiscences of his more flamboyant Harvard friends, and of carefully observed anecdotes about his newer New York friends, some of whom are bohemian and some not. The book is spoiled by the general sourness of the tone, but Mr. Leonard shows clearly that he is an able writer who will be very good when he finds something positive to say.

Look Away, Look Away, by Ben Haas (Simon & Schuster). This worthy attempt to dissect and illuminate the situation in the Southern states in the years following the Second World War is unfortunately marred by the flimsiness of the characterizations and by the painful banality of the writing. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

Proconsul in Politics: A Study of Lord Milner in Opposition and in Power, by A. M. Gollin (Macmillan). This big, enlightening study of Alfred—later Viscount—Milner (1854-1925) explores the career in a political democracy of an able man who disliked democracy and lacked political talent. Lord Milner rose to eminence as a Tory administrator. He served as a forceful High Commissioner of South Africa from 1897 to 1905, and was effective because he was skillful and believed in British expansion. Mr. Gollin, a specialist in modern British political history, begins Milner's story with his recall from South Africa, when he was censured by a Liberal Parliament for having permitted the flogging of Chinese laborers. That left him with no political resources except his seat in the House of Lords and a small band of influential admirers—a few Tory peers, a

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few M.P.s, and such journalists as Geoffrey Dawson, of the *Times*, and J. L. Garvin, of the *Observer*. Milner's friends could not go along with him when, during the last Irish crisis before the First World War, he proposed to preserve the unity of Ireland by destroying the British Constitution. When war came, the Milnerites backed his successful efforts to bring down the Asquith Government, and they also helped create the alliance of Lloyd George and Milner, a diarchy that did much to win the war. The author portrays a curious, useful man who has been both over- and underrated; at the same time, Mr. Gollin explains the practical workings of British politics. One can't help noticing some of the drawbacks of the Parliamentary system as against the Presidential system—for example, the rewards that intrigue can win. And it hardly seems suitable that a man like Milner, who was never elected to any office—not even Tory Party office—could exercise immense independent political power. Mr. Gollin's book has no heroes or villains, but it does give Lloyd George considerable credit for containing Milner while using him for the good of the country. Twelve dollars.

WHITE AND BLACK: TEST OF A NATION, by Samuel Lubell (Harper & Row). The author, one of the country's most highly regarded public-opinion experts, investigates the state of race relations. How, say, does token school integration in a Southern town affect Southern whites' opinions? (It makes them more tolerant, Mr. Lubell has found.) How decisive is the Negro vote? (Fairly important locally, less powerful nationally, Mr. Lubell demonstrates.) Going beyond his specialty, but demonstrating very good sense, Mr. Lubell discriminates between racial problems (residential segregation) and national ones (automation). Though his book is short, it is full; not a word is wasted, and some tricky complexities are handsomely clarified.

TEN YEARS OF PRELUDE: THE STORY OF INTEGRATION SINCE THE SUPREME COURT'S 1954 DECISION, by Benjamin Muse (Viking). A thoughtful, compact history. The author, who has been a Virginia state senator and therefore knows something about the practical side of Southern politics, traces the record of compliance with and defiance of the school-integration decision over the

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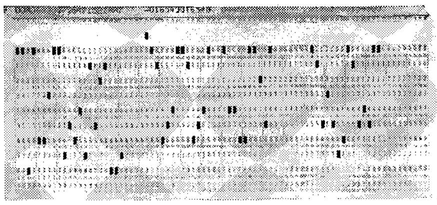

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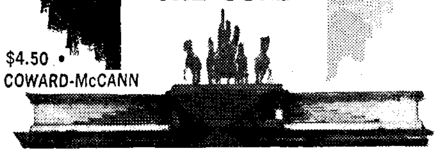

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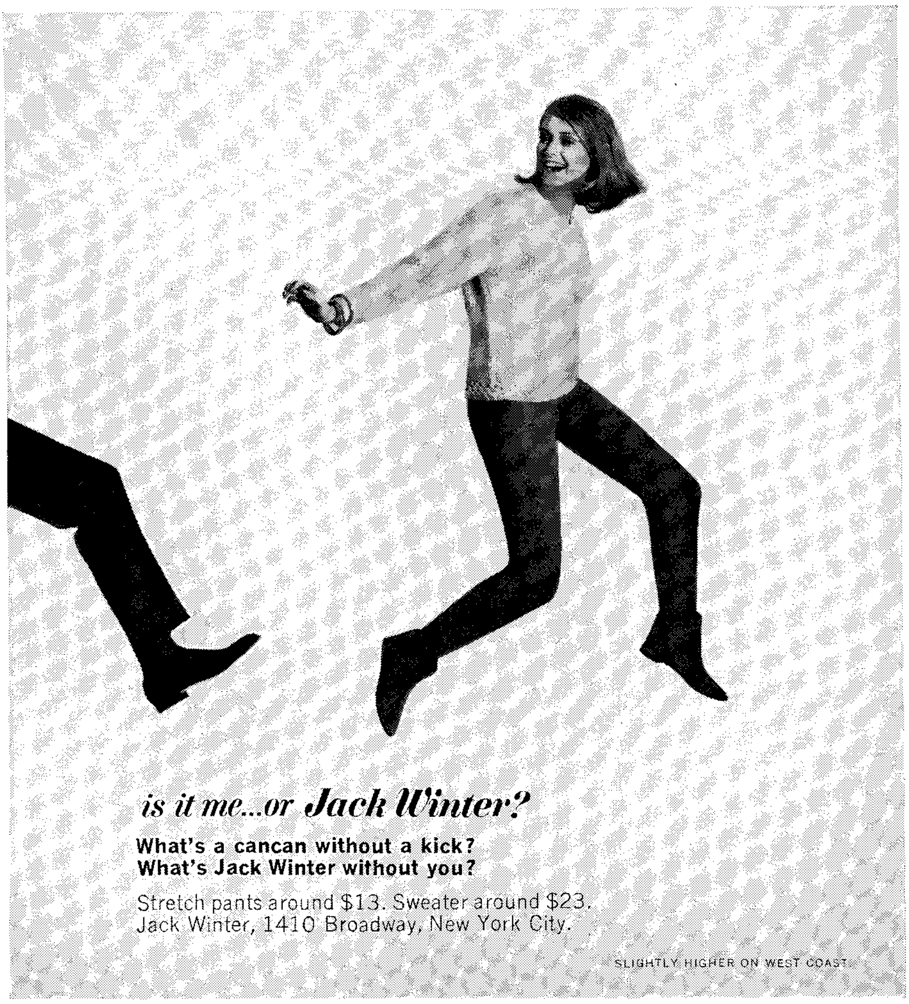
past decade. He treats individual cases with care and doesn't rush into generalizations, but he does see one repeated pattern: wherever violence has occurred, as in Little Rock, business has suffered. And from that point on, Southern whites have preferred prudence to prejudice, with the result that token desegregation has become the fashion through most of the South, while various Confederate theories of state power, such as "nullification" and "interposition," have lost ground. Though there has been much to discourage hope—the number of professional troublemakers and the extent of their audience are dismaying—enough progress and decency have been demonstrated to justify Mr. Muse's remark that "it is inevitable that in America justice and humanity in time will prevail."

The Letters of Wyndham Lewis, edited by W.K. Rose (New Directions). A thick, well-edited collection of cantankerous letters, many of them to such stars as Pound, Eliot, Yeats, Clive Bell, Augustus John, Herbert Read, and Henry Moore, and many to assorted editors. Lewis (1882–1957), an Anglo-American painter, writer, and influence on modern art and literature, was probably best known to the general public as a polemicist whose battles—aesthetic, ideological, and personal—were often fought in print, both in little magazines and in large-circulation newspapers. These letters confirm that popular impression; they show Lewis fighting with somebody or other from 1890 to 1956. The warmth that Mr. Rose claims for Lewis is sometimes in evidence, and so is an occasional inconsistency in Lewis's ideas. The latter trait makes this positive, pugnacious man slightly more likable.

The Liberal Mind, by Kenneth R. Minogue (Random House). A brilliant critique of liberalism, broadly considered as a polymorphous doctrine that, in one shape or another, guides the entire Western world. (Except for Communists and a handful of peasants and squires, everybody accepts at least one of the notions of liberalism—the fact of change, for instance, or the predictability of the results of a particular social policy, or the confusing of human needs with human rights.) Mr. Minogue, who teaches at the London School of Economics, may seem hardhearted to liberals who think of themselves as "liberals" and shocking to liberals who think they



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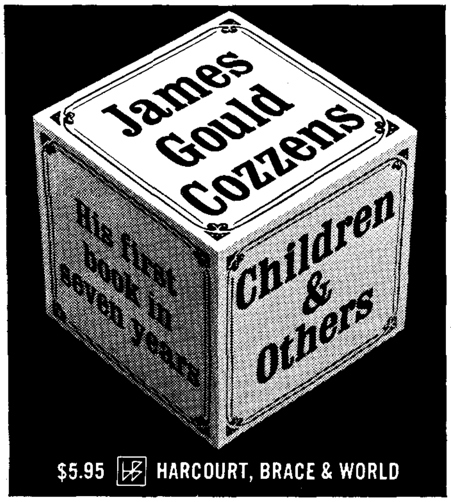

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are "conservatives." No matter. The book is a rare exercise of intelligence applied to social theory.

THE DUCHESS OF JERMYN STREET: THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF ROSA LEWIS OF THE CAVENDISH HOTEL, by Daphne Fielding, with a preface by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown). Mrs. Fielding's subject, the late Rosa Lewis, began work as a domestic at the age of twelve, in 1879, and became, successively, a great cook, London society's indispensable caterer (Edward VII loved her food), and the proprietor of a small hotel that looked after rich, sporty Edwardian aristocrats. Mrs. Fielding traces Mrs. Lewis's rise to wealth and fame, recalling splendid dinners and the spirited doings of her privileged clientele. Still, the book is a sad one. Mrs. Lewis's style—her manner, her wit, her prejudices, her predilections, her notions of charm, comfort, and pleasure—was that of an admiring servant of a not very admirable vanished class. In the twenties, she was recognized as a curiosity; by the thirties she had become almost incomprehensible; and her success story closes as a snob's tragedy.

TIME AND A TICKET, by Peter Benchley (Houghton Mifflin). This account of the author's post-Harvard trip around the world (1961) is a nice surprise. Although Mr. Benchley writes of himself as a fledgling, his work belies him. He's a fine reporter, and such episodes as his argument with a Russian (Paris), his afternoon at a bullfight (Madrid), and his visit to a working Peace Corps team (the Punjab) are dandy.

DIVIDED LOYALTIES, by Janet Teissier du Cros, with a preface by D. W. Brogan (Knopf). The author, a Scotswoman who married a Frenchman, recalls her daily life under the German Occupation. (Some of the time she was in Paris, the rest of the time in the Cévennes, a poor, rough country that was ideal for the Maquis.) Her chronicle of physical privations—no clothes, no soap, not enough food—is not embittered; it is exact. So is her account of the accompanying mental sufferings—anxieties about the war, separations from family and friends, divisions among them over Pétain vs. de Gaulle, and suspiciousness of strangers because they might be spies, collaborators, or thieves. The author seems to underestimate herself; as she tells it, she was surrounded by brilliant, resourceful women and

The girl from Wichita (who was banished eleven years ago by that irascible and engaging despot, her Persian father-in-law) returns to the 90-member family fold to witness the end of his reign —and the passing of an era.

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brave, sensible, determined men, who were remarkably kind to her. The reader can't help supposing that she deserved the consideration she got. Be that as it may, she is an excellent writer.

The Twelve Days, by George Malcolm Thomson (Putnam). An English journalist's capable reconstruction of the political transactions from July 24th to August 4th of 1914 that got Europe into the First World War. Mr. Thomson's tale is suspenseful, even though we know how it ends, and his quick sketches of powerful fools in five countries are fine. His direct, detailed style reflects thorough research. His conclusion—that the war was the result of human stupidity, not historical inevitability—is depressing in the extreme.

West of the Rhone, by Freda White (Norton). An almost perfect guide-companion to the regions of Provence that lie west of the Rhone, from Lyon to the sea. It is informative—which roads, hotels, and restaurants are good, which are passable, which should be avoided—and it is written in a discursive but not too chatty style. The territory includes Languedoc, Roussillon, and the Massif Central—and such towns as Albi, Toulouse, Riom, Tarascon, and Avignon—and Miss White, whose "Three Rivers of France" is something of a classic in this line, demonstrates that those who think of Provence solely in terms of Marseille and the Riviera are missing a lot. Photographs and a good map.

Note: Richard Harris's recent three-part article in *The New Yorker* dealing with the late Senator Estes Kefauver's long fight on behalf of his drug bill of 1962 has been published in book form by Macmillan under the title "The Real Voice."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Night of the Short Knives, by Burke Wilkinson (Scribners). An expert melodrama about a leak of top-secret information from SHAPE Headquarters, near Paris, which is also distinguished by an attractive love story, some unobtrusively good writing, and a proper seasoning of humor. It might be added that Mr. Wilkinson is a former Public Affairs Adviser to the Supreme Allied Commander, Europe.

The Shake-Up, by Brèni James (Simon & Schuster). It's Christmas Eve on Mission Street in San Francisco, and even before the body of the

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Resolution

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neighborhood flirt is found stuffed into a drying machine at the local laundromat, there are creatures stirring all over the place—drunks, hoods, busybodies, and all kinds of cops. Miss James seems to know everything there is to know about police procedure, and there can be no doubt whatever concerning her ability to construct a highly satisfactory entertainment.

THE TWO FACES OF JANUARY, by Patricia Highsmith (Doubleday). An idle young American expatriate becomes involved with an older American, who is a fugitive stock swindler, and with the swindler's delicious young wife. The involvement is on three levels—physical, criminal, and psychological—and the troubles that result are of an unusually large and original order. Miss Highsmith handles her tricky affair with intelligence and aplomb. The scene is Athens, Iráklion, Chania, Paris, and Marseille.

THE CORRUPTERS, by Dariel Telfer (Simon & Schuster). The discovery of the incinerated body of a pregnant girl on the outskirts of Mesa City, a kind of Middle Western Peyton Place, uncovers a club of homosexual businessmen organized by the local banker, a club of homosexual schoolboys organized by the high-school principal's teen-age son, a sex-starved housewife, a hit-and-run murder, and a fatal abortion, and leads to wedding bells for the local hawkshaw reporter. A moronic performance.

•

To fluoridate drinking water or not to fluoridate is an extremely volatile issue. Many of our leading scientists and medical experts are diametrically opposed in their views on this question. Further, there are a number of organized groups on both sides and there are a great variety of shadings of opinions in the groups on either side. The question is also associated with religious belief in the case of many people.

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